SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

ctober

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Beginning:

Men Who Have Kissed Me

By A Beautiful Woman

GIRLS — Beware of Your Women Friends

By Judge Charles A. Oberwager

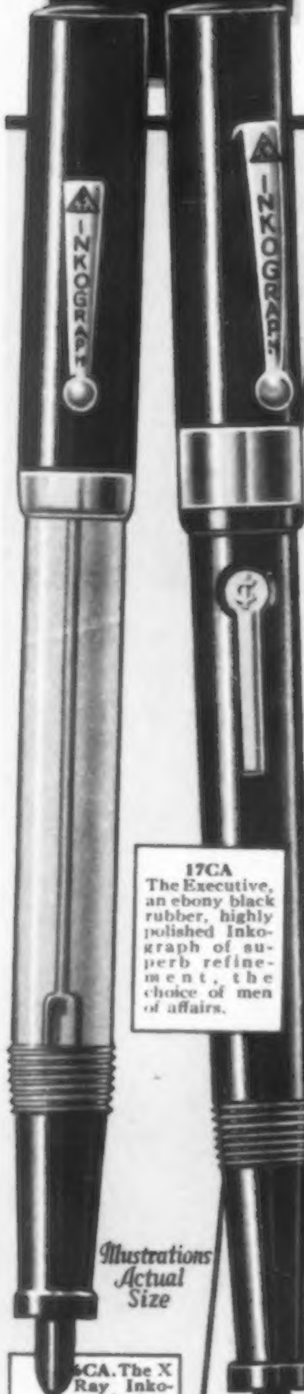
FREE
10 DAYS
TRIAL

GREATEST VALUE EVER OFFERED

THE NEW IMPROVED INKOGRAPH

The Perfect Writing Instrument

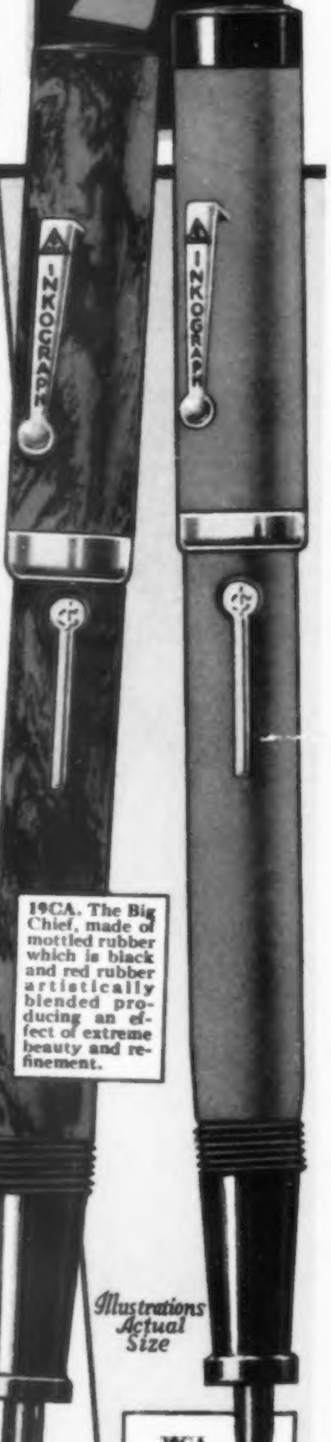
$2.98



17CA
The Executive, an ebony black rubber, highly polished Inkograph of superb refinement, the choice of men of affairs.

Illustrations Actual Size

6CA. The X Ray Inkograph, barrel made of transparent amber material which makes it possible to see how much ink it contains. Has large ink capacity. Filled with ink dropper, not a self filler.



19CA. The Big Chief, made of mottled rubber which is black and red rubber artistically blended producing an effect of extreme beauty and refinement.

Illustrations Actual Size

20CA
The Big Chief, made of highest quality red rubber, a large sturdy attractive Inkograph.

ANSWERS the purpose of both pen and pencil combined. Its point is shaped like a fine lead pencil point and writes with ink free and easy without a miss, skip or blur. The steady uniform flow of ink actually improves your hand-writing. Won't blot, scratch, leak or soil hands.

Combines the Best Features of Pen and Pencil

minus the weak points of both, plus improvements not found in either. The lead pencil smudges, the point breaks and its writing soon is obliterated. Most fountain pens skip, scratch, flood, clog, leak, blot, soil hands and clothing. The old stylo-graphic ink pencil dries up, balks, blots, writes heavy, flows unevenly and is never reliable. The Inkograph feeds as fast and uniform on the 20th page as it did on the first.

Cannot Leak

Not the tiniest drop of ink will spill although one filling is sufficient to write thousands of words.

Makes 3 to 4 Carbon Copies

at one time with original copy in ink. Bear down as hard as you like, without fear of bending, spreading, injuring or distorting its 14Kt solid gold point.

Draws Lines to a Ruler

without smearing, smudging or blurring the paper. Writes with any color of ink.

Requires No Blotter

The ink dries as fast as you write, because the flow is fine, even and uniform.

Patent Automatic Feed

Prevents clogging. No complicated mechanism to clean or get out of order. A year's guarantee certificate with full directions accompanies each Inkograph and is your absolute protection.

An Instrument of Refinement

In appearance it is extremely attractive. Its beautifully highly polished finest quality of hard rubber, its **14Kt solid gold point and feed, gold band on safety screw cap, gold self-filling lever and gold clip** makes it an instrument of distinctive elegance and refinement. The equal in size, workmanship and material of any $7, $8 or $9 fountain pen. Also made in ladies' size.

Inkograph Co., Inc., 181-95 Centre St., New York City

DEALERS: Send for Our Catalog and Trade Prices

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc. **181-95 Centre St., New York City**

Gentlemen: You may send me your Inkograph Style No. ____________
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City .... *State* ....

SEND NO MONEY

Your name and address and the style number of the Inkograph of your choice are sufficient. Pay the postman $2.98 plus postage on delivery. Specify if you want ladies' size. When cash accompanies order Inkograph will be sent postage prepaid. If within ten days the Inkograph does not prove satisfactory return it and we'll refund your money.

The Writing HEMISPHERE

The → INKOGRAPH ACCOMPLISHMENT

That 14kt solid gold ball-like point which is hard, round and smooth, glides with ease over the coarsest paper and makes it possible to write in ink as rapidly as with the softest lead pencil.

AGENTS Sell Inkographs, make bigger profits, more sales, without investment. Quicker commissions, popular prices, no competition. Send for an Inkograph or write for special sales plan booklet.

If every married woman *had a trained nurse for a sister*

Some women receive wrong or incomplete advice . . . but science has developed a safe antiseptic comparable in strength with carbolic acid. An antiseptic that is absolutely non-poisonous . . .

A whole medicine chest in itself

Zonite kills germs.

That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes.

For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

For a daily mouth-wash to guard against pyorrhea and other gum infections.

For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant.

Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poisonous and absolutely safe to use.

Some of the most important things in a woman's life are the most difficult to discuss, and one of them is the subject of feminine hygiene. Thousands of women today are running continual risk through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid.

Physicians deplore the use of these dangerous germicides, but many women are too shy or timid to ascertain the real facts. Others receive wrong or incomplete advice from people who are no better informed than themselves. If every married woman had a trained nurse for a sister, there would be far less misery from this source, because nurses, like physicians, are well aware of the dangers that lie in every bottle that displays the deadly skull-and-crossbones on its label.

Safety for little children

Besides the caustic, corrosive effect which carbolic acid compounds possess when in contact with delicate membranes, there is the constant danger of accidental poisoning, especially with little children in the house. The tragedies growing out of such accidents are common enough, as every newspaper reader knows.

Fortunately it is no longer necessary to run these risks. Science has at last developed a true antiseptic, a real germicide, that is *powerful and effective, but safe.* It is called Zonite, and while it is comparable in strength with the poisonous antiseptics already discussed, it can be applied without danger to the most delicate membranes and tissues of the body.

Zonite is in reality a scientific marvel. It is *more than forty times as effective* germicidally as peroxide of hydrogen. It is *far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid* that can be safely applied to the human body. And yet Zonite, powerful as it is, can actually be held in the mouth. In fact, dentists are recommending it freely for oral hygiene.

Welcomed by women

No wonder Zonite has been welcomed by refined, enlightened women, as well as the medical and nursing professions. For Zonite has encouraged the wholesome, scientific practice of feminine hygiene, which means so much to woman's comfort, beauty and health-assurance.

Zonite is fatal to germs, but safe for human beings. It will not burn, harden nor scar the delicate tissue-linings, as the old poisonous antiseptics do, even when they are greatly diluted. Zonite is clean and wholesome and perfectly safe to have around the house. It is safe in the hands of a child.

Zonite can now be obtained at practically every drugstore in the United States. Knowledge has spread rapidly of its splendid qualities, especially its safety in use. Probably women in your own circle are using it.

Send for this booklet

Full directions for the use of Zonite accompany every bottle, but if you are interested in the subject of feminine hygiene you will want to have the special booklet which the Women's Division has prepared. It deals also with other affairs of the toilette—mouth, scalp, complexion, etc. It is daintily illustrated and the information it contains is concise and to the point. It is frankly written but delicately treated. It is a book every mother will want to show her daughter. Use the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

At your druggist's in bottles 25c, 50c, and $1.00

Full directions with every package

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, scratches, sunburn, etc. Also as a powerful deodorant in the form of a vanishing cream

Zonite

Women's Division

ZONITE PRODUCTS CO.
250 Park Ave., N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below

☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Please print name (SS-18)

Name ....
Address ....
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In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto

VOLUME 79
No. 2

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

OCTOBER
1926

The *Best* True-Life Serials

MEN WHO HAVE KISSED ME . . . 18
The First of Six Love Episodes in the Life of a Beautiful Woman

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Straight from A Girl's Heart "I LIVED A LIE"

"HOW TO CATCH A RICH HUSBAND"
By Florenz Ziegfeld
A Tip to Girls from the Producer of the Follies

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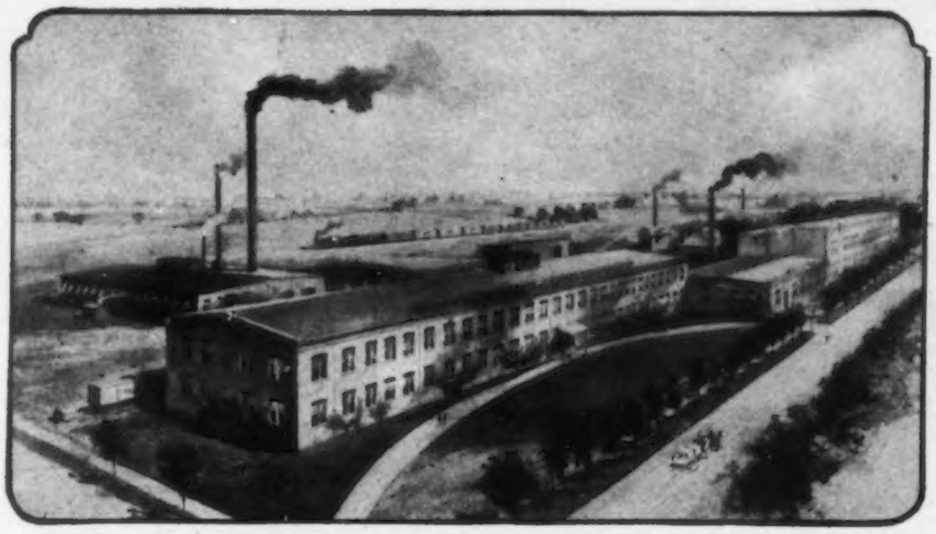
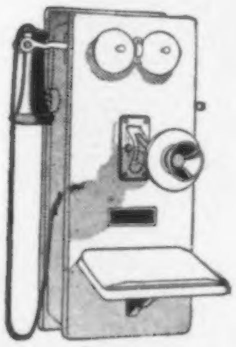
"We Need More Men Like Mr. Allee"

—F. C. Best, President, Chicago Telephone Supply Co.

F. C. BEST



H. M. ALLEE



"Why Such Unusual Results?" The Answer—LaSalle Training

"There has been such a marked improvement in our Production and Planning that I have just completed an investigation to determine the cause.

"This department has been in charge of our Mr. H. M. Allee, who during the past few months has introduced new plans, the adoption of which has given us an almost perfect production control. He tells me this improvement is directly due to his training with LaSalle Extension University.

"I congratulate myself that such an institution as LaSalle is available, and am encouraging other of our Department Heads to take up this work. We need more men like Mr. Allee." (Signed)
F. C. BEST, President
Chicago Telephone Supply Co.

"I Have Whipped My Job"

"My fifteen years as draftsman, machine shop foreman and machine designer had enabled me to convince our president that I was ready for the job of Production Manager. But the job itself showed me my need for more specialized knowledge. LaSalle training in Industrial Management has given me the knowledge and ability that I had to have to hold my place. I have whipped my job, thanks to my LaSalle training." (Signed)
H. M. ALLEE, Production Mgr.
Chicago Telephone Supply Co.

"I have whipped my job—thanks to my LaSalle training" *—H. M. Allee, Production Manager*

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS H. M. Allee was draftsman—machine shop foreman—machine designer—

Then he was made Production Manager of the Chicago Telephone Supply Co., Elkhart, Indiana, manufacturers of telephones, telephone parts and radio parts—and the problems of his new job baffled him.

"I knew things were wrong," writes Mr. Allee, "but I did not know how to remedy them. I turned for help to LaSalle training in Industrial Management.

"The immediate task was to establish planning and production control—an efficient stock room system, and definite organization of every piece of material, every machine and every worker. The task was made peculiarly difficult by the vast number of small items, both of raw material and finished goods, entering into the manufacture of our product.

"From the very first, my LaSalle lessons paralleled my shop problems. So, as I applied the principles from my training, my work cleared up. I grouped and classified everything in the stock room, drew up a factory organization chart which was adopted, and instituted systematic production and material records."

Commenting on the increased efficiency of the Production and Planning Department, F. C. Best, President of the Company, writes: "Progress in our production efficiency within the past few months has been nothing short of remarkable. The adoption of the plans which Mr. Allee has introduced has given us an almost perfect production control. He tells me this is directly due to his training with LaSalle Extension University.

"I congratulate myself that such an institution as LaSalle is available, and am encouraging other of our Department Heads to take up this work. We need more men like Mr. Allee."

Send for These Free Books

If you are an employer, LaSalle training for your executives and men will quickly prove its worth to you in greater production, lessened overhead, increased net profits. Write for full particulars—on your own letterhead.

If you are an employee—whether in the field of production, or accounting, or selling, or finance, or management, or any other of the major departments of business—LaSalle adult business training can quickly clear your path to increased earnings.

The coupon will bring you, without obligation, full particulars of a clear and definite plan that, properly applied, will add thousands of dollars to your income.

With it you will receive a 64-page book telling the opportunities in the business field in which you prefer success, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power.

If you are in earnest in your desire to carve out for yourself a successful future, fill in, clip and mail the coupon NOW.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

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Ten years promotion in one

free!
mail coupon now

Name................................*Present Position*................................*Address*................................

84 pieces-all for $1.00 Down

7 Pieces—Genuine Cut Glass

FREE **Extra special offer** to those who hurry their order for the 77 piece combination outfit shown here:—7 pieces GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2-qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9-oz. capacity. Each piece is clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Only a limited number—so act quick.

On Trial

Sensational offer—almost a year to pay! An outfit of 77 pieces—and a 7 piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE, if you order now—at a price you could not equal in your home town even for spot cash. We'll ship this complete outfit—84 pieces in all—direct to your home on 30 days trial for only $1.00 down. Examine the quality, the beauty, the durability of each piece. After trial, if you are not delighted with the bargain, send the outfit back and we'll refund your dollar plus all transportation charges you paid.

$2.00 a Month If you decide to keep the outfit, start paying only $2.00 a month until you've paid our rock bottom price—only $19.95. for the entire 77 piece outfit with the 7 piece Cut Glass Set FREE. 84 pieces in all—only $19.95—and almost a year to pay! Where else can you find a bargain like that and on such liberal terms?

Outfit Consists of:

77 pieces you need in your home every day. And, if you act at once, the 7 piece Genuine Cut Glass set is **free** besides—84 pieces in all!

44-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set Has delicately tinted design of Bluebirds and foliage in natural colors. Each piece is twice fired and has a snow flake white glaze of great brilliancy which cannot craze. The set consists of 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 dinner plates, 9 in. diameter; 6 fruit saucers, 5 in. diameter; 6 oatmeal nappies, 6 in. diameter; 6 salad plates, 6 in. diameter; 1 meat platter, 10½ in. long; 1 round vegetable dish, 9 in. diameter; 1 cream pitcher, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 butter plate; 1 utility bowl, 1 pt.; 1 pickle dish, 6 in. in diameter. Each piece has a dainty blue edge and is beautifully shaped.

26-Piece Silver Set A silver service that will give you years of satisfaction. A pleasing pattern and popular polished finish. Each piece heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. Made for us by William Rogers, Ltd. Set consists of 6 knives, 6 forks, 6 dessert spoons, 6 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell, 1 butter knife. Packed in handy flannel roll.

7-Piece Table Cloth and Napkins A large table cloth 60 x 60 in. and 6 napkins, 18x18 in., made of strong, durable linen finished cotton in pure snow flake white that will launder beautifully. All edges neatly scalloped with overlapped stitch in blue. Both tablecloth and napkins have hand painted design of Bluebirds and Apple Blossoms in their natural color, absolutely guaranteed fast colors. Harmonizes perfectly with dish set.

And remember: The 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set is FREE, if you send at once. Shipping weight of entire outfit about 60 lbs.
Order by No. G8741A. $1.00 with coupon; $2.00 monthly; Total price $19.95.

Straus & Schram,
Dept. 1917 Chicago, Ill.

Send Coupon NOW

We have made up only a limited number of these combination outfits for this special sale. Send the coupon quick, while this offer lasts. Only $1.00 deposit brings the outfit on 30 days' trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (We do not ship C. O. D.)

Straus & Schram, Dept. 1917 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 77 piece Combination Outfit, with 7-piece genuine cut glass set FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit with the 7-piece cut glass set within 30 days and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **77-piece Combination Outfit, No. G8741A, $19.95. 7-piece Genuine Cut Glass Set FREE.**

Name ____________________

Street, R. F. D. or Box No. ____________________

Shipping Point ____________________

Post Office ____________ *State* ____________

Married or Single ____________ *Nationality or Color* ____________

J. E. GREENSLADE

C. W. Birmingham, Dayton, O.

A few years ago I was working in a shop for $15 a week. Immediately upon completion of my course I was offered a position through N. S. T. A. My earnings were from $5,000 to $6,500 per year. Today I am earning $7,500 per year.

James Jacobsen, Winchester, Ky.

When I took up the N. S. T. A. course, I was selling shoes for $35 a week. Now I am earning an average of $135 a week. I attribute this remarkable progress to N. S. T. A. training.

F. B. Englehardt, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Without this training I would still be working for the other fellow. This year I will make close to $7,000 — *some* increase since my enrollment.

Frank Walsh, Springfield, Mass.

I was clearing around $1,000 a year when I was enrolled with N. S. T. A. I have increased my income to $7,286. I now own my home, drive a nice car, and have a summer camp. My grateful thanks to N. S. T. A.

You're Fooling Yourself

-if You Think These Big Pay Records Are Due to LUCK!

But don't take my word for it! When I tell you that you can quickly increase your earning power; I'LL PROVE IT! FREE! I'll show you hundreds of men like yourself who have done it. And I'll show you how you can do it, too

I'LL come directly to the point. First you'll say, "I could never do it, these men were lucky." But remember the men whose pictures are shown above are only four out of thousands and if you think it's luck that has suddenly raised thousands of men into the big pay class *you're fooling yourself*.

Easy to Double Salary

But let's get down to your own case. You want more money. You want the good things in life, a comfortable home of your own where you can entertain, a snappy car, membership in a good club, good clothes, advantages for your loved ones, travel and a place of importance in your community. All this can be yours. And I'll prove it to you, FREE.

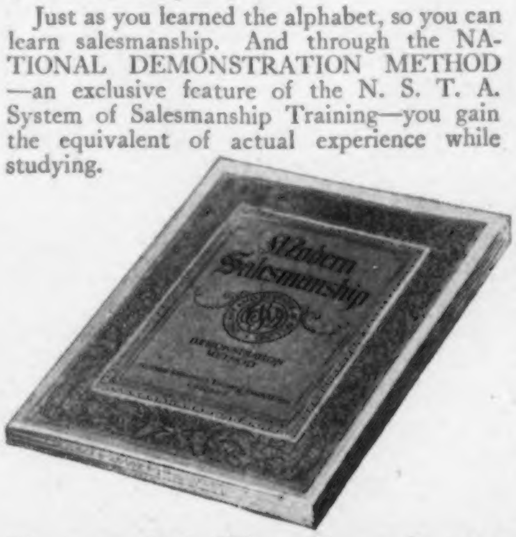
First of all get this one thing right—such achievement is not luck—it's KNOWING HOW! And KNOWING HOW in a field in which your opportunities and rewards are ten times greater than in other work. In short, I'll prove that I can make you a Master Salesman—and you know the incomes good salesmen make.

Every one of the four men shown above was sure that he could never SELL! They thought Salesmen were "born" and not "made!" When I said, "Enter the Selling Field where chances in your favor are ten to one," they said it couldn't be done. But I proved to them that this Association could take any man—regardless of his station in life, regardless of his present job, or lack of selling experience—and in a short time make a MASTER SALESMAN of him—make him capable of earning anywhere from $5,000 to $10,000 a year. And that's what I'm willing to prove to you, FREE.

Simple as A B C

You may think my promise remarkable. Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There are certain ways of saying and doing things, certain ways of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices and outwit competition.

Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD—an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training—you gain the equivalent of actual experience while studying.



Years of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen—will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.

Remarkable Book, Sent FREE

With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship."

It will show you how you can easily become a master salesman—a big moneymaker—how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of former routine workers who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today. In every man's life there is one big moment when he makes the decision that robs him of success—or leads him on to fortune. This may be your turning point.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST
Exclusive
SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. R26, N. S. T. A. Building
Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association,
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Chicago, Ill.

Send me free your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a MASTER SALESMAN.

NAME..

ADDRESS.......................................

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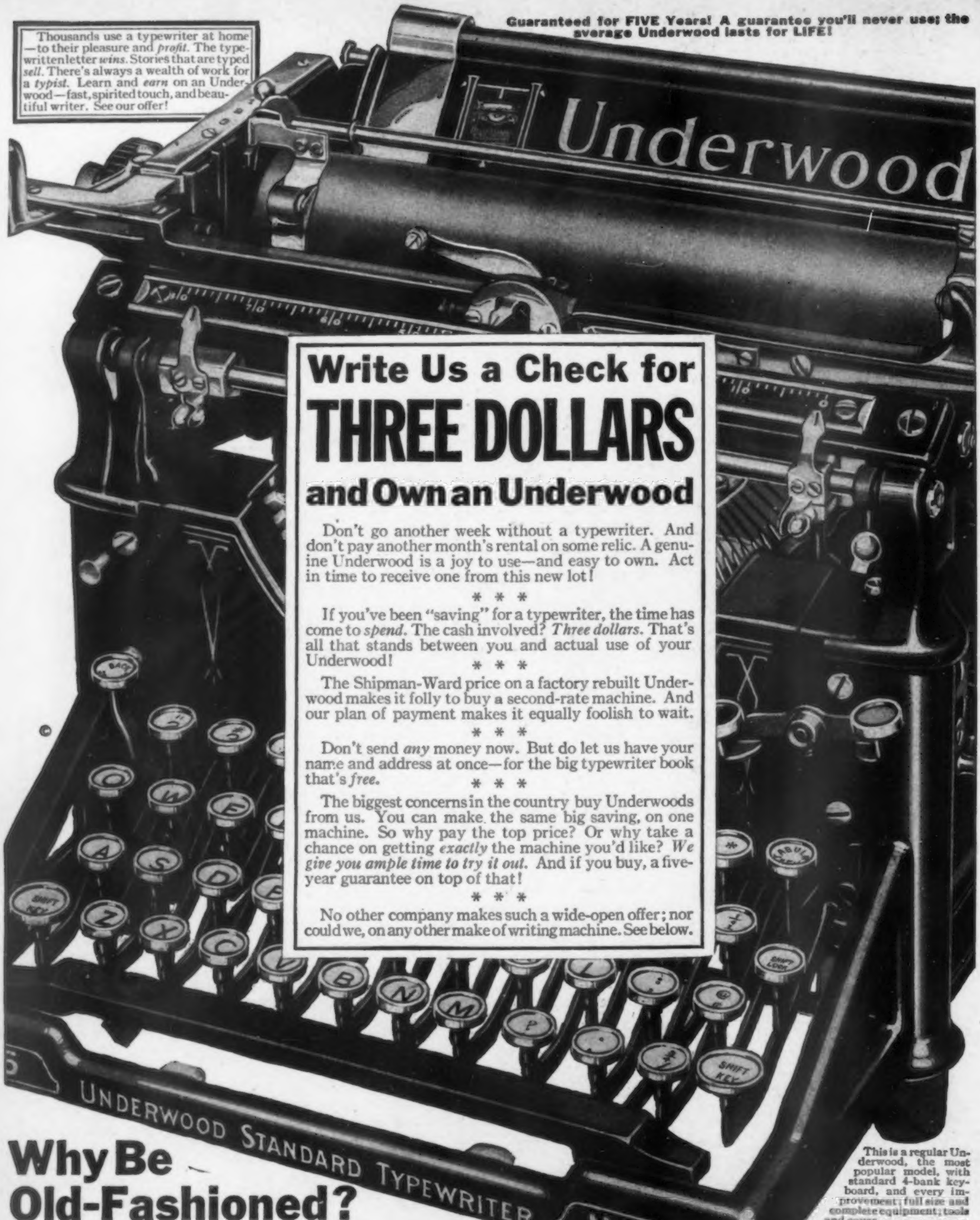
AGE........ OCCUPATION.........................



Thousands use a typewriter at home—to their pleasure and *profit*. The typewritten letter *wins*. Stories that are typed *sell*. There's always a wealth of work for a *typist*. Learn and *earn* on an Underwood—fast, spirited touch, and beautiful writer. See our offer!

Guaranteed for FIVE Years! A guarantee you'll never use; the average Underwood lasts for LIFE!

Write Us a Check for THREE DOLLARS and Own an Underwood

Don't go another week without a typewriter. And don't pay another month's rental on some relic. A genuine Underwood is a joy to use—and easy to own. Act in time to receive one from this new lot!

* * *

If you've been "saving" for a typewriter, the time has come to *spend*. The cash involved? *Three dollars*. That's all that stands between you and actual use of your Underwood!

* * *

The Shipman-Ward price on a factory rebuilt Underwood makes it folly to buy a second-rate machine. And our plan of payment makes it equally foolish to wait.

* * *

Don't send *any* money now. But do let us have your name and address at once—for the big typewriter book that's *free*.

* * *

The biggest concerns in the country buy Underwoods from us. You can make the same big saving, on one machine. So why pay the top price? Or why take a chance on getting *exactly* the machine you'd like? *We give you ample time to try it out.* And if you buy, a five-year guarantee on top of that!

* * *

No other company makes such a wide-open offer; nor could we, on any other make of writing machine. See below.

This is a regular Underwood, the most popular model, with standard 4-bank keyboard, and every improvement; full size and complete equipment; tools and cover.

Why Be Old-Fashioned?

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Vital questions answered in *November* SMART SET

Should a woman tell her fiancé about the mistake of her past? (*Read: "Is a Woman's Past Her Own?"*)

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Do all the heroes of the silver screen "fall" for the girls who besiege them? (*Read "Movie Love"*—a story straight from the heart of Hollywood)

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Florence Mendelson,
New York City.

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I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud, and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and hoarseness followed. My voice is absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

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Julio C. De Vosconcellos,
New Bedford, Mass.

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Florence M. Clarke,
1488 11th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

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You may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. However, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a reception that I had never been in better voice than I am now.

J. Ralph Bartlett,
Newton, N. H.

THE four letters on this page tell amazing stories of vocal development. They are from men and women who have learned that *Physical Voice-Culture* is the one, infallible, tested, scientific method of voice building. They are just a few of the thousands telling the same stories of success, in many cases, after all other methods of voice building had failed.

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1. Can you open your mouth wide enough to insert two fingers between your teeth?
2. Can you swallow five times in succession?
3. Holding your hand to your throat, can you feel the cords vibrate when you sing "e-e-e-e!"
4. Can you hold your breath for 30 seconds?
5. Are you determined to sing or speak well?

If you answer "yes" to these questions, you have a potentially fine voice that can be developed amazingly by PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE.

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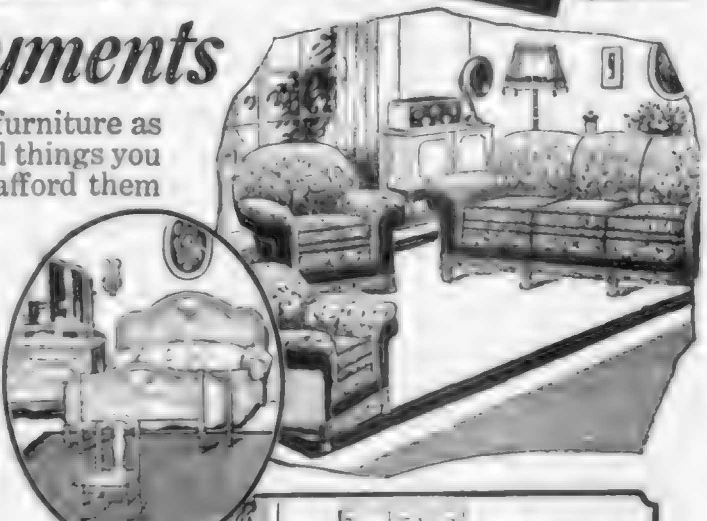

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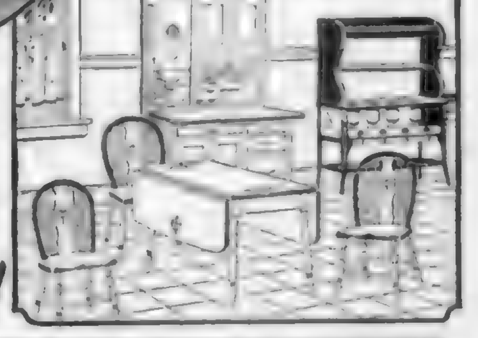

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IN the *pavillion d'amour*, guarded by bloodhounds in the walled garden of a house of mystery in Paris, belonging to a Spaniard, Don Hijos, Marquis de San Real, was a perfume-laden boudoir luxuriously furnished in white, rose, and gold; with roses everywhere. It was a retreat from which no sound could escape; one where even shrieks would be of no more avail than in the middle of the Sahara.

Here is the story of *The Girl with the Golden Eyes*, a story of passion, jealousy, perfidy, and vengeance never equalled in all literature, reaches its climax. It is a strange story of one of the many mysterious undercurrents of life in Paris, but it is only one of over a score of infinite variety told in the famous

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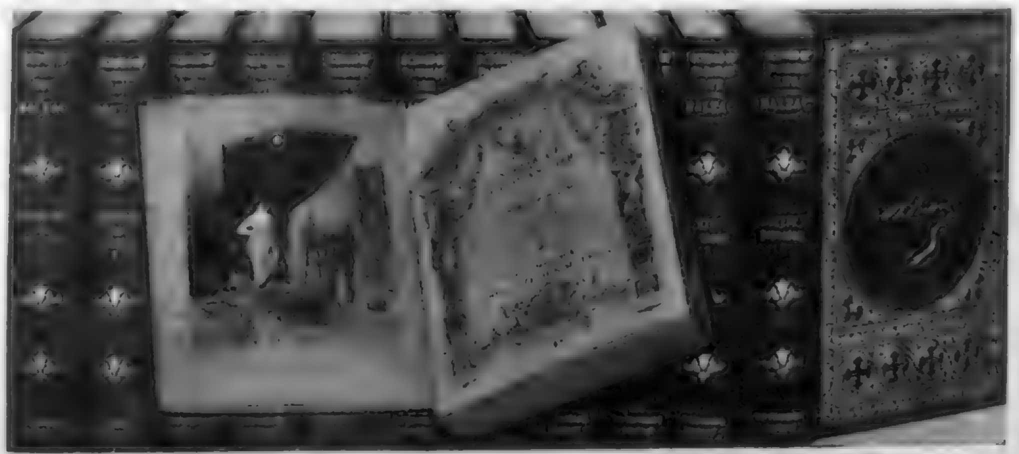

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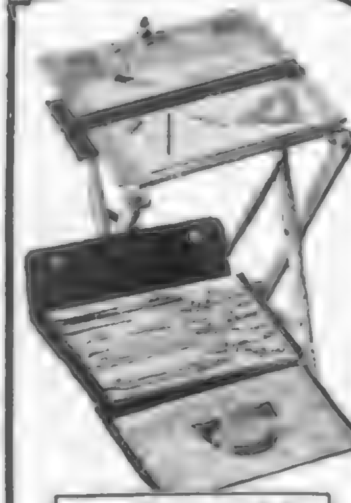

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H. W.,
St. Louis, Mo.

"SHALL I bring in some lunches," asked the court attendant of the jury that had been deliberating for many hours.

"Yes," answered the foreman with a savage growl. "Eleven lunches and one bale of hay."

* * * * *

M. H.,
Lanonia, Ga.

THE stern school principal frowned over his glasses at the two girlish figures before him. They must be twins—they looked alike, acted alike, dressed alike. Each had bobbed hair, and each was dressed in a pink crepe frock that reached—not quite to the knees.

"And what is your name" he asked, indicating the child on the left. As she spoke, he slowly wrote it down. "And what is your twin sister's name," he asked.

"Sir," the second answered in a husky voice, "I am this child's mother."

* * * * *

J. B. W.,
Ardmore, Okla.

"DO ANGELS have wings, Mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is nurse going to fly, 'cause Daddy called her an angel last night?"

"Tomorrow, darling."

* * * * *

J. W.,
Ogden, Utah

NURSE—"There's a man outside who wants to know if any of the patients have escaped lately."

Doctor of Insane Asylum—"Why does he ask?"

Nurse—"He says somebody has run off with his wife."

* * * * *

M. L. F.,
Norwalk, Conn.

DOROTHY had been praying each evening for a baby sister. The other evening her mother, while reading the paper exclaimed: "I see Mrs. Smith has a little daughter."

Dorothy looked up from her book to ask, "How do you know that, Mother?"

"It says so in the paper, dear."

"Read it to me."

Her mother read, "Born on February 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. Smith, a daughter."

Dorothy thought a moment and then said, "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to stop praying and begin to advertise."

* * * * *

V. B.,
Isanti, Minn.

HIGH School Teacher: What do you suppose Raleigh said to Queen Elizabeth when he laid his cloak across the mud-puddle for her to walk on?

Bright Soph: Probably, "Step on it, kid."

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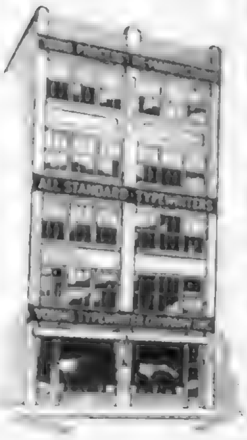

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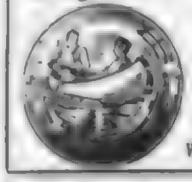

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More Laughs *from* SMART SET Readers

[*Continued from page* 12]

D. E. Z.,
Butler, Pa.

DOCTOR: "Congratulations, Governor, You're the father of triplets."

Governor—I demand a recount.

* * * * *

D. C.,
Roebuck, S. C.

A LITTLE girl who was trying to tell a friend how absent minded her grandpa was said, "He walks around thinking of nothing and when he remembers it he forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember."

* * * * *

E. V.,
Ogden, Utah.

A FRIENDLY argument arose between two young chaplains of different denominations, in which the senior chaplain rather cleverly got the better of his opponent.

"Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," he said. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?"

"We certainly are," replied the junior chaplain, quite disarmed.

"Let us then," said the senior, "do it to the best of our ability, you in your way and I in His."

* * * * *

F. J. K.,
Rosslyn, Va.

PAT was sitting on a keg of dynamite smoking a pipe when suddenly the whole thing blew up. After the explosion Mike found Pat searching for something.

"What are you looking for, Pat?"

"Me hand, begorra. It had me pipe in it."

* * * * *

N. G.,
Lake Crystal, Minn.

THE tramp: Kind lady, I ain't one of them what's seen better days. I ain't 'ad no better days. I've bin neglected right from the start—bein' born in a little attic in London while me parents was down at Soutend enjoying theirselves.

* * * * *

H. H.,
Maywood, Cali.

FATHER (at supper table)—Well, Dick, how did you get on at school today?

Dick—Father, one of my books says that conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else.

* * * * *

J. M. R.,
Zephyrhills, Fla.

THE first time she was ever kissed,
Somewhat confused, it nearly missed;
Since then that kiss has been rehearsed
Until each thinks he is the first.

* * * * *

M. J. B.,
Springfield, Mass.

AT A dinner-party an elderly lady, of very prim and severe aspect, was seated next to a young couple who were discussing the merits of their motor cars.

"What color is your body?" the young man asked the girl.

"Oh, mine is pink. What is yours?"

"Mine's brown, with yellow stripes."

This was too much for the old lady. Rising from the table, she exclaimed: "I really must be excused. When young people ask each other the color of their bodies at a dinner-party, it is time I left.

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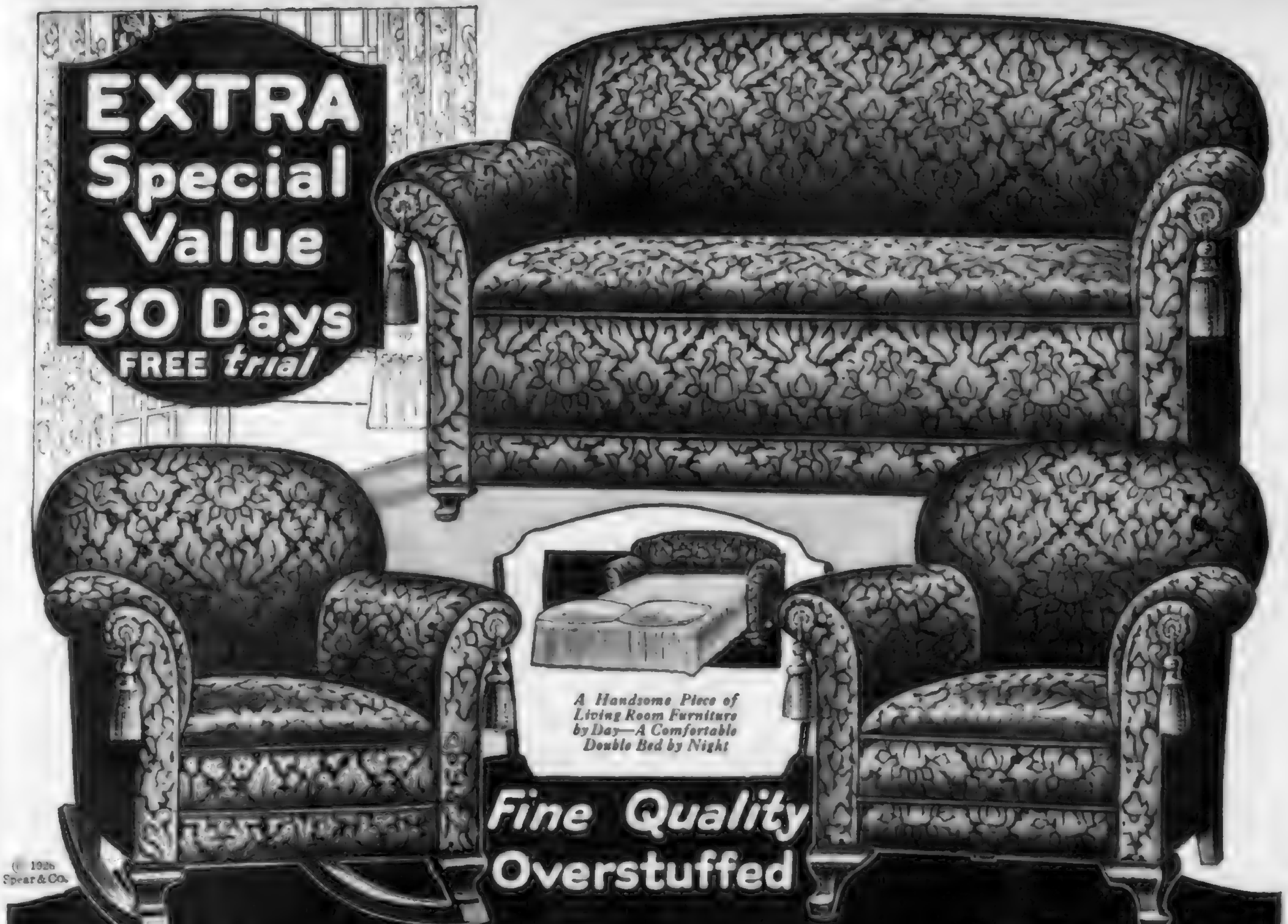
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The Davenport is especially desirable for moderate sized homes. When closed it takes up only 66 inches of wall space; yet when opened, it makes a comfortable bed for two people. Easy to operate—opens with one effortless motion. You do not sleep on the upholstery but on a separate and comfortable bed spring built into the davenport. There are two sets of springs; one set in the seat, the other in the bed section.

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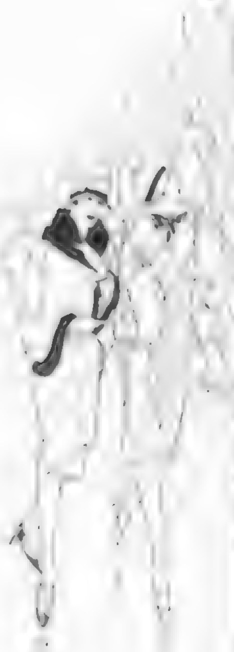
SORE THROAT?



The start of colds—*or worse!*

MOST colds start in the "soft palate" of the throat and in the nose—both closely related to each other.

Various forms of bacteria—some more dangerous than others—cause the trouble.

These bacteria are, of course, always present in the nose and throat: millions of them. And upon how successful the human system is in fighting them off, depends their success or failure in causing disease.

That first dry hitch on swallowing is your throat's way of saying "Look out, Danger ahead: the bacteria are getting the upper hand!"

A most wise precaution is the systematic, daily use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. The antiseptic that, without danger to the delicate membranes of the throat, will nip infections in the bud and thus ward off sore throat and the many more serious ills that so often follow.

Be on the safe side during sore throat days. Use Listerine regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. ***Also, then, you will be on the polite side with regard to that insidious condition, halitosis (unpleasant breath).***

Lambert Pharmacal Company,
St. Louis, U. S. A.

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VOL. 79
NO. 2

SMART SET
True Stories from Real Life

OCTOBER
1926

To One I Love

TELL me, love,
Why do you turn away
When I look into your eyes?
Is it that you fear to read
The sweet surprise
That my eyes
Tell?

II

SINCE I met you the days
Are sad
The trees are hushed
And life, and song, are still
Since I met you . . .
And I had always dreamed
That Love was glad!

III

SWEET, I'm glad 'twas my heart
that God broke
And let your dear heart be.
For only hearts that break can know
That Love—is pain.
But, oh, how wonderful to me!

ZOË ALVAREZ

First of Six LOVE EPISODES in the Life of a Beautiful Woman

Men

Edwin Bower Hesser

YOU may see me at Deauville or Newport or Palm Beach. Wherever it is I shall be perfectly dressed, surrounded by men, courted and admired. If I were to reveal my name I could not tell all the truth. To be candid one must be anonymous. I have told the truth that young girls who read this may face life undeceived. I, the April of this confession, have been kissed by many men, but they have never hurt my soul.

who Have Kissed Me

A Country Girl at Seventeen

On a breathless morning of late July, I sat on the edge of a counter in the dress department of father's shop, clasping one knee with slender hands, and gazed dreamily at the pink organdy frock in the window.

Nothing stirred. The children had clattered by on their way to a picnic; the hum of a passing car died away into the distance. Sunlight changed the street into a magician's dream of gold and gray; not a leaf fluttered on any tree and the lazy call of birds came softly as the cooing of a bride.

With a sigh almost of agony, I slipped down to the floor and stood listening to the silence. Little aching thrills of lovely pain ran through my veins; cravings I barely understood, yet longed to satisfy, tore at my heart. I only knew I was seventeen, and a whole beautiful world lay laughing in the sun.

I paused for a moment, a slight, fair-haired creature, with the short, straight nose and tender, provocative mouth that send an instant wave of desire through four men in every five. Then I crossed the worn oak floor and climbed into the window, lifting a short flight of steps after me. At any rate I could fondle the pink frock, dream over it, arrange its soft organdy lines to better advantage.

As I stood gazing, Dick Gray came out of his father's grocery opposite with all the bustle and importance of the smart young salesman, to criticize his own window-dressing.

I hesitated. My calculating glance took in his round, boyish face with its already purposeful mouth. I missed no detail of his appearance—the smooth, carefully-oiled hair, the smart green tie, the snowy apron fastened at the back with one of those heart-shaped pins all grocers seem to wear. I knew Dick Gray by heart; I recognized success in every line of him.

I saw him as in a vision piling up capital slowly and surely, coaxing business away from other people. There was not much romance in all his body and soul, but Mrs. Dick Gray would always be an enviable person. Her position would be sound and prosperous, her children fat and healthy, her husband looked up to with approval. And I knew I interested Dick, and I knew Dick's wife would always live in the same small town and be respectable and domestic. On the other hand, Dick's wife would never be poor.

From the expression of his back I felt he was aware of me. He would be too proud to turn round—yet.

Very early in the morning I went down and took the frock that I knew Dick Gray would admire.

Without looking at him I stood upon the lowest step of the flight and put my right foot on the next step but one higher. Reaching up to the rail on which it hung, I began slowly to re-drape the pink frock. The pose, graceful, kind to every line of my slight figure, showed my right leg to above the knee and the least hint of my knickers.

Dick Gray turned immediately. For a second I held the pose. Then, glancing across the street, I met his eyes; immediately I drew up the left foot to the right, sat on the top step and pulled down my short skirt with a gesture every girl knows. It was at once modest and reproving. I smiled in answer to the wave of Dick's hand; then gathering the pink frock in my arms, I ran down the steps into the shop out of sight. For some reason my eyes danced as they had not danced previously.

Into the shop on slow, unenthusiastic feet, listless with treading a path they never chose of their own free will, came mother. She was only thirty-seven but she might just as well have been fifty or five hundred. For all the reality in her life she was a dead woman. She had ceased to feel and become a machine. Young girls might well shudder when she passed by. She reminded you not so much of the ashes of a dead love as of the rotting wood, the decayed paper and the damp coal of a fire laid long ago in an empty house and never lighted.

"We're out of baking powder," she said. "You might run across to Gray's and get some. Your father won't like it if I don't make a tart out of those plums."

"All right, mother," I replied, half reluctantly. Out of habit I patted my hair and smoothed the collar of my frock with instinctive touches. Mother watched grimly.

"You're at the silly age still," she commented. "I don't know why you think such a lot of your looks. Looks won't help you much. They don't last long and they only bring trouble while they do."

I FLED out of the shop with a longing to put my fingers in my ears. I told myself mother was old and quite wrong, with a horrible fear that she must be right. Mother was married, tired, finished. But, of course, nowadays things were different.

I passed Dick, still intent on his window. Within, old Mr. Gray leaned forward over the counter and leered at me. He seemed rather ridiculous as old men do when they strut for the benefit of young girls.

"And what can we do for you this beautiful morning?" he asked playfully, his moist underlip thrust a little forward. "Pretty a picture as ever, Miss April, breaking all the young fellows' hearts—and the old ones' too. I'll warrant my rascal of a son'll be dancing attendance in a minute—trying to cut out his old father."

"You are dreadful, Mr. Gray," I murmured knowing that was the sort of answer he wanted. "Mother wants some baking powder, please. I'm sure Dick never even troubles to look at me."

As a matter of fact, I had felt his eyes all over my back, while he was peering through the window.

Old Mr. Gray hastened, smirking, to serve me. He put the package on the counter as though it were a diamond necklace. His greedy old eyes devoured my slender beauty so openly that he would have annoyed me if I had been less amused. These ancient flirts always made me laugh. I was too innocent then to recognize the sinister side of them.

On the way back Dick stood in my path.

"Good morning," he said meaningly.

"Good morning," I replied, looking straight at him and then lowering my eyelids.

"You don't take much notice of a chap these days."

As Mr. Gray opened the door he started back in affected

He was, as usual, rather the sultan casting favor on a pretty favorite.

"I don't know what you mean. I haven't been rude, have I? Not that it would matter to you if I were, I expect, would it?"

For a second I smiled into his irresolute eyes. Then, with a flutter of slim silk legs, I was gone. As I entered father's shop, drab and repellent even in the July sunshine, I smiled again. Yet again that morning the victorious thrill ran in my blood. It was a season for kisses, and, there being no one in the wide world to kiss, I stooped and laid my lips lovingly against the breast of the pink organdy frock.

All the morning I measured yards of material and pretended interest in other people's clothes with increasing

horror at sight of Dick and me, clearly silhouetted in the moonlight.

boredom. The sunlight had got into my bones; I wanted to play, to laugh, to be admired. Instead I endured the faint stuffy smell of the shop and had my dreams darkened by its gloom. Midday dinner only added to my depression.

Helping tired, resigned mother to dish up, I hated my world with bitter hatred. I loathed the dreary room behind the shop, the stained table-cloth, the odd, cracked crockery, the black-handled steel forks. I hated the subdued quarrelling and scuffling of my twelve-year-old brother and my two younger sisters. I hated the boiled rabbit; father, elderly, stout, cold, maddened me with his coarse table manners and a certain sanctimonious air.

"George," he commanded, tucking a table napkin into his collar, "stop your noise and ask the blessing."

The children bowed their heads in outward reverence, while George gabbled a grace. Mother helped every one to the steaming rabbit. An odor of onion filled the room. We ate in silence, cowed by the austere severity of father. Conjuring up mentally a long sequence of similar meals past and meals to come, I felt a pitiful longing to scream. I wanted a little joy so badly. Desperately I resolved to make a heroic effort.

When the children had scurried out I approached the silent figure of father bent over his newspaper.

"Father—" I began.

He looked up coldly over his glasses, out of a hard-lined, unsympathetic face.

"Well?"

I twisted nervous hands, moving [*Turn to page 128*]

Blackmailers

A Blameless Life

By Leighton

The shadow of a woman always stalks you when the blackmailing gang, of which she is a member, prepares to strike.

ANYBODY in the United States is liable to be blackmailed any time!

That goes for you, whoever you are, reading this. I don't care how blameless your life may be, how consistently exemplary your conduct, how clear your conscience, nor how spotless your reputation if you've got anything that crooks want, you are liable to know the stunning terror of blackmail.

If you are good you are liable to be blackmailed. If you are bad you are liable to be blackmailed. If you are even moderately well-to-do you are more liable to be blackmailed than to be killed or even injured by an automobile. You are more liable to be blackmailed than you are to be robbed by holdups, burglars, confidence men or in any other way. You are more liable to be blackmailed than you are to suffer loss from fire. If your circle of acquaintances is of normal dimension, the betting is better than even that at least one of your friends is a blackmail victim. You don't know it, of course, for blackmail is one ill concerning which even close friends are not discursive. And blackmail is a crime in which, almost always, a woman figures as a prominent accomplice.

You think the above is an overstatement of the case? Then get this: At least ninety per cent of the breach of promise cases brought in the Supreme Court of New York County are pure blackmail action! The man who says that is Judge John T. McIntyre. He is dean of the judges of the famous court of General Sessions in New York, and he ought to know.

Ninety per cent blackmail! Figure then how large a percentage of threatened breach of promise suits are settled before they become a matter of court record. Yet ninety per cent of those that do get into the courts, those in which threats have failed, are blackmail! Quite a business, this "Scare 'em and take it" game, eh?

If you still have any doubts, learn further that there are more than a thousand crooked

Are After YOU!

Is No Safeguard

H. Blood

Startling Exposure of the Most Vicious Crime Ring in America

lawyers in New York City who make their living from blackmail! Now an average going lawyer should serve a minimum of ten clients during the course of a year. Figuring on that basis the answer is more than ten thousand terrorized men and women in New York annually.

You feel perhaps, that this is of no direct personal interest to you? You are immune from blackmail attack? Yes? You are a man of family with a good record? You have never done anything of which you need be ashamed? Got a good job, or a prosperous business, as the case may be? A host of loyal friends? Unassailable reputation? Everything rosy? My, oh, my! What a beautiful goose you are for the plucking fingers of a blackmailer and his woman accomplice.

You are sitting at your desk some pleasant morning going through your mail. A card is brought in. You look at it and frown. It bears the name of an attorney and you recognize that the man is a shyster if there ever was one!

"What's it about?" you ask irritably.

"He wouldn't say," your office boy answers. "He jus' says to tell you it's important an' confidential."

You sigh and shrug.

"All right," you say resignedly, "send him in."

The lawyer comes in smiling. He's always smiling.

"What is it?" you ask shortly. "Make it snappy, I'm busy."

"I'm afraid I've got bad news for you," he says. "A client of mine is naming you as co-respondent!"

Your heart misses a beat or two and then starts hammering hard and fast. You find your voice is husky when you ask the name of the man bringing the charge.

"His name is T. Joel Blagden," the lawyer answers.

"Blagden!" you exclaim. "Why, I don't even know

Terror grips you and innocence can not save you from a deadly chill when the blackmailer attacks you.

any one by that name! Never even heard of the fellow."

"No?" says the lawyer with an insulting inflection. "Well, anyhow, I thought I'd call and let you know about it before I file suit and let the thing out into the newspapers. Nasty business for a man like you to be mixed up in this sort of thing! I know it would hurt you in a lot of ways, and, of course, I hate to see you get into such trouble if there's any way to avoid it. I'm not sure, but I think there's just a chance Blagden might be called off if he were properly approached."

Blackmail! So that's it. Perhaps you go berserk and throw the slimy lawyer out on his ear. But however righteous your rage may be, when it fades out of your being, you find terror still chilling your very bones.

"He won't go through with it!" you tell yourself, as you lie sleepless in your bed that night. "He has absolutely nothing on which to base a case." You don't even know the woman with whom he links your name!

In the morning you call up the crooked lawyer and deal with him. The price depends on the size of your bankroll and the degree of your fear. You've been blackmailed! You haven't done anything wrong, but you've been held up by threat of disgrace and robbed by the shadow of a woman, just as brutally and directly as though some one had stuck a gun in your ribs on a dark street and gone through your pockets.

You think you wouldn't yield under that sort of pressure. As capable and courageous a man as Charles M. Schwab would have yielded had he had his own way.

The name of the woman in that case is Myrtle Bowman Hayes. Her present address, due to a miscalculation on her part, is Auburn Prison, New York State. Judge McIntyre staked her to a long vacation there when she was found guilty a year ago of forging Mr. Schwab's name to various notes, totaling many thousands of dollars.

Had the matter been left to Mr. Schawb, she might have been at large today and working at her trade. He did not want the case pressed but the discount companies who held the forged notes, Judge McIntyre and District Attorney Joab H. Banton insisted. The defense was of such kind and character, that Judge McIntyre refused to allow it to become a public document. That, of course, gummed the works, so to speak, for publicity is the gun with which a blackmailer shoots, and, if that be taken from him, he is disarmed. It was Schwab's good luck that Judge McIntyre knew all the blackmail tricks and frustrated all that were tried in the Hayes case. When it became apparent that it was impossible to put anything over on Judge McIntyre, Mrs. Hayes changed her plea to guilty and was sentenced.

If You are Blackmailed—Fight!

Joab H. Banton, District Attorney of New York, warns, "Don't try to buy silence. Tell the District Attorney; he will protect you."

Vicious charges are workaday materials to the busy blackmailer. Mr. Schwab was innocent, of course, but even so he did not want his name soiled by contact with vile allegations. The type of lawyers who deal in blackmail depend upon their victims feeling that way about it and usually their reliance is justified.

The blackmail bait of today is a woman. In the realm of extortion she is supreme. The crime could not flourish without her. A modern blackmailer, working without a woman, is equivalent in futile absurdity to a big game hunter trailing his quarry through the jungle without a weapon.

Women of many social classes are used. I happen to have personal knowledge of a blackmail job done by a man and wife, both socially prominent in a mid-western university city. They were earnest church workers, and active in all the local civic betterment and general uplift movements. They were both natives of the place. So far as I know, they still live there, socially prominent, devout, identified with all the activities of the "Better Element" of the place and full of civic pride.

Their victim is dead. They got his money. He was the husband's elder brother. The wife played the customary rôle. Perhaps a half-dozen people in the world know the story in full. They keep still for various reasons. The blackmailers got away with that job.

As I write I recall an attempt made on an artist friend of mine in New York some years ago. He worked in one of a number of studios in a rambling barn of a place in Greenwich village. He was busy before his easel one morning when some one knocked.

"Come in," he called over his shoulder.

The door was pushed open and three little girls entered. They were between the ages of nine and thirteen and poorly dressed.

"D'ye want any models, Mister?" one of them asked in the nasal singsong of the New York street urchin trying to wheedle a stranger.

"No," said the painter gruffly. "Beat it!"

"Can we look at the pictures for a minute, Mister?"

"Oh, all right," said the painter irritably. "Look around, but keep your hands off things."

He went on painting for several minutes, completely absorbed in his work, forgetting all about the three little girls. Then he heard a voice behind him: "Hey, Mister, look!"

He turned and looked. By the doorway between the huge barn of a studio and his tiny bedroom, stood the three little girls. They were stripped, stark naked!

"You give us some money, Mister!" one of them said threateningly. "Give us some money, or we'll all yell an' when somebody comes we'll tell [*Turn to page 88*]

Her Wedding Ring

A True Love Story All Men Will Understand

THERE is one thing I swore I would never do. I was determined never to have an affair with a married woman. You might look upon that as a curious twist in my moral code, but other men's wives did not seem to me to be fair game. It was too much like poaching on another man's preserves. And marriage to me was a sacred thing.

Anyhow, there were more than enough girls to occupy any man's time and the flappers kept me busy enough. Of course, I learned that it is much easier to catch a sweetie than it is to let go when you want to. But that is another story. But no matter how much I became involved in love I managed to steer clear of women who wore gold bands on the third finger of the left hand.

Please don't get the idea that I was a heart-breaker. But I suppose I was good-looking, as men go. I taught myself to smile easily, because I learned it is true that the voice with a smile wins—man or woman. I was tall and husky. I dressed well, because it pays to dress well and because I liked the feel of good clothes. But all of these things could be said about thousands of young men who go through life without a lot of adventures in love.

But somehow I did attract girls. Always. I could walk into a restaurant, take a seat, look over the room, saunter to a table occupied by one or two girls, smile, be smiled at in return. Or perhaps the girl would smile at me first. So began many a beautiful friendship. It is easy to get wise to the line of small talk which girls like to hear. But the best thing is just to listen and be sympathetic. Girls love to be sympathized with.

In business, I can say I was pretty successful. I sold

I Vowed I'd Never Fall Then Came the Great And She Wore

"Yes?" she said. Just like that. Half question, half statement. Very upstage.

life insurance. That takes a lot of nerve and a pretty tough hide. You get turned down so often. But because I always tried to be pleasant, I didn't have much trouble in getting by the fresh kids they have in reception rooms to keep visitors out. Some concerns employ old people, both men and women, to give dignity to the outer office. Many of these boys and girls and the older people, too, became friendly with me and told me how they hated the task of turning away visitors. They used to help me get in to see big men, even at the risk of their jobs.

It was in this way I met Barbara Emerson.

Miss Emerson was private secretary to Mr. Willard Sothern, president of the Essential Trust Company. I read in the papers that Mr. Porter Pettingill, president of the Unity Trust Company, a rival of the Essential, had been insured for the sum of five hundred thousand dollars, and I decided to try to sell Mr. Sothern a policy for twice that. Play up to his vanity, you see.

I might as well have tried to get in to see King George or President Coolidge. Mrs. George Lovitt, a lady who had seen better days, but who now was employed as reception clerk in the Essential Trust Company, told me there was no hope. But I pulled my friendly act on her. She told me all about how rich she had been and all about her family tree and how prominent she had been. Well, then it was my cue to tell her that my ancestors had come over on the "Mayflower" and that my mother was a D.A.R. So she said, "I am not permitted in Mr. Sothern's office, but I will take your card to his private secretary. Perhaps she will see you. But if you get by her, young man——"

"What's she like?" I asked.

"She is very sweet—and very uppity."

"A frozen sweet," I smiled.

"That's it," said Mrs. Lovitt.

Then Miss Emerson came out. She seemed sore to be interrupted by an insurance solicitor. She kept moving her thumb across the face of my card, which read——

James Mason
INSURANCE
"Yours for a Long Life"

"It's engraved all right," I smiled at her.

"Yes?" she said. Just like that. Half question and half statement. Very upstage.

Then she looked at me, and all I could do was to look right back at her. Into her eyes. Stunning? Beautiful? I didn't know. Couldn't say. She was different. There was her hair. It was a brown that shone. It wasn't bobbed, but it was parted in the middle and drawn back so simply that you might think it was bobbed until you realized no bobbed head could look so swell. There was rouge on her cheeks, but she had put it on so artistically that nature couldn't have done better. And I'm sure she used a lipstick, but it would be hard to tell it. Blue eyes, an aquiline nose, an oval face! And she wore a simple frock of nut brown that only one girl in a thousand could wear in an office and get away with. She just took my breath away. Yet she was as cold as ice.

for Other Men's Wives
LOVE of My Life
a Wedding Ring

All I could do was look right back at her. Into her eyes. Stunning? I didn't know.

You know the sort of girl I mean—one of those calm, efficient women who take their jobs seriously, yet who are too stunning to be in business at all.

"Well?" she said, a bit snappy.

"Nothing else," I said. "I thought I wanted to see Mr. Sothern to sell him some insurance. I thought maybe I could persuade you to let me see him. But I've seen you—and that's as much as any man could ask."

"What nonsense!" she said, but she blushed and looked as if she were holding back a smile.

"No, straight goods," I insisted.

I could see she wasn't exactly sore at my compliments. But she didn't unbend.

"Then you *don't* want to try to sell Mr. Sothern any insurance. That's good, because I have strict orders never to let an insurance agent past the outer office. Mr. Sothern has all the insurance he wants and all he expects to carry."

"I understand," I said. "Every one always has all the insurance he wants. But the Unity Trust Company thought their president, Mr. Pettingill, was so valuable and important that they took out a half-million dollar policy on his life. I'm sure Mr. Sothern is worth at least twice that."

"I'm sure that wouldn't interest Mr. Sothern," said Miss Emerson. "Good day Mr.—"—she referred to my card—"Mr. Mason."

She turned and left me standing there gasping; then I walked over to Mrs. Lovitt's desk.

"Frozen sweets have been known to thaw," I said. But my heart was going like a trip-hammer.

As I was leaving the building, I ran into Bob Hartley who sold bonds for the Essential Trust Company.

"Look here, Bob, I thought you were a friend of mine," I said.

"Best you've got, boy," answered Bob.

"Then why haven't you told me about that glorious, wonderful——"

"Stop!" said Hartley. "You speak of the frigid one, Miss Barbara Emerson."

"Exactly," I said.

"And you, the reckless heart-breaker, have fallen for her!"

"Not fallen," I said. "Uprooted, uplifted, exalted, but not fallen."

"This is rich," laughed Hartley. "The man with a furnace for a heart falls for the girl with an ice machine in her chest."

"So she gave you the gate, did she?"

"Say," demanded Hartley, "do I look weak-minded? Do you think anything as lovely as that could escape me? I wasn't the only one. Every man in the place—married and single—made a play for her. But she kills painlessly. She made us all feel like small kids caught in the jam closet."

"I recognize that," I admitted. "She made me feel the same way. But I don't quit at the end of the first lesson."

"A guy in love hasn't got any sense," said Bob, "or I'd warn you to keep off that girl. It ain't natural that she hasn't fallen for some one. There's some sort of mystery about her."

"It's my business to solve mysteries," I laughed. "Girls are no mystery to me. Watch me solve this one."

I didn't feel quite so gay as I tried to make out. This girl sure had me going. And I had only seen her once.

She simply had to be mine! Funny the way a man wants a girl who seems hard to get.

There was a sort of mean look in Bob Hartley's eyes when he left me. If he went and told Miss Emerson that I was a wild one, my game would be cooked. Then I brightened with the thought that most girls like dangerous men. Would she? And what was the mystery about her that Bob Hartley had hinted at?

The more I thought about this girl, the more I fell in love with her. I couldn't get her out of my mind. I forgot all about trying to sign old man Sothern up for that insurance. I let all my business go. I never gave another thought to anything except Barbara Emerson and her unattainable beauty.

You know how it is. Like falling in love for the first time. You're scared to death of that queer emotional surge of your blood. It was funny, too, having any physical feeling for a girl like Barbara Emerson. She wasn't the demonstrative kind herself. She was more like a beautiful painting or a graceful vase. Just something to look at and admire. Possession doesn't matter in a case like that. But with Barbara I did not want to call her mine. I wanted to marry her.

I DIDN'T have the courage to call at the office to see her. I was afraid she would snub me in front of old Mrs. Lovitt, the reception room clerk. But like a lovesick kid I hung around the entrance of the building waiting for her to come out for lunch. I wish you could have seen her! Queen! And then some. She looked as if she might have stepped right out of the fashion pages of "Harper's Bazar." She was the sort of girl who made all other women look dowdy. No wonder they were all jealous of her.

Well, I got my nerves in hand and followed her. When I caught up with her I spoke her name and raised my hat.

She didn't recognize me! Or she at least pretended not to, but I wasn't going to be squelched so easily. I fell into step with her.

"Well?" she said with a supercilious air.

That seemed a favorite word with her.

"Going to luncheon, Miss Emerson?"

"Quite naturally," she said.

"That's lucky, so am I."

"Don't let me detain you," she said.

"But we're going together."

"Really!"

I winced at the way she said that, but I laughed to cover myself.

"I've got a lot of things to say to you, Miss Emerson!"

"It doesn't seem possible, Mr. Martin, to make you understand I don't care for your informal manner." That was a squelcher, but I couldn't let it freeze me.

"I love the way you say that," I said. "I should like to make one correction. Mason is the name—not Martin. But no matter what you call me I certainly feel *called.*"

"I must leave you here," said Miss Emerson, as we reached a corner. "Good-by."

I was sunk! I know my face became white. "Please, Miss Emerson!" I begged. "Please don't act like that. Forgive me if I seemed fresh. I didn't mean it that way. I just had to see you. I feel terrible about this. Come on, please."

"Is that your method with every girl you meet?" she asked.

"Don't compare yourself with any other girl," I said. "There is no other girl like you anywhere. You are——"

"If I should overlook your casual assurance on this occasion, will you promise not to try it again and promise not to attempt such obvious flattery?"

"Then you will have luncheon with me?" I asked.

"If you care to go with me to Sherry's tea-room," she said.

"Even if I'm the only man in the place!"

I need not have worried about being conspicuous. The women in Sherry's saw me, but their eyes centered on Miss Emerson. She was the smartest thing in the room. I had been out with lots of beautiful girls, but Barbara Emerson had distinction as well as beauty.

Then the way she ate. Dainty! I just sat there and watched. We didn't seem to have much to say. I couldn't think of anything and she wouldn't make an opening. But finally I said, just to make conversation.

"Bob Hartley's in your office, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said.

"Nice chap," I said.

"Is he?"

"Sure. Friend of mine."

"I shouldn't be so sure of that," she said.

"What's he been telling you about me?" I said.

"Nothing more than I knew already."

"And what's that?"

"Just what you are."

"What am I?"

"Let's change the subject," she said.

When we had finished and were out of the building I said: "Now, really, Miss Emerson, I hope you were not too serious about this being the last time. Can't we have a little dance some afternoon?"

"I'm afraid not," she said.

"Well, listen then," I said. "I've got a little studio down in Gramercy Park. It's really very nice, and once a week a lot of interesting people drop in. We have an awfully good time. Won't——"

"No, Mr. Mason. I simply could not."

"I'm terribly sorry," I said.

"Well, that's all past," said Barbara. "Now about business: If you will call on Mr. Sothern tomorrow morning at ten-thirty he will see you about that insurance matter. Insist on a million-dollar policy."

Well! I've had a lot of shocks and surprises in my life, but never anything like this. She didn't like me. She didn't like my fresh ways. But she had got her boss, old man Sothern, to see me about insurance. A million-dollar policy, she said. Why, that would make my commission at least fifteen thousand dollars! It made me dizzy to think of it. But why had she done it?

WELL, you can bet I was at Mr. Sothern's office at 10:30 promptly, and sent my card in. Right away Mrs. Lovitt said I was to go right in to see Mr. Sothern. Barbara was sitting at her desk when I went through to the private office, but she didn't even turn her head to look at me. That didn't make me feel any too good.

But old man Sothern was a peach. Pretended to be gruff and hard-boiled, and when I started in to give him my fancy selling talk he closed me right up.

"My directors have decided that if old Pettingill is worth $500,000 to the Unity Trust, I'm worth at least twice that," he said.

Just the words I had said in my first talk with Barbara. She had sold this policy completely for me. It was so easy I couldn't believe it. All I had to do was to make an appointment for the company doctor to give Mr. Sothern an examination.

"Look here, young fellow, I hope you know you didn't sell me anything. That secretary of mine did it. She made me see how much advertising my company would get from taking out such a big policy on my life. Strictly a matter of good business. But I'd say you owe a lot to Miss Emerson."

"Don't I know it Mr. Sothern?" I answered. "But personally she thinks I'm nix."

[*Turn to page 108*]

Dazzling Delights

Wouldn't you like to have as good a head on your shoulders as Nina Sorrell has? Nina's of the Vanities.

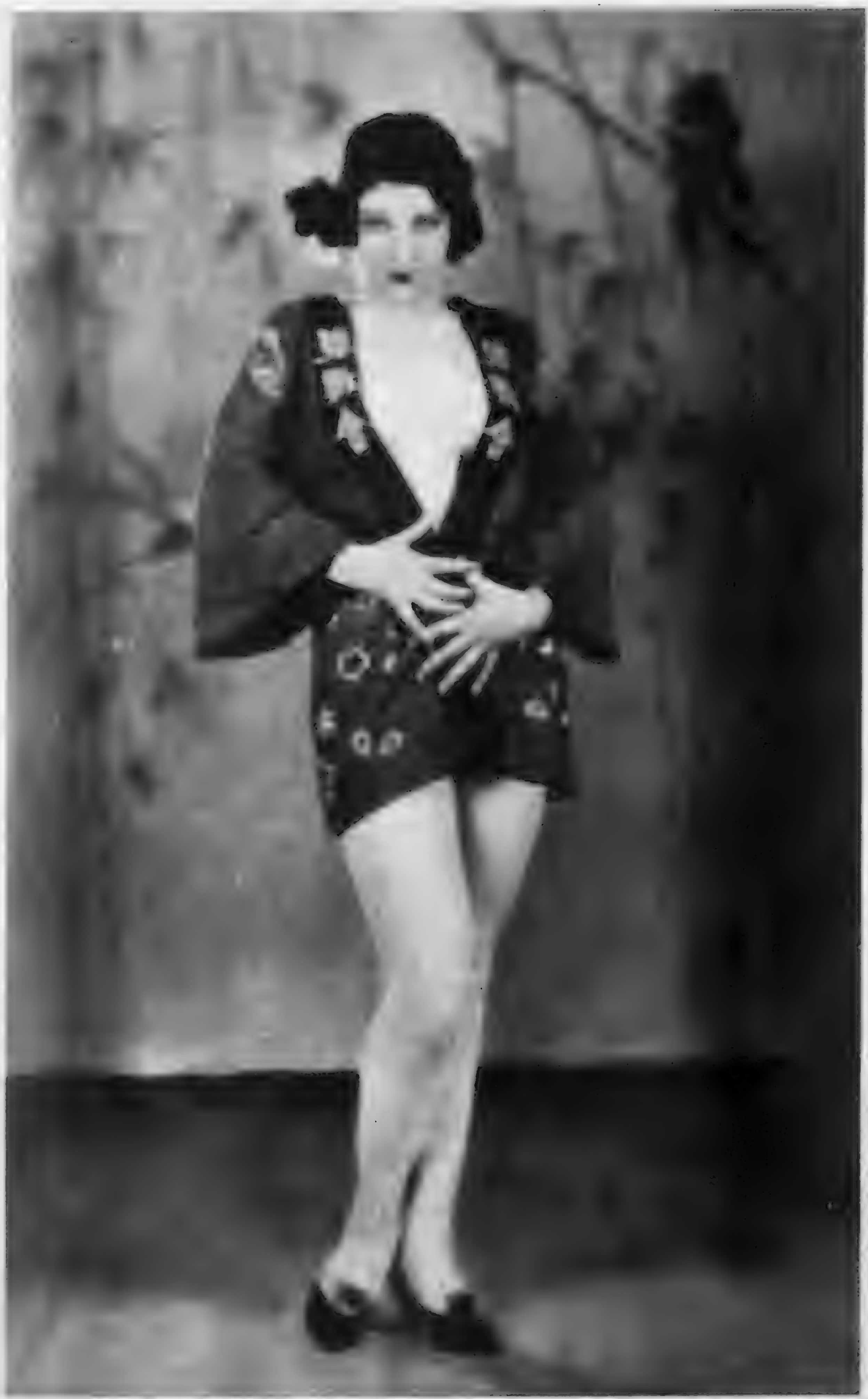
De Mirjian photo

White photo

Looks as though Peggy Gallimore of the Scandals is ambitious. That's a Napoleon hat she's holding before her.

De Mirjian photo

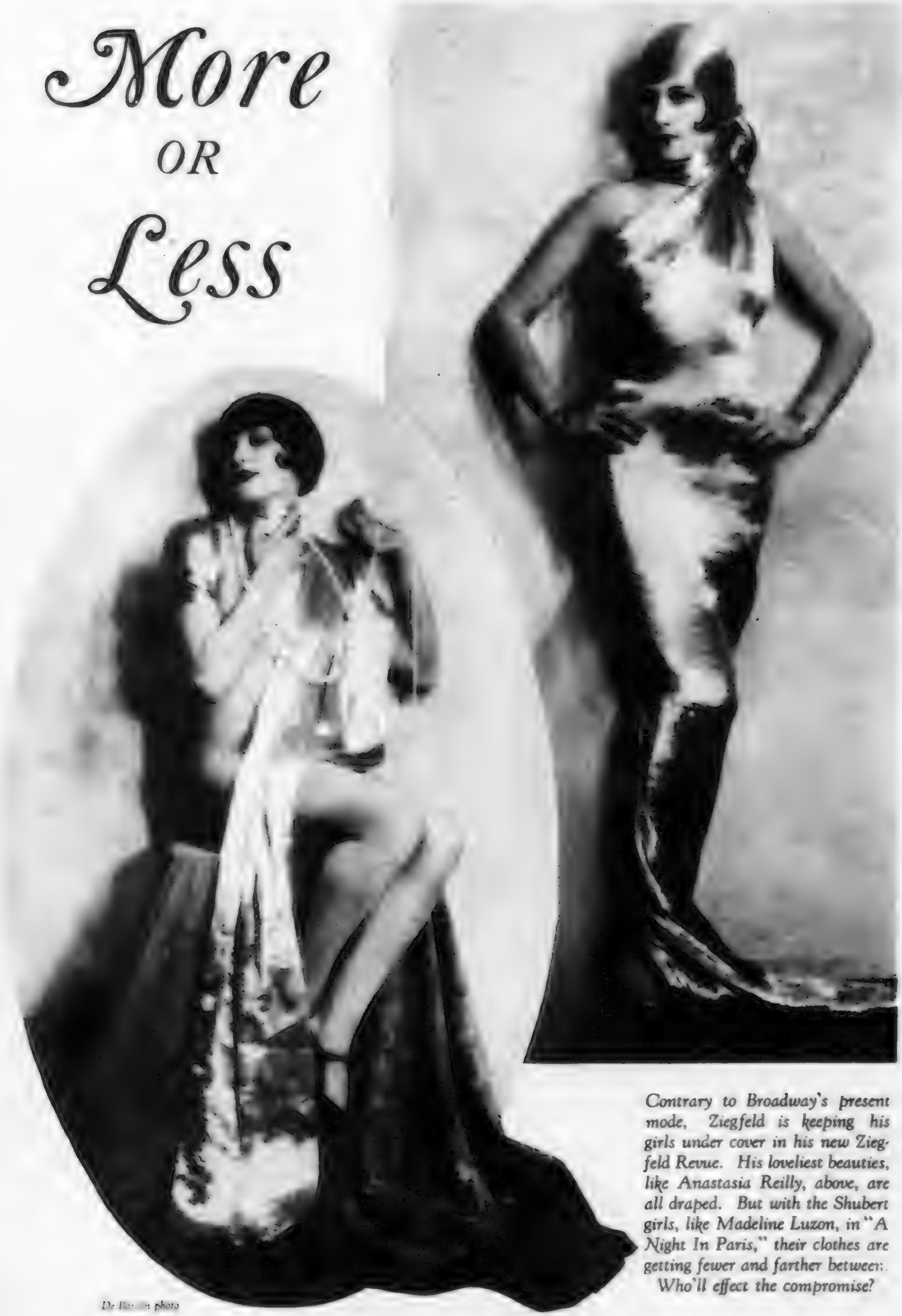
See Kathryn Ray beam on you. She's lighting up "A Night in Paris" these days.



Cannon photo

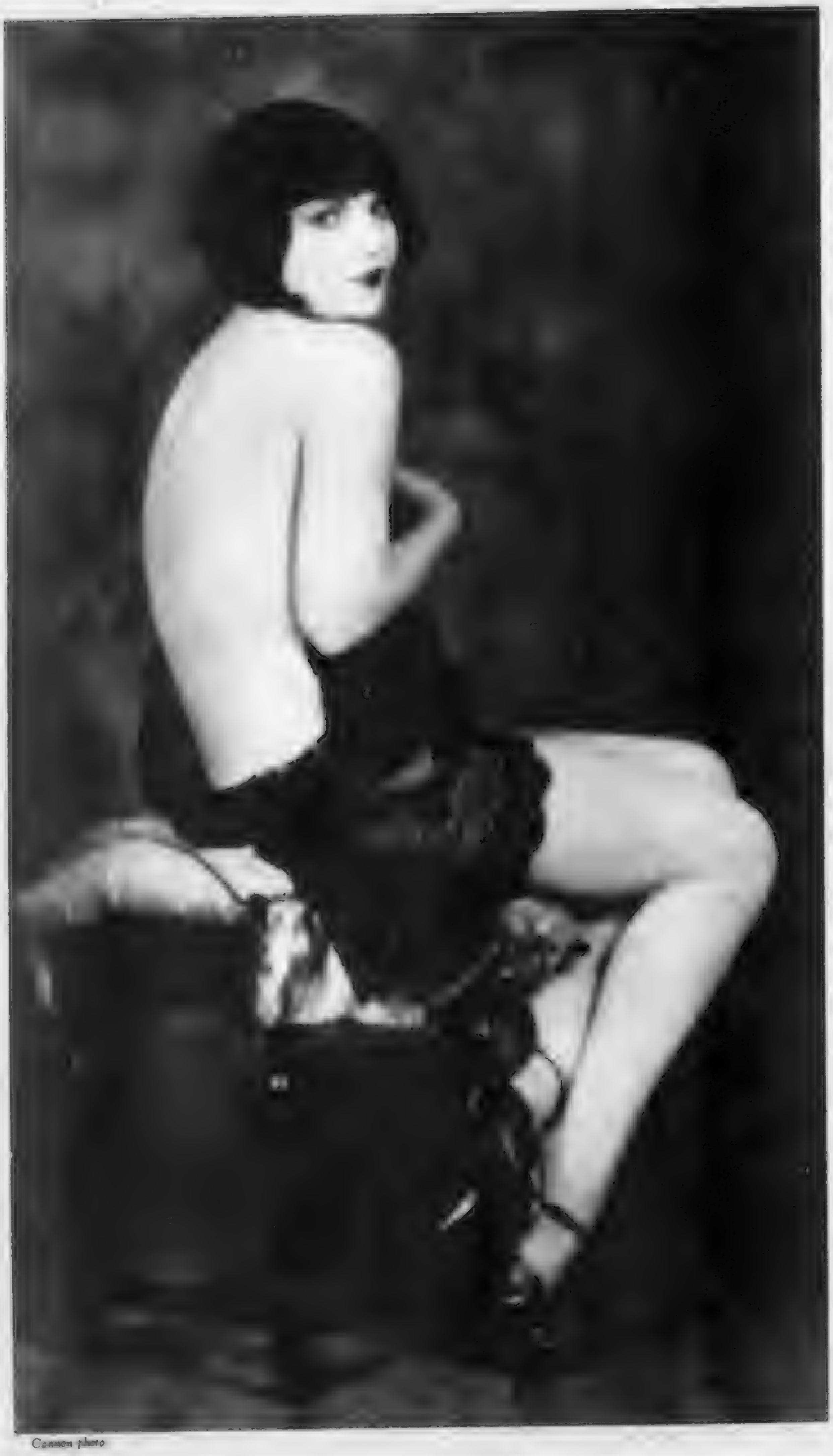
Isn't Marcella Daly's costume a triumph of smart simplicity? Just a coat and a pair of buckled shoes and Marcella's all set for the camera.

More
OR
Less



Contrary to Broadway's present mode, Ziegfeld is keeping his girls under cover in his new Ziegfeld Revue. His loveliest beauties, like Anastasia Reilly, above, are all draped. But with the Shubert girls, like Madeline Luzon, in "A Night In Paris," their clothes are getting fewer and farther between. Who'll effect the compromise?

De Barron photo



Cannon photo

Girls can get along on so little these fine days. A soft glance, a chiffon veil, a languid pose and Patrica Daly gets her picture in the papers.

A Personal Article by Lady Drummond Hay

Are Marriages Between May and December Ever Happy? I Can Answer That Question, Because

Lady Drummond Hay, young and beautiful, was a society leader in Cairo until she grew weary of that idle life. Today she is a successful newspaper correspondent.

I'm an Old Man's Darling

I AM an old man's darling, and not by accident, either. I had full and ample opportunity of marrying any young man I wanted, before I decided to marry a man who was more than twice my age. I had nothing to complain of from the lack of romance in my young life. No fewer than twenty-three suitors, drawn from fourteen nationalities, did their best to flutter my girlish heart. I wasn't so lacking in feminine vanity that I didn't appreciate their international and polyglot attentions. But all the time I was laughing up my sleeve and saying to myself, "Hah! Hah! not for you, young man! When I marry, it will be one of your fathers!" And I did. And I like it.

Why don't I like young men? Why do I prefer older men? Ever since I can remember I have always liked older men. Older men are younger. But that's only one of a hundred reasons why I like them better. At the two extremes of manhood, men effect a devastating cynicism. When they are young, they do it to disguise their puppy hopes. When they're old, they do it to cover their disappointments. But if you catch them in between whiles, they can be the best and jolliest pals imaginable. All these young men I knew took themselves too seriously.

When I think back on my would-be husbands I thank the Providence that threw into my path a man of mature years. The man I married has turned out to be my best pal and friend—tolerant, gentle, understanding; in short, a man of the world in every sense of the word.

During the War I knew heaps of young men, especially Dominions officers and, later on, Americans; but they all seemed so dreadfully young. In almost everything they showed to disadvantage against the older man. Give me the older man every time for a picnic, a party or a voyage. He is proud of the fact that he is enjoying himself, not ashamed of it, rarely bothered with the snobbishness of ignorance. Unlike his sons, he is not afraid that people will think he's not used to "having a good time," but gratefully he sets about making the most of it in a thoroughly experienced manner.

I'd back most middle aged men to outdance a young one, for what can a languorous fox-trot fan know of the days when shirts and collars wilted under the strain of polka and barn dance. Hot-blooded youth demands caviar, chicken and champagne at picnics while Mr. Fifty uncomplainingly, nay, cheerfully, absorbs fatty ham sandwiches and ginger ale, tickled to death to imagine himself a boy again.

I have never traveled with a young man in all my life, but I have heard them traveling often enough, and feel inclined to waggle my head with the graybeards . . . I have much more fun traveling with my elderly husband. It's the young men who are stodgy, blasé and unthrilled. While they're complaining of imaginary discomforts, my husband, recounting awful stories of former hardships and dangers, converts the shaking compartment into a magic carpet; the stifling atmosphere of continental trains into balmy breezes; peoples the now "civilized" Near East with sheiks, robbers and fanatical turbaned armies, out to murder and massacre; invests ruined strongholds with all the glory of the colorful not-too-long Past, riding gallantly, in imagination, on clattering horseback instead of in a prosaic iron train, solemnly pointing out the valleys and passes haunted by Djinns and hobgobblings.

Who, I ask you, would exchange a Fairyland of Romance for bleak modernity? Not I! Who would exchange my Knights of Life for the Superficial Squires of Artificial Today! The older man in his profoundly wise simplicity is the essence of youth eternal.

The older men have a much better time, and therefore they are able to give a much better time. They've recovered from the period when they want to reform everybody else. They know so much about life that they realize it's a wonder anybody ever achieves anything at all.

Youth is proverbially intolerant. Probably a dispensation of Providence urging the young ones to revolution, reform and progress. But the older man has been through all that and is more inclined to be grateful for the beautiful in everyday life.

Perhaps it is because fifty or sixty years ago, life was simpler and jollier, although I don't suppose it was half

so gay; but it is just today's very gaiety which is responsible for the intolerable boredom of my contemporaries. The older man, consciously or unconsciously, reflects the theory that true joy and happiness depend largely upon the proportion of the child left in us.

I know at least a dozen statesmen, and men in other highly responsible positions, whose fifty or sixty years slip from them the minute they have stopped work, and they become the most enchantingly simple companions that one can imagine. General Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Dictator, is such a one. What more can a man have than seventy-two titles of nobility, wealth and power? Yet at heart General de Rivera is younger, and by far a better companion for youth, than his youngest lieutenant.

In Egypt, too, where I have lived such a long time, the older men are only too willing to throw off the weight of their years and be just the nicest chums imaginable.

I find that older men, like my husband, are so much more grateful for what life has to offer them. Because they have seen so many stormy days, because they have endured much pain, they are touchingly grateful for pleasure. It's all a case of perspective. The younger man hasn't got the years of experience to measure by. It comes in due course, but rarely until he is "an older man."

My husband is so much more understanding, life seems to have succeeded in eliminating clogging prejudices. He is not so quick to judge, slower to condemn, measuring by intention, not only by actual effect. When I read police reports in the paper, (And the judges are never young men) I marvel at the depth of human understanding that is the motive power of their day's work.

Older men are so much more sentimental and considerate. They are better husbands and lovers, since they are products of the fast disappearing age of chivalry which leads them to retain some illusions about the ideals of life. I am an old man's darling, and I never wished, for one moment, to change places with the possessor of the most dashing and handsome young man in the world. My husband is a man of the world, and I don't mean it in a banal sense. He and his contemporaries were brought up in a different age. They came from disciplined homes, where manliness was the first virtue of men, femininity the essential asset of womankind, and respect for one's elders and betters the real primary clause.

My husband is always talking about the decline of sport in England and deploring what he calls the decadence of the present generation. "Very different from my days," he's always saying. Older men were better sportsmen of a rougher school. And with it goes all the good qualities of good sportsmanship. They love a woman to be feminine. Looking back to an age when women expected and received homage and attentions, they shine in society for their courtesy and restraint.

Many young men did their best to flutter my girlish heart, but I like older men better. Older men are really younger.

Do you ever see an older man carelessly dressed in ladies' society? I know the store that my husband's friends set by the necessity of being spick and span. There may be young fops but they will never outrival the older dandies in women's eyes.

I have often thought about the matter and wondered if I was alone in preferring older men, and if so why? For one thing I wondered if people thought it odd that I should be perfectly happy with an [*Turn to page 82*]

The DREAM LOVER
of My Girlhood
Held My Husband's Life
in His Power
Only I Could Save Him
But at What a PRICE!

A Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad

What Bertha Ann told you last month.

I COULDN'T resist the opportunity when John Westmacotte asked me to marry him. I didn't love him, but he was a likable chap, although he wasn't like the dream-lover I had visioned for myself. John was very rich, and he lived in the big white mansion called Westcottes. Before my marriage he told me of the strange fate that hung over his family. It seemed that the first John Westmacotte had been cursed by a Spanish Don when the former tried to run off with the latter's daughter. The curse went like this: "living you shall be as dead, in your thirty-seventh year!"

John made me promise to summon a Dr. Raymond Galbraith, if the curse should strike him. He also made me promise to give him poison, if the doctor should refuse to do it. I thought he was intoxicated and had forgotten all about the matter until recently.

Then, John made his will, and commissioned me with a letter for the doctor. I was passing down the corridor when the butler called my attention to the white peacocks in the black yew trees. This omen was supposed to presage the falling of the dreadful curse, and John was in his thirty-seventh year! Shocked with horror at the realization of my situation, I went cold with terror!

Now go on with Bertha Ann's story:

"NO, NO, NO!" I cried. "No, no!" I snatched up the letter; I flung open the door; I ran down the corridor. I could feel no movement of my feet as I fled down the stairs—the beautiful, shining, slippery stairs . . . it was like running in a dream.

Obsessed by terror, irrational perhaps but terror nevertheless, I flung open the library door. The sight of my husband seated calmly at his table, his pipe in his mouth, his pen in his hand, brought me a sense of relief so keen it was akin to pain.

"Oh, thank goodness you're there, John!" I caught my breath with a laugh that was almost a sob.

At my voice my husband turned. His eyes brightened as they always did at the sight of my face or the sound of my step; then changed to a look of surprise.

"Hello, dearest!" he said. "Aren't you dressed yet? Are you aware it's a quarter to one, young woman? If you don't hurry up you'll be late for lunch."

"Then I must be late," I replied quickly. "Lunch can wait. This can't."

Startled by my manner even more than by my words, he rose to his feet.

"Why? Is anything wrong?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"This."

I held out the letter he had just given me and the little black glass vial.

"What's that?"

"The medicine you gave—" I clapped my hand to my lips and my heart went cold with fear. "Oh, my God!" I cried. "Look at that!"

"Look at what?" he demanded sharply.

"The white peacock," I whispered.

"*The white peacock?*" They were his last words.

"The white peacock!" At the words every drop of blood drained out of my husband's face. He turned his head and saw the thing that for over twenty-five years he had dreaded and which meant the curse would strike him.

At the instant every drop of blood ebbed out of his ruddy face leaving it ashen gray. He turned his head slowly and looked over his shoulder. He saw the thing that for over twenty-five years he had dreaded to see.

Outside stood a white peacock. Its rose-pink feet lay against the gray stones of the terrace like small pale star-fish.

Motionless, John sat looking back at the fantastic creature whose coming foretold such hideous disaster for him.

It seemed to me as if the whole world had narrowed down to that dim room, alive with memory; as though life itself hung in the balance while my husband stared at the bird, which after a bit, began to move.

Breathless with excitement I watched the peacock lift its feet carefully, one after the other, across the threshold and enter the room. It advanced slowly for a few paces, then it stopped. With a faint rustling it unfurled its tail as a woman might open her fan.

THE effect of that sudden display of dazzling beauty was stupendous. The sun pouring through the open windows transformed the mass of waving white feathers into a vision of such unearthly radiance that I turned to my husband exclaiming with delight, "Oh look, John! Look! Isn't it wonderful?"

But for the first time in his life, John did not answer me. He opened his lips but no sound came out of them. He tried to lift his hand; it remained helpless at his side. He tried to move his feet; they remained rooted to the ground. His strength was gone.

To all appearance a hale and hearty man, one could almost see the life-force ebbing out of him, leaving him a poor, helpless creature.

Living, he was as dead.

I looked at him in terror, crying in fright:

"What's the matter John? Why don't you answer me? John! Oh, John, speak to me!"

As if the speaking of his name had loosed a spell, the peacock opened its sharp black beak and screeched.

Without a sound my husband fell over and lay like a log at my feet.

I was so stunned by the shock that for a moment I stood still staring down at him as he lay on the floor. The legend, the letter, the poison, the screeching bird seemed to melt and fuse together as they rushed with lightning speed through my whirling brain. I could not think but a vista of agony opened before me.

Bells were ringing; voices were calling; feet were running; I heard the old butler's voice, shrill with terror, crying, "Mr. John! Mr. John!" I heard the door open and people come pouring into the room. I heard myself screaming, screaming . . .

Then the stillness of death closed in upon me.

Downstairs, in the great library of Westcotts, the room I hated, I stood at the window looking out at the rain.

Upstairs in my husband's dressing-room, the little bare room that led out of my gorgeous apartment, the four great specialists whom I had summoned from the four quarters of the globe were engaged in their final consultation. I was waiting for them to come down.

I stood at the window and looked out at the rain and I thought of that last day I had stood there when my husband had called me in from the garden to tell me he had made a new will. Then, it had been a place of enchantment, now it was a wilderness of desolation.

The door opened behind me and the four great specialists, headed by my father, the village doctor, came filing in.

I took one look at their bald heads and their solemn

Halfway across the room, I stopped as if transfixed. In the dim light I saw a man of slender build. It was my dream lover come to life.

faces and my heart went cold within me. No need to ask what their verdict was. I knew it before they spoke.

They stood in a row before me, four judges about to pronounce my death-sentence. The wild thought came to me that they ought to be wearing four black caps on their four bald heads.

I sat there in my husband's chair and looked at them.

"You find my husband no better?"

"Unhappily, dear lady, his condition remains unchanged."

"He has not responded to treatment as you had hoped?"

"Ah, unhappily no."

"Does that mean you can do nothing for him?"

They shook their four heads in sorrowful unison.

"Nothing."

"But you must!" I cried, wringing my hands. "You must! My husband's a Westmacotte. You don't understand the Westmacottes as I do. They're made of tough stuff. My husband may live ten, fifteen, twenty years! You can't leave a man in torment for twenty years and do nothing to relieve him."

They looked at each other and then the oldest one of them all said, trying to be final:

"There is nothing, Madam, nothing that we can do."

I got out of my chair and went back to the window. The trees shivered and shook in the whipping wind. The rain flung itself in impotent fury against the pane. In the distance I could hear the peacocks screeching and I shuddered in strange fear.

"That means death," I thought.

Behind me I could hear the tinkling of glass and the rustling of paper: the specialists drinking their port and pouching their envelopes with their nice, fat, checks inside. There was a murmur of hushed voices, a pushing back of chairs.

I stood listening to the wheels of their cars tearing up the wet gravel as they rolled away down the drive. Then my father came back and shut the door. He poured himself out a glass of wine and drank it.

"This is a bad business for you, my poor girl."

"It's worse for him," I said. "What are you going to do about it, father? What are you going to do?"

He stared at me with his twinkling eyes.

"What the devil can I do?"

"You can kill him," said I.

The frightful thing that had lain sleeping in my heart had suddenly awakened and taken shape.

"Kill him!" repeated my father, and his eyes stopped twinkling. "It's my job to save life, not to destroy it."

"It's your job to save hopeless suffering."

"Oh, don't talk damn nonsense to me, my girl! You can't destroy a man as you would a dog."

I put my hand to my head. Surely I had heard someone say those selfsame words before. Where had I heard them? Who had said them? Through the whirling confusion in my bewildered brain the thought struck home that it was I who had said them! I had said them to my husband on my [*Turn to page 102*]

Trapped in the Jungle

A sharp pain brought me to myself. The Beast was touching my spear wound.

HAD the canoe stopped again? Must I once more make the intolerable effort of lifting my body to drive *them* off?

How foolish is human pride! All this agony merely to postpone a certainty. The jungle, or those dark shadows in the jungle, must win in the end. Why drag it out when it was easier and more sensible to give in? Just a swing of the forearm, no disturbance at all to the racked body, and the pistol would lie against my head. They say women can't take that way out. Nonsense! Then why didn't I take it? Did I feel that something must intervene to save so important a person as myself?

Important! Couldn't I rid myself of that stupidity? What did I, Gloria Norman, leader of the New York younger set, signify now? Just a white skin for a black slave market! A specimen of slim, white flesh capable of fetching a rare price from any savage with a taste for the unusual in his harem. That was why those black forms lurked amid the shadows—not to kill me but to sell me. I had been warned against them in the camp—warned that no white woman was safe!

Yes, the canoe *had* touched. No doubt of that, the stern eddied round as the bow held. I must fight again. But could I? My weak and tortured body was incapable of the effort. I could not even spur my mind with the thought of the slave market, the pawing of black hands and greedy eyes, the horrors beyond—the mind had grown dead to the idea. All that—it was less important than keeping my arms across my eyes to shut out the burning agony of the African sun.

There was the screaming of the monkeys and the whirring of the disturbed birds as the demon shadows slid forward to the river bank. I could almost see them, though I was on my back—black men creeping forward with the sleek, stealthy movements of panthers. I must use the paddles to shove off. But I must be quick. There came the waspish flick and snap of darts and two, with tufts as blue as cornflowers, quivered in the woodwork of the canoe. And the canoe did not move. There came a whirr in the air, a flame of light passed under my arms, the pain of a red-hot iron scored the ribs of my left side. A spear! One of those beasts had flung a spear! Fear and pain overcame me and, as I fell forward, the canoe sidled off the bank. Fear had done what strength could not do. The canoe was going on again slowly, slowly, but going on . . .

How long had the canoe been stopped, ages or hours? But there was no liana rope, no attack, nothing but the sun and silence. Nothing else, not a cloud nor the leaf of a tree in sight, nor the cry of a bird. It was worse than the somber brooding silence of the dark jungle. The sun made it cruel. It scorched my hungry, thirst-wrung body, it kindled to raging fire the spear-wound in my side. I would die from the sun within hail of living creatures, perhaps. Impossible to see or signal.

I Escaped the SAVAGE BEASTS in the Wilds of Africa Only to Fall into the Clutches of the WHITE BEAST of DEATH LAKE. What Was I to Do?

Demon shadows slid forward to the river bank—black men, creeping toward me. There came the flick and snap of darts

I could not lift myself, could no longer fight for life.

There was the pistol. I thought of it suddenly and raised a dead arm. I fired in the air, five times. I must save the rest . . . those black men might be creeping up to me even now. I ought to sit up and see, but it did not seem to be worth while. The only thing that mattered was to keep my arms over my eyes to shut out the sun.

Abruptly there was a man looking down at me. He swam into my consciousness like a figure in a dream—a nightmare. Never had I met such a man. He was a white man, but grim and ugly. He was tight-lipped, determined, ruthless. The strength and the ugliness of his look made me shudder. Yet he *was* a white man, and his silk shirt, breeches and gaiters were beautifully neat, as perfect as mine had been when I started out. Under my arms I saw him scowling down at me. No man had ever shown that look to me before.

Suddenly his eyes were fixed on the breast of my shirt, where I had torn it apart to get at the spear wound. His hand shot down and brutally snatched my arm from my eyes. He saw my bobbed hair.

"My God," he cried. "A woman!"

There was a look on his face that stabbed fear through me. I lifted my pistol and aimed at him. His left hand smashed my arm against the side of the canoe just as the pistol spoke. I fainted, with the terror of his ruthless eyes beating down into mine.

A sting of stimulant in my mouth, and a sharp, grinding agony in my side coming in jerks brought me to myself. Someone was touching my spear wound. It was the man. I was on my back in a hut alone with the man with the ugly face. There was no woman there—no other man. My silk shirt had been torn open and the man was sitting beside me, his lips pursed and tight, his eyes staring down at me. The cold callousness of that glance brought back all my panic. I twisted away from him and struggled to sit up.

"Keep still," he said.

I still struggled. His hand, as unyielding as iron, held me still. The ugly deep-furrowed face scowled down at me. My panic grew and I struggled frantically.

"Don't be a silly little fool," he said. There was contempt in his tone.

"Don't touch me," I cried. I half slipped from his grasp in the struggle.

"Confound the girl," he said, as he caught me with both hands and forced me roughly back.

Then as I fought he shook me. "Do you want me to tie you up?" he asked, glaring at me. And I knew he would do it. I recalled the brutality of the blow that had smashed my pistol arm against the side of the canoe. My sex and my youth meant nothing to this man. I lay panting, my arms clasped across my breast.

"You brute!" I cried. "I warn you, if you don't leave me alone——"

His mouth tightened to a thin line. With a quick movement he gripped both my wrists in his left hand, lifted them from my breast and held them to the right of my body. His right hand tore the shirt from my clinging fingers—I fainted again.

The spear wound was throbbing when I awoke, but my fingers told me that it had been expertly bandaged. My shirt was gone, and I was wearing a silk pajama coat of very large size—the man's. I was on my back on some boxes placed end to end, and a cushion was under my head. My top boots had been taken off.

I felt weak and shaken. I had been hysterical, of course, from pain and strain, for the man had only been dressing my wound, and yet I felt that there was reason in my fear of this man. I was used to all sorts

[*Turn to page 111*]

Denis stretched out his hand toward the snarling face. Hand and face touched for a flashing second and the great warrior fell dead.

HAS EVERY WOMAN A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS?

I Believe She Has
and
I Defied the World
to Gain It

Why I Left My Husband for the Man I Loved

Maurice found a letter Roger had written me and in a towering temper he accused me of having deceived him.

SEVEN years ago I married because I wanted a man. Less than a year ago I married for the second time—because I wanted a husband. I left my first husband for the man I loved. I suffered social ostracism and the publicity of the divorce court because in five bitterly unhappy years I had learned this one great truth: that love and marriage demand comradeship and mutual protection. It took me five years to learn that, when I should have known it from the start!

Am I ashamed of having broken with Maurice, my first husband, of having left him for Roger, my second husband, who is perpetually a lover, adoring and adorable? Looking back from the pinnacle of my new and perfect marriage upon the suffering and unhappiness, the mental and physical torture, both of my life with Maurice and that half-happy, half-unhappy period of waiting for my freedom from him, I can honestly answer "No!"

I have had many months of mental torment in which to thrash out the questions of right and wrong—and those heart-searchings have taught me that in human lives there is no law but happiness—unless it be love, which is the greatest happiness of all; that there is no more pitiful sham than that of two people whose marriage has proved a failure but who persist in the face of society in pretending it is a success. Fear of comment, false pride, "respectability," all contribute to the artificial preservation of wrecked marriages. I could go down on my knees here and now and thank God that He in His mercy allowed me *to see clearly* that night when, in agony of mind and body, I had to make the one great decision of my life.

This is my story. I mean to be as frank as possible in the telling of it because it may stop some other girl from making the same mess of her married life. If I had had someone to put *me* right in the beginning, I should never have been so foolish as to marry Maurice. But at seventeen one usually is a little idiot, a passionate little idiot just awakening to life. The sex-dawn is a dangerous age, made all the more dangerous by all sorts of stupidities, prejudices and superstitions.

At that age one isn't truly fit and ready to make a big decision like marriage off one's own bat. One needs the advice and the help of some one older and wiser. Myself, I am far more ashamed of my own foolishness at seventeen than of my divorce court appearance at twenty-three. The latter was merely an inevitable consequence of the former.

I am telling my story in the hope of being able to help not so much those girls who have already made such a mistake as mine as those who have yet to marry for the first time. Marry right in the first place! Don't plunge wildly into marriage as I did. Such fault as was mine lay in the rank unwisdom of my marrying Maurice in the first instance. When it comes to the question of my having left him for Roger, of my having faced the bigness of *that* decision, I shouldn't care to advise any other girl to do the same. The problem isn't a simple one. To end anything as big and as involved as the married life of two people isn't like blowing down a house built of cards. So much goes with it.

I *was* certain, you see, and my certainty has been justified by happiness. But there was a risk—and it's just that risk which makes me shy of offering any guidance to girls who are already unhappy in marriage. It is a question which they alone can answer. All that I can do is to warn others against making my own initial mistake, to beg them if they are contemplating marriage to weigh the pros and cons of it as carefully as is in them. They should put all passion and sentiment aside for the moment and be perfectly honest with themselves, before they decide to entrust their lives and their futures to any man.

They should ask themselves, "Do I realize what I am doing? Do I appreciate the seriousness of the step I am about to take? I am a plain straightforward Twentieth Century girl. I am neither a romantic debutante from the last century nor the heroine of a velvet-and-tigerskin movie story. My marriage, if it is to be a success, has got to last me through life!"

When I look back upon my own life, upon the time before my first marriage, I realize that it was partly my mother's fault that I was so unfitted to deal with life when it came my way. She was too good to me. She had what she, poor darling, called "my interests" too conscientiously at heart. She kept me in cotton-wool lest life should bruise me—with the result that, as a young girl, I had no real contact with life.

Petted and spoiled, I just *existed.* I was hardly ever allowed to go out to dances and parties where I might have made friends with boys of my own age. Mother was afraid that those friendships might develop into something more. I think that I was more than ordinarily pretty and I guess most of the boys I knew were in love with me at one time and another. But mother, like a grim old dragon, scared them all away. It was a pity that those friendships didn't develop, that calf-love wasn't allowed to rub some of the sharp edge from my passionate curiosity.

When I was seventeen I took up the stage as a career. Though mother still watched over me as carefully as of old, taking me to the theater each evening and bringing me home after the show, she could not prevent my overhearing the conversation of the dressing-rooms. The theatrical profession is the most brutally frank in the world. It calls a spade something blunter even than a spade. I used to hear jokes and stories of which I could not understand the meaning and which, on that account, further stimulated my curiosity. When I timidly asked my dressing-room companions to explain, they laughed. They thought that I was pretending innocence.

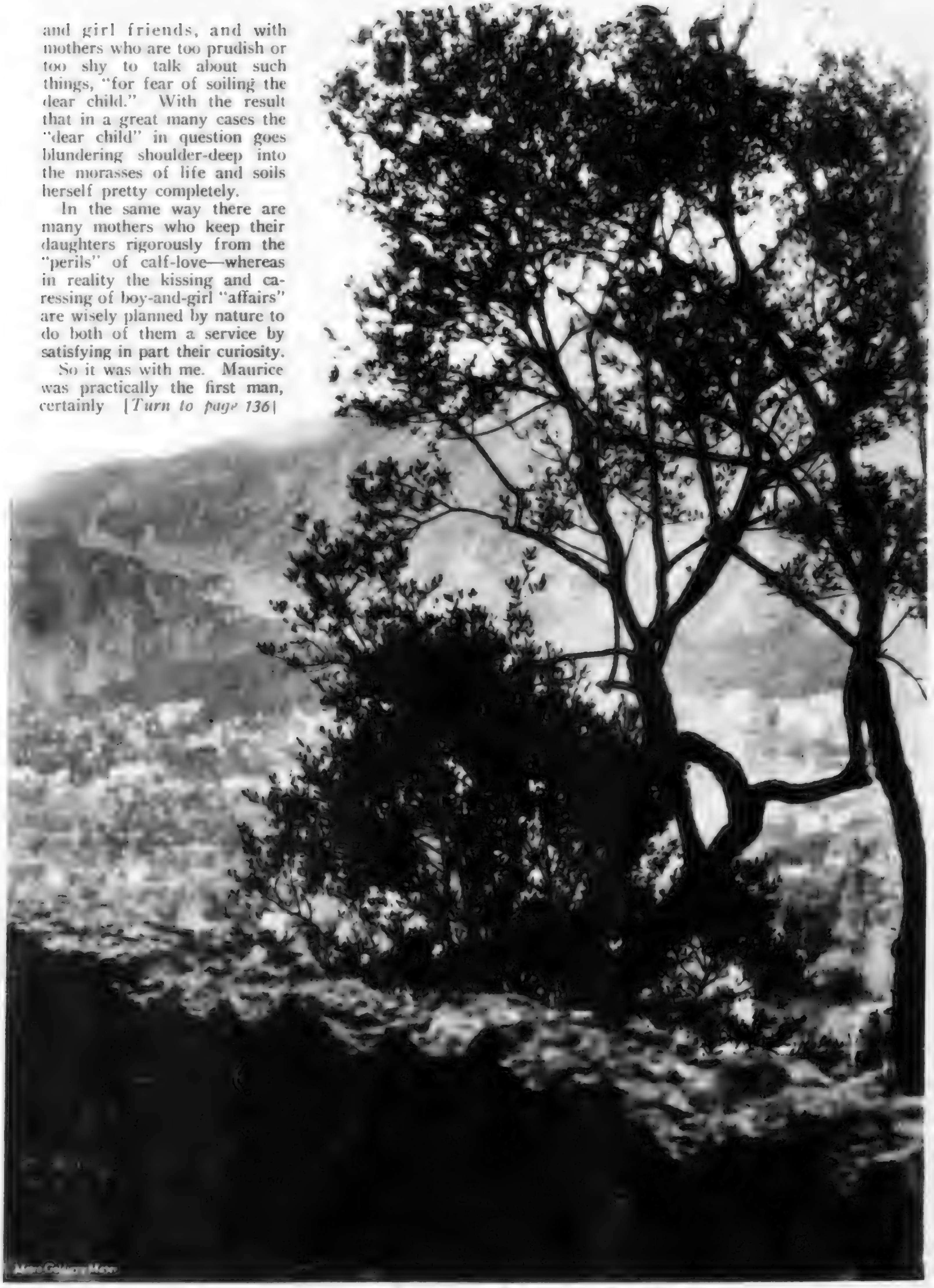
Seventeen is a dangerous age for a girl. Every hour she is advancing further from girlhood into womanhood. She is growing curious. She may be standing with reluctant feet but she wants to know about the strange relationship between women and men which apparently makes up so much of life—and so little of open conversation that would bring enlightenment

Most girls have a mother, a sister or a friend to open their eyes. But there are many girls, like myself, without sisters

During the summer I spent whole days with the man I and girl friends, and with mothers who are too prudish or too shy to talk about such things, "for fear of soiling the dear child." With the result that in a great many cases the "dear child" in question goes blundering shoulder-deep into the morasses of life and soils herself pretty completely.

In the same way there are many mothers who keep their daughters rigorously from the "perils" of calf-love—whereas in reality the kissing and caressing of boy-and-girl "affairs" are wisely planned by nature to do both of them a service by satisfying in part their curiosity.

So it was with me. Maurice was practically the first man, certainly [*Turn to page 136*]



loved. Life seemed, all of a sudden to have changed, to have gained new speed and gaiety and color.

A GIRL I Can't Forget

I MET her quite by chance on a Saturday evening of September, a warm sickly evening through which a stuffy little wind drove drearily, shaking yellow and rust-colored leaves from the trees in the park, blowing gustily into courts where the small soft rain was laying the dust accumulated during the sunny days which now were over and done with. Although I was a single man and young—only twenty-four—and alone, I was not wandering abroad in search of a woman. I was not even thinking of women when I came upon her.

She was hovering—that was how it seemed to me anyhow—under a lamp near Columbus Circle, a trim little figure, rather severely gowned in a dark-colored dress. I happened quite by chance to look at her, to look into her eyes. They were bright, and something in their gaze, something very personal, intensely individual, struck me—seemed to call to me for—what? That I could not decide; the meaning of the appeal was beyond me.

She smiled. I saw that she was quite young, probably not more than, at most, twenty-two.

"Hello!" she said, in a soft voice.

"Hello!" I said, wondering why on earth I was speaking to her. "What are you doing out here?"

It was an absolutely idiotic question, and I knew it. But I had to say something.

"Taking a walk."

"In the rain?"

"It isn't much and I've got an umbrella."

To my surprise she looked cheerful, almost happy. I had a vague idea that women like her always looked miserable, haunted, when you considered them carefully. I now saw that she was scarcely painted at all, only just very slightly "touched up." Her eyebrows were darkened, but her lips were not like a thread of scarlet, and her young cheeks were not streaked with red.

I found myself wondering about her.

"Coming for a walk?" she said.

"No, I can't to-night. I've got to go to a theater."

"Then why did you stop?" she asked in surprise.

I happened to look into her eyes. They were bright and seemed to call to me

something in their gaze, something very personal struck me, for——what?

The Confession of a Man Who Missed a Chance to Save a SOUL

"I don't know," I said, which was the plain truth.

"What theater are you going to?"

When she asked me that I hadn't decided where I was going. But now I said, after a moment's consideration:

"To the Globe Theater."

"Oh, the Globe," she said.

Then there was silence between us. During this time I saw a rather severe-looking, elderly man glance at us under the lamp, with a slight, severe smile that stung me.

"Well, good-night!" I said and made a motion to move away from her.

"Good-night!" she said.

Then I walked on. As I did so I felt that she was looking after me. Her brilliant eyes seemed to pierce the back of my neck.

I had told her I was going to the Globe Theater. There were many other theaters to choose from, but since I had told her I was going to the Globe, I might just as well do it.

I turned to the left down Broadway.

When I was outside of the Globe, I didn't even look to see what play was being given there, but made my way at once to the box office, paid for an orchestra seat and went in.

The theater was very full, but I found a place. I got a program and glanced at it. The orchestra was playing. In a moment the curtain went up.

I sat through the play. Nearly all the time I was thinking of the girl under the lamp. I realized I had come there in hope of meeting the girl later. If she believed what I had said she might possibly follow me to the theater. Or, when the show was over, and I went out, I might find her lingering outside on the chance of seeing me again. When now and then I heard the swishing of a girl's skirt behind me I looked quickly round, thinking it might be the girl.

But she didn't come.

The play was in three acts. During the last interval, after the second act, I went outside and smoked a cigarette. While I smoked I asked myself why I had spoken to the girl, why I was still thinking about her, why I wished to see more of her? She was young and certainly rather pretty. But it wasn't because of that. I had felt obliged to speak to her and felt now as if it were necessary that I should be with her again.

Something in her eyes had beckoned to me, summoned me. What had it been then? Something intellectual? Surely not. She was evidently quite a common little girl. Something appealingly sad? But when we had spoken together I had specially remarked how cheerful she looked. I realized now, in thinking about the matter, that her eyes had called to me only for one brief instant when I had first seen her. They had said something, or had seemed trying to say something, in that instant that they hadn't expressed at all when I had turned back and spoken to her. It was as if something occult, mysterious, imperative, something animal and intimate, had tried to communicate with me then, and hadn't tried to communicate afterwards while we talked.

A bell sounded. I threw away my cigarette-end and returned to my place.

When the curtain fell on the last act I got up to go out, conscious of a very unusual feeling of excitement. The girl knew I was at the Globe Theater. Would she be waiting about for me? It was improbable. The chances were that she had long ago gone home.

As this idea occurred to me I was aware of a shudder. What a revolting life, and dangerous too! For the first time I thought of the danger of her way of living. She probably had long ago gone home with some total stranger. Poor little wretch with the calling eyes! But they hadn't called to me while I had talked to her. The cry had come from them before that—and had died away as I approached her.

When I came out into the street it was still raining, small soft rain, a watery mist. The sickly warmth persisted. And still the stuffy little wind drove feebly through the night. The bright lights of the heater shone over the wet pavement.

The life of the streets wasn't tempting that night, I thought.

People in evening dress were pouring out from the main entrance. The crowd on the sidewalk was dense. As I shouldered my way through it I looked eagerly about me. Of course she wouldn't be there waiting about in the rain. She must have gone home long ago, and no doubt not alone. Nevertheless I searched; I couldn't help searching.

"Hello!" said a soft voice close to me.

I started, looked around—and there she was standing at my side.

"Where do you live?" I asked, some ten minutes later when we were near Thirty-fourth Street.

I had stopped and looked at my watch, which pointed to half past eleven. I thought I meant to say good-by to the girl. During our walk from the theater in the rain we had carried on a desultory and futile conversation. I hadn't even discovered her name and she didn't know mine. Now, mindful that I lived not far from High Bridge, I felt that it was time to be off. Nevertheless I asked, couldn't help asking, that question.

"On Tenth Avenue," she said. "At least just off it."

"Tenth Avenue!" I repeated, looking down at her.

I detested that part of the city, always had detested it, with its noise and its dirt. And on a rainy night like this!

"Yes, I've got a flat there," she said, not without pride.

We walked along quietly for a few steps.

"Oh, I just love the streets!" she burst out. "Come home with me, won't you?"

Home! What a word on such lips! Poor little wretch!

"Suppose I—don't?" I said, hesitating. "What will you do?"

"Do?"

"Yes, will you go home alone?"

Growing alarmed, the woman called for help and the door was opened by the janitor.

What did that look mean? What prompted it? What secret was it trying to tell?

"Oh, no. It's early yet," she said with great frankness.

"Aren't you tired being so long on your feet?"

"Tired!" she smiled, and looked younger than ever. "I'm strong. Besides, I'm in bed half the day."

Evidently she didn't feel that she was an object for pity. Her mentality astonished and at the same time interested me. I'd never talked to a girl of her type before.

"You enjoy life?" I said, wondering what she'd say.

"Yes. Why not? Don't you?"

Then what had her eyes meant when they first looked at me under the street lamp? Had she been intuitive then? And was intuition dead in her now? There was a mystery in all this. I felt it, but she wasn't aware of it.

"Look here!" I said, coming to a decision. "I'll drive you back home, but I won't come up."

She looked cross and surprised.

"Not come up!"

"No. But you mustn't stay out in all this rain, after being on your feet for hours."

"Oh, I was home a lot of the time you were in the theater."

"You went home?"

"Yes, soon after I saw you. I only got back just before you came out."

I felt rather sick at the thought of it.

"Anyhow, I'm not coming up," I said. "But you must let me give you something—as if I did."

Then I hailed a taxi which was crawling along the wet pavement.

On the way I put my arm round the girl and kissed her. She so obviously expected it that I felt it would be absurd to do less. She responded with apparent eagerness and her young lips were very soft. Then I asked her what her name was.

"Violet Delmar," she replied.

Of course that wasn't her real name but I made no comment. I noticed that she didn't ask me for my name. She had the discretion of a class that is perpetually lied to.

The car turned to the left, down a narrow street. Violet Delmar leaned forward briskly and tapped on the window.

"Stupid fools!" she said, but not at all angrily. "They always go too far!"

When we were out I saw that we were in front of a high dark red brick building. I put a hand in my pocket.

"No," she said suddenly reddening. "I won't have it like that. You must come in now."

"But it's so late!"

"Late!" she exclaimed. "Why, [*Turn to page 121*]

Girls, BEWARE *of*

By Judge Charles A. Oberwager

You Have MORE to FEAR From YOUR Own SEX Than from MEN

A SESSION in the Domestic Relations Court grinds along with its usual monotony. There are no cases that thrill and nothing of romance!

But why expect romance here? This is the graveyard of romance. Here, out of the sordid details of romances that have gone wrong, are winnowed the material that may help to patch together the sorry remnants of love.

Across the room the pitiful wives and derelict husbands glare at each other. The whimpering of babes and frightened children comes from the waiting-room, a constant, nerve-racking drone.

But occasionally a different sort of case, a welcome relief that brings immediate attention from the bored courtroom.

The husband in the case I have in mind was a handsome, likely young chap, evidently self-respecting and industrious, but he did not deny that he had deserted his wife.

What is at the bottom of their trouble in addition to false pride and stubbornness and the usual interference of bad advisers? One certain grievance possessed the young man. His wife would not give up her men friends, men she had known before her marriage. She corresponded with them, he said,—would go to the theater and lunch with them in spite

Women Friends

A young wife, formerly innocent and modest, was arrested in a raid on a so-called supper club. She was lured to her ruin by a girl friend.

at all his protests. This he refused to put up with.

"See, Judge!" the husband exploded. "She says all women need friends. All right, I say, let her friends be other women. Why everybody knows it's dangerous for a young married woman to have men friends!"

There you have the viewpoint of the average husband, not only as we get it in the courts where marital felicity is under analysis, but out in every day life. It is, in fact, the viewpoint of the whole world, broadly speaking.

It wouldn't make so much difference except that, in focusing attention on a menace that is theoretical, it distracts attention from the danger that is real.

In the final analysis, a woman can come through safely on one ship only—her innate sense of modesty. So long as a woman, young or old, retains her modesty the least suggestive act by a man will disgust and repel her. Unable to make a start he can make no advance. But the other woman, being of the same sex, is permitted to say things and air ideas that would inexpressibly shock the unsophisticated, modest girl if they came from a man.

The first vulgarity, even by a woman, may cause a shock, but familiarity working its law, the second time it does not seem so repugnant. It may require a succession of bad female associates to wear down a woman's innate modesty to the point where evil ideas fail to administer a saving shock. First, she learns to condone impure speech, even to be amused by it; next, impure ideas cease to be repellant; finally impure actions; even actual immorality, does not seem so horrible as it once did.

The scene this time is the Woman's Court, the place where the most precious thing that civilization can boast—the virtue of its women—is shown spattered and travestied after it has been dragged through the mud.

Throughout the whole courtroom a buzz and clatter that ceases suddenly as the officer at the bridge straightens up and shouts for order because the Judge is about to enter. The sound of his voice reaches to the corridor where the prisoners are held ready.

This particular morning an outburst of terrible screaming rang through the courtroom, followed by the voices of the women officers trying to calm the prisoner. There was a note in this screaming that proved it rang from a heart in dire terror, a note of agony that was unmistakable.

A few minutes later the woman was arraigned. She had been arrested during a raid on a so-called supper club, together with a woman friend. She was a young wife.

Her husband, a traveling salesman, had been summoned from the road in this emergency. I shall never forget the suffering of that man. He was frantic with grief. He seemed dazed by surprise, rather than indignant at the injury the wife had done him.

"It isn't possible," he said over and over. "My little wife, of all women! She's only a child—unsophisticated and so modest the least vulgarity disgusts her. She always avoided men, was afraid of them. By God, I'll kill the man who led her off!"

Had he ever met the man?

He had—at a party given by a neighbor. The strange thing was that at this party his wife had taken offence because this very man had told a suggestive story. She had cut him dead, and positively refused to have him included among the guests at a reciprocal party given at their home.

That was the thing that seemed to him most strange.

But it wasn't so baffling after the woman probation officer made her private report.

The party of the year before had been at the home of the other woman arrested in the same group with the erring wife. She was a widow, a particularly agreeable woman, and the young wife had spent much time with her while her husband traveled.

It was the widow who had induced the young wife to fight down her prejudice against the offending man. She had a selfish motive, of course. She was smitten with the offending man's inseparable chum, and the latter was not inclined to take her out on parties often unless he could have that chum along. To make the parties sufficiently alluring for the chum, she must get the pretty young wife to accompany them.

Then had begun the process by which a young wife's moral barrier is broken down. Double-meaning stories are the opening bolt against the armor of innocence. Then the constant jeering at conventionality, the

[*Turn to page 106*]

International Newsreel

Judge Charles A. Oberwager, magistrate of the City of New York, presides at the Graveyard of Romance. There he has learned the danger to girls of bad women companions.

Jealous Love

When the Rich Girl from the North Came Between Me and My Yankee Sweetheart My Spanish Blood Drove Me to Mad Deeds

TO GIRLS of Spanish ancestry like myself, amorous yearnings come early and swiftly. Most of the time we ardently conspire with them. However, there are occasions when they enslave us against our wills. But, nevertheless they come to all of us like a fire that warms us with eager womanhood, and kindles passions in our impulsive blood which burn as fiercely as tropic fevers—passions violent enough to drive us from kisses to knives. We can no more escape them than we can remain immune from those spells of enchanted indolence cast by the hot suns of our own far South.

So, you see, it wouldn't have made any difference even if I had forseen that the shadow of Minorca, Spain's devil-island of centuries ago, was destined to stalk me on account of them. They would have possessed me regardless, and things would have happened as they happened anyway!

Such amorous yearnings first invested me on a night that one finds only in Florida during early February—a night of star-lit languorous dark, murmurous with soft wind voices, and the distant drumming of surf against the white beaches of Anastasia Island; and fragrant with magnolia scent, banana shrubs, and sleeping roses. At the moment I was leaning lazily against the white rail of my little balcony that overhangs one of St. Augustine's old-world streets. It is not very easy for me to explain exactly how it all happened. But, I remember that I stirred, and drew my breath in sharply at the sight of a tall young stranger walking swiftly towards me.

My whole being seemed suddenly awakened, then possessed by a mysterious force that was like soft fire burning inside of me. I began to tremble all over as I do when emotionally expectant, and a premonitory voice whispered that this man was the beginning of something in my life . . .

He saw me and slowed his pace; but even then I could tell that he was a Northerner. His slowest stride held none of the loafing languor of the countries of the sun. When directly beneath my balcony the man stopped and looked up at me. Although he did not seek my eyes boldly, yet he gazed up frankly enough, and bowed gracefully.

"May I tell you something?" he asked, his voice drifting upward with surprising softness. Northern voices are usually so clear and sharp.

I leaned farther over the white rail, cautioning him to whisper. My mother was reading downstairs in the library. Although I was eighteen, and had been out of an Alabama convent nearly a year, she never allowed me to do anything where men were concerned unless I were strictly chaperoned. Mother, who was more Spanish than American, believed in the old Continental custom of sheltering and protecting a girl until she was married. For all my excitement I realized what would happen if she ever caught me talking to an unknown man.

"I was in Spain last winter, and I fell in love with the beauty and romance of the place and the people. America has seemed cold and colorless ever since," he paused for a moment, his eyes searching mine wistfully, "I came to St. Augustine hoping it would remind me of the country I'm always dreaming about. Tonight—now—I feel like I am back there. You, on your white balcony above this twisting little street, are the romance of Spain, Senorita," he ended.

His words thrilled me so much that I could not find anything to say in answer—except what my eyes said as I looked down into his. He came closer, and began speaking again. This time there was a pleading sort of note in his tones that made me tingle all over:

"Of course, it's not exactly the thing for me to do—but, I wonder if you'd care to come down to the Plaza with me, and listen to the concert. Tonight there is a special program of Castilian music. Senorita will turn the old Plaza into a bit of Madrid if she will honor me."

At that moment there was nothing I would rather have done than gone down to the Plaza with this man who had come out of the nigh. to fascinate me. We people of Spanish blood are impulsive . . . impetuous . . . ruled by the heart rather than by the head. I leaned as far over the railing as I could, extending my hand to him. He reached up and took it between both of his. The touch was like electricity.

"My mother is downstairs, and she has forbidden me to go to the Plaza at night . . . But, tomorrow afternoon I will meet you in old Fort Marion at four by the north turret," I whispered.

"Tomorrow," he repeated, still holding my hand, "it will be a long time to wait. But, if I can be sure——"

My free hand flew to the flamingo scarf over my shoulders. I pulled it away, recklessly baring them to his eyes so unexpectedly that whatever else he intended saying was left unfinished: "Here is a forfeit if I break my promise," I said, throwing the bright scarf to him.

A sound downstairs frightened me. I motioned him to go on, and shrank back into the only shadow that loafed on my balcony. He nodded, and swung down the narrow street, giving me a last look before turning out of sight. I have never forgotten the romantic picture he made standing there at the twist of the street. In his white flannels and dinner coat, my flamingo scarf flung picturesquely over his shoulders, he seemed the answer to all my sudden dreams of love.

Even after he disappeared it seemed that he was still standing there, and I threw kisses to his imaginary presence. A few moments later the band began playing in the Plaza. The sensuous

The knife was coming down to its deadly work strains of a tango came throbbing to me through the southern night. That music became a voice of temptation, commanding me to rebel against my mother's strictness, and to go down to the Plaza where I would find the stranger in the gay crowd of winter visitors. Nothing else seemed to matter then but that I could look into his eyes again, and behold their wistful, dreamy lights; that I could hear his voice telling me I was Spain to him and to feel the touch of his hands over mine.

A few impulsive steps and I was at the dressing-table. My black hair was not bobbed. But long and luxuriant, I wore it after the fashion of Spanish women; for like mother, I was a pure Castilian type and very proud of the fact. We felt that the old Spanish element represented the aristocracy of Florida just as the Mayflower descendants represent the blue-blood of New England, and looked down upon the rich newcomers as social upstarts.

when a sharp pain shot through my right arm.

Of course, it never occurred to us, that on the other hand, the upstart money crowd sneered at our pride, and deliberately confused our ancestry with that of the St. Augustine Minorcans, all of whom bore Spanish names. But their lives had been lived under an ugly shadow ever since the year 1767 when they came to Florida from Minorca, Spain's devil-island in the Mediterranean.

The population of that island then was composed of a few Spanish blue-bloods driven there by political and religious persecution, but mostly of half-castes, negroes, criminals, Moorish slaves; and a riff-raff of foreign humanity. A Scotchman named Turnbull brought two shiploads of them to Florida to start a colony. They came under indenture, and were to work their land ten years before owning it and becoming free men. Cruelty, and the fact that the world looked upon them as "Turnbull's slaves" drove them to rebellion and they escaped to St. Augustine becoming a part of the city's Spanish-named population. The shadow and taint of their past had never quite lifted.

Finally coiling my hair securely at the sides, I pencilled my lips into a carmine foil for my olive skin and black eyes . . .

The rear stairway led into our patio. I tiptoed below, and dashed through the courtyard of dozing palms and red hibiscus. Hesitating only a moment at the high wall which was thatched by flame vines, I opened the gate noiselessly, and slipped out.

The Plaza was thronged with a lazy crowd of winter visitors and natives. I threaded toward our cathedral, the oldest in America, my heart racing as I anticipated meeting the man who had passed my balcony.

When I caught sight of him again a wave of excitement began in my bosom and spread to my finger tips. Unconsciously, my pace quickened. Passing faces became blurred. The voices of passers-by merged into incoherencies.

I had not realized he was standing at the side of an expensive automobile, talking and laughing with two girl occupants. A swift glance brought recognition of the girls, Muriel Appleton, a golden sort of beauty, and Mabel Saunders, a pretty brunette! They belonged to St. Augustine's new money crowd. I [*Turn to page 132*]

I Wish I Had Petted

If I Had Known at Twenty what I Know at Forty I Shouldn't now be Paying the Price of my Prudery

THE other day I met an old college friend. He spoke of my divorced husband, whom he had never liked.

"What made you marry him in the first place, Constance?" he asked.

"Because he knew how to make love," I snapped, "and because I had never petted."

"That was your own fault," he said. "I always wanted to date you and so did lots of the other fellows, but we never had the nerve to ask you. It would have been easy to get stuck on you if you hadn't been so stand-offish! The fellows called you a haughty Jane."

"I know it," I admitted grudgingly. "I know most of the boys were afraid of me, but I gloried in being 'nice' even when I didn't want to be!"

"But Pete—how did he——"

"Pete was different. I married him because he was the first man to make me pet.

"That's funny. I hadn't an idea——"

"No, of course you hadn't, any more than the rest of the boys. How could you know that ever since I was a little girl I had dreamed of being kissed—you know—as they kiss in stories. Pete didn't know either. He didn't have to. He knew how to kiss. And he did. And all the while I thought it was Pete I loved."

"Wasn't it?" my friend asked in evident astonishment.

"Of course not, silly. It was Pete's love-making." Here I couldn't repress a sigh. "As a husband he was a complete failure, but as a lover he was wonderful!"

Our conversation revived all the old bitter memories. When my friend left me I got to thinking about my two boys—Pete's and mine. Already they are beginning to look mooney-eyed at the girls. It won't be long before one of them will be falling head-over-heels in love with some pretty doll-faced little flapper. And I hope she is a flapper! I hope she has petted. I hope she has run the whole gamut of kisses. Does it shock you when I say that I would feel surer of my boy's happiness with such a girl? Let me tell you *why*.

I am now well past forty, with sufficient perspective,

Written by a MOTHER for ALL MOTHERS

as well as a vivid memory, of my own courtship to understand that my marriage failed because I had never petted. Neither my husband nor I was to blame for the wreck of our married life: it was doomed before it was consummated. We were simply victims of the false Puritanical system under which I was brought up. This system teaches repression to girls. It taught us that a "nice" girl holds herself aloof and never permits the vulgar familiarity of kissing and petting until the man has become engaged to her. I was a "nice" girl—and look at me now! There are others like me—women who married the first man who took them by storm. All in the world I wanted was to be loved, "petted" they call it today. It was thrilling.

I was an only child, and my mother was early widowed. My father, an irresponsible spendthrift, had not expected to die so young, and he left us poor. My mother was quick at figures, and very brisk and business-like; she found employment as a book-keeper and supported us nicely out of her earnings. She preferred keeping house in a small cottage to boarding, and besides she did much of my sewing. So you can see that she was always busy; she was always tired too, I suppose. She talked little, read a good deal, rarely went out except to church and an occasional lecture. She was never demonstrative, and showed her love for me in deeds.

Ours was a quiet life, duplicated by many a quiet, self-respecting widow and daughter, going their quiet way. People respect and silently commend the mother's independence, and hope the daughter will "turn out well."

To all outward appearances I gave promise of "turning out well." I was quiet, rather

[*Turn to page 100*]

Of course, I knew many really nice girls did pet. I envied them their popularity.

They Made Me A Decoy

This GIRL Faced Temptation and Found LOVE in the Street of Sugar Daddies and Sweet Mamas

THEY are all over New York, these dearie shops, but most numerous in the theatrical section and along upper Broadway. They are kept open till late at night and the salesgirls always address you as "dearie." A big part of their trade comes from the gold diggers who take out their sugar daddies and gouge them for lingerie, a new dress or silk stockings. Often the dearie shop has an agreement with these girls to take back their purchases the next day.

All of this, of course, I was not wise to when I came to New York from my home town of Terre Haute, Indiana. All I knew was that I wanted a job where the work was not too hard and so when I answered the ad in the Sunday papers, for a "young lady of refinement used to associating with people of position," I was very anxious to get the place.

It was a small dress and novelty shop on upper Broadway. A very suave and handsome young man interviewed me. Being a pretty girl, popular back home, I was somewhat used to compliments; but the line this Mr. Louis handed out would have made a marble Venus blush.

Miss Bush helped me dress while the other girls stood by and admired

"I'm sure you are just the young lady we want," he said; but when he mentioned the salary he was willing to pay I was not much taken with the opening. But he went on at once to say:

"We have never had any complaints about our remuneration here not being enough. In fact, we are swamped with applications."

He gave me a long piercing look that brought a blush to my cheeks. I looked at the other salesgirls. All three of them were a good deal older than I was, for I was just

in a Dearie Shop

me. I was fascinated but I made up my mind to watch my step.

twenty-one. They looked hard and coarse, with bleached bobbed hair and painted faces and very short skirts.

He put a peculiar looking card in my hand. It had a silly sort of a picture on it of a girl and a Cupid and it was scented with some cheap perfume.

"I'll try anything once," I laughed, for I did need a job and had been looking over a week and found nothing I liked.

"You can start right away, then, if you like. Miss Bush will teach you the ropes."

With that he squeezed my hand in a way I resented and went forward, smiling to wait on a middle-aged customer who had just come in to buy some perfume.

Miss Bush showed me where to hang my coat and hat. Then she gave me a shrewd look out of hard, painted eyes.

"Harry Louis takes care of the women customers himself. He sure knows how to handle them, especially the silly old ones who are beginning to go off in their looks. Harry strings them along till they're dizzy with flattery, but they keep guzzling it down and gawping for more, and he feeds it to 'em. Lord! Some of them invite him to their houses, call for him in their cars, send the machine to bring him late at night. I wish I had the dough he picks up."

I felt uncomfortable and sort of green and unsophisticated. I was used to business, having worked in a big store in Terre Haute; but this was all new to me.

Miss Bush was studying me.

"Say, kid, you look kind of unripe. Wonder why Louis hired your sort. Maybe he's taken a fancy to you—and wants you for himself. Because you look like you'd not left the corn stalks so very long ago."

"I've only been in New York a week," I said.

"As I suspected. The dirty creature!" she exclaimed. "Well, kid, keep your eyes and ears open, that's all the advice I can give you. Remember, you're on the wicked little old island of Manhattan and watch your step."

I did not know what she meant, but I felt that in some way she was warning me of some danger or trouble ahead. I wanted to ask her more: but she seemed unwilling to give out any further information. Instead, she lined out to me my duties, and even then they struck me as rather phoney and queer.

I watched Miss Bush. About nine o'clock a girl came in with a young fellow. She had close cropped, much marcelled light hair, and no less than half a stick of cherry rouge on her lips. She was dressed like something out of a side-show, but she seemed greatly pleased with herself. The young man looked embarrassed and ill at ease, as if he were not accustomed to coming in a woman's shop to buy girls' things. I caught his eye and a look of sympathy and understanding seemed to pass between us, as if we both thought the other rather out of place in this shop.

He was young and very good looking, with gray eyes, a well-cut nose and lightish brown hair. He was tall and slim and looked like a college athlete. The girl behaved as if she owned him and began buying stockings and lingerie like mad. Every time she turned to ask the fellow some question he looked more uncomfortable than ever.

At last he said, "Get what you want, Lily. I'll wait for you outside."

Lily looked provoked. While Miss Bush waited on her I looked out of the window to where a wonderful low yellow roadster was parked at the curb.

"Know who my boy frien' is?" Lily asked. "Well, I've done well for myself this time. It's Douglas Peabody, Jr. Yes, the very one. Millionaire popper's only precious son and heir. And he's wild about me. Honest. He thinks I'm a sweet young thing trying to land a job in a chorus and having such a hard time to stay honest. He wants to help me. Isn't that perfect? He's really a nice kid: too nice to let loose. I'm going to sting him good. There, Bushy, I'll take that blue foulard. I'll slip it on and then ask my sweetie if he likes it—and of course, he'll say yes. I say there," she turned to me, "go out and tell my boy fren' I want him to come in for a minute." Then she disappeared into the screened off dressing-rooms at the back.

My heart beat just a bit faster as I went out to the curb to ask the young man to come in.

"Hello," he said in a pleasant, jolly way.

"The young lady you brought wants you a minute."

"Say, I don't want to go back in there again. If it's money she wants tell her to go ahead, get whatever she wants." He flushed with embarrassment as his eyes met mine. Then he added almost as if he felt he wanted to explain his actions to me. "Poor little devil, she's down on her luck. She told me her friend had stolen all her clothes, and she can't land a job until she gets others."

So he had believed that yarn. What a nice fellow he must be! Somehow his having told me this made me happy; for I hated to think of any one as nice as he was being mixed up with a girl like that Lily. We stood talking for quite a few minutes, and I completely forgot my errand.

"I don't suppose you would consider going for a drive with me sometime," he said. "It sounds kind of rotten asking you like this when I've come here with that other girl, but she doesn't mean a thing in the world to me. I met her at a wild party and somehow she fastened herself to me. You—you're different!"

I felt myself blush. I did not know what to say. I wanted to accept, but somehow the thought of that Lily interfered.

"Suppose I drop by for you tomorrow night? What time do you get through here?"

"I'm not sure. You see this is my first day in the store."

He gave me the nicest smile.

"Well, I'll drop by about ten. You be ready."

Just then from the doorway of the shop I saw Bush beckoning to me. She looked mad. I hurried in.

"Say, what's the big idea?" she asked. "Trying to cut out some one? That Lily Barton is one of my best customers and she's raising the devil on account of you trying to steal her fellow."

"Why, I wasn't," but before I could say another word a half-dressed fiend sprang out at me from behind the screen. I felt her finger nails tear down my arm.

"Say, how do you get that way? Trying to crab my act, you low down sneak!" Lily shrieked at me. "I saw you out there making eyes and blushing and trying to date him up. Say, what kind of a dump is this anyway? I'm off you people here for life. Gimme my dress and let me go. I don't want nothing I bought here either! You can keep your stuff."

Louis and Miss Bush did their best to quiet her, but she was wild. At last they said that they would discharge me if that was what she wanted. She gave me a mean look, shrugged and finally went behind the screen with Louis.

"He's giving her a shot," Miss Bush confided to me. "Lord, the way that girl goes to pieces! She's all jazzed up with coke and half the time doesn't know what she says or does; but Louis can handle her. She'll go out of here meek as a lamb. But you learned your lesson I hope. Never flirt with any fellow these girls bring in."

I was miserable, sick at heart. [*Turn to page 140*]

Are Your Children *Going to the Bad?*

Prize Letter Contest for Parents

WHAT'S the matter with the boys and girls of today? Why do some older people look upon them as though they were lost souls? Are they worse than the boys and girls of twenty-five years ago?

SMART SET wants to know. So it is asking Dad, yes, and Mother, too.

Be honest with yourselves; recall your own youth and hold it up close to the life your children are living. What's the difference? Didn't you spoon? Is there any difference between spooning and petting? Is there more drinking among young folks than there was when you were kids? Do they stay out later? Is there more sickness of mind and body? Is there less normal enjoyment of life?

Think about this, you parents, and then write down what you think.

SMART SET will give ten prizes for the ten best letters from you parents telling:

WHAT'S WRONG WITH OUR CHILDREN.

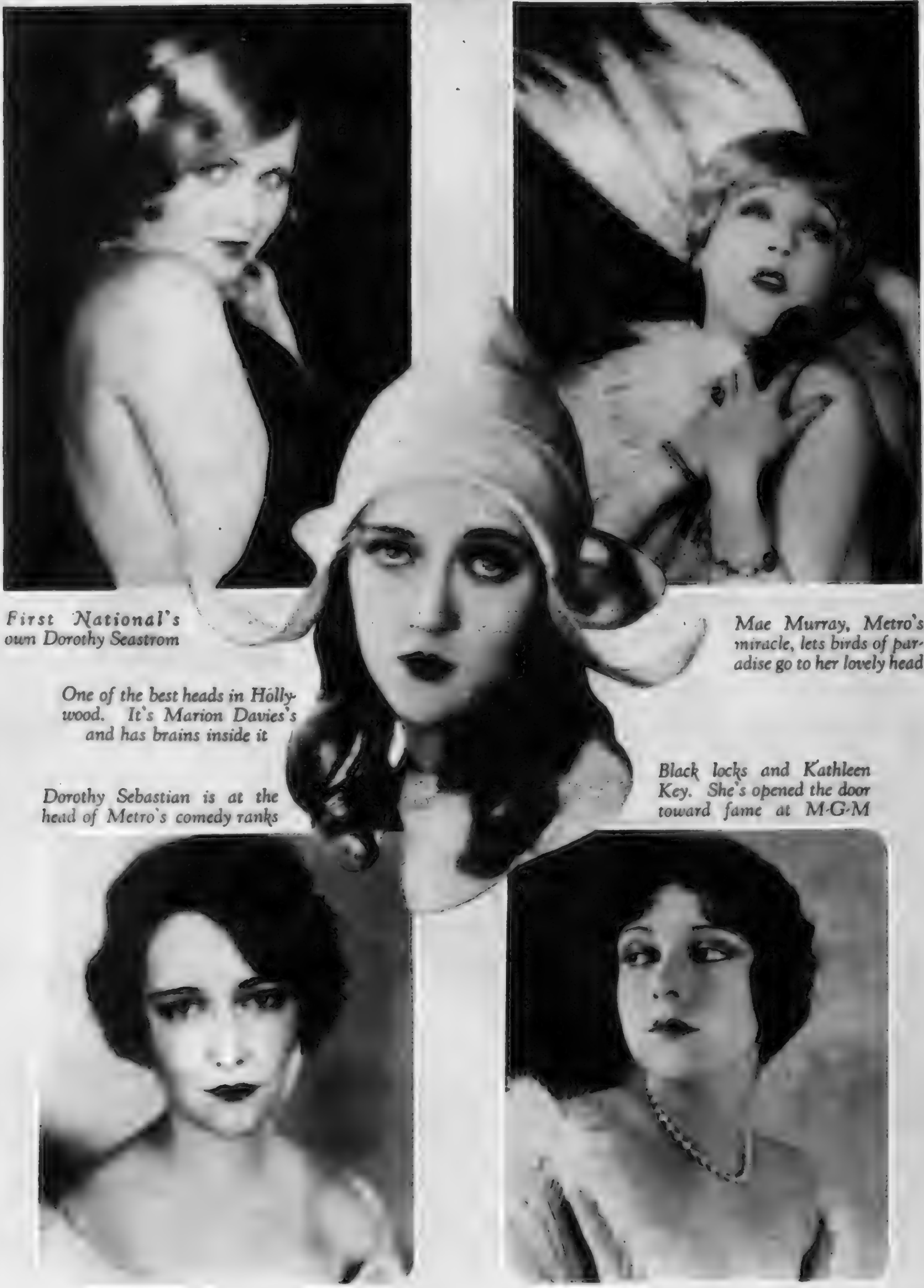
For the best letter SMART SET will pay $15; for the second best $10; for the third best $5; for the next seven best $1 each. The letters should not be over 300 words long. The Editors of SMART SET will act as judges. Contest closes October 10th, 1926.

Here is a chance for you parents to say what you think about your sons and daughters. Are they lost souls or are they bright youngsters who will make good men and women and, perhaps, critical fathers and mothers?

This is your chance to be honest and maybe help some boy or girl.

Address all letters to Contest Editor, SMART SET, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Here Are Heads That Win



First National's own Dorothy Seastrom

Mae Murray, Metro's miracle, lets birds of paradise go to her lovely head

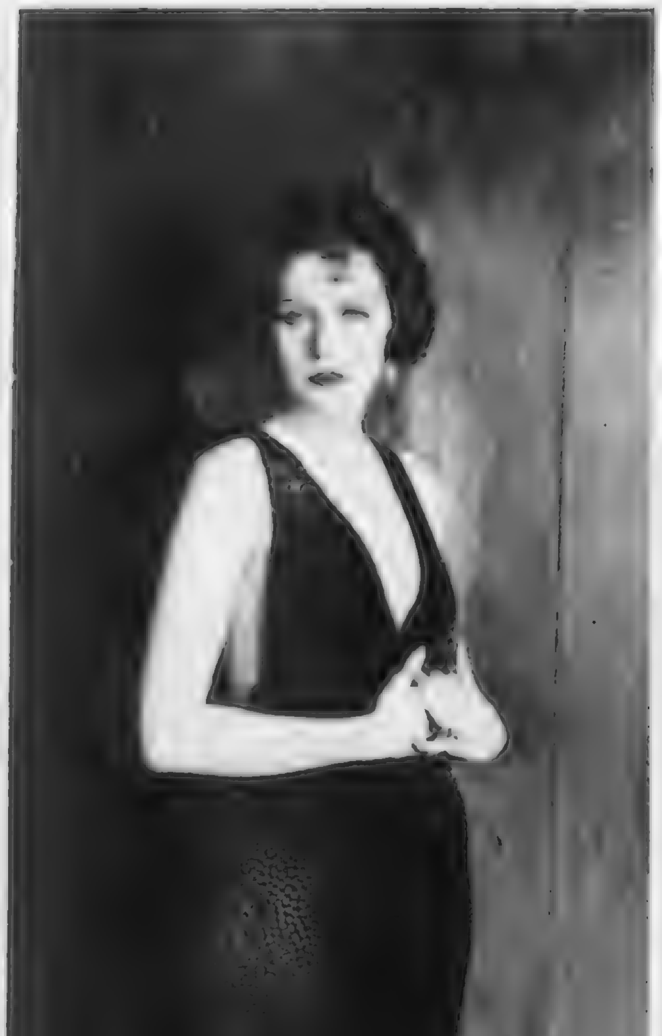
One of the best heads in Hollywood. It's Marion Davies's and has brains inside it

Dorothy Sebastian is at the head of Metro's comedy ranks

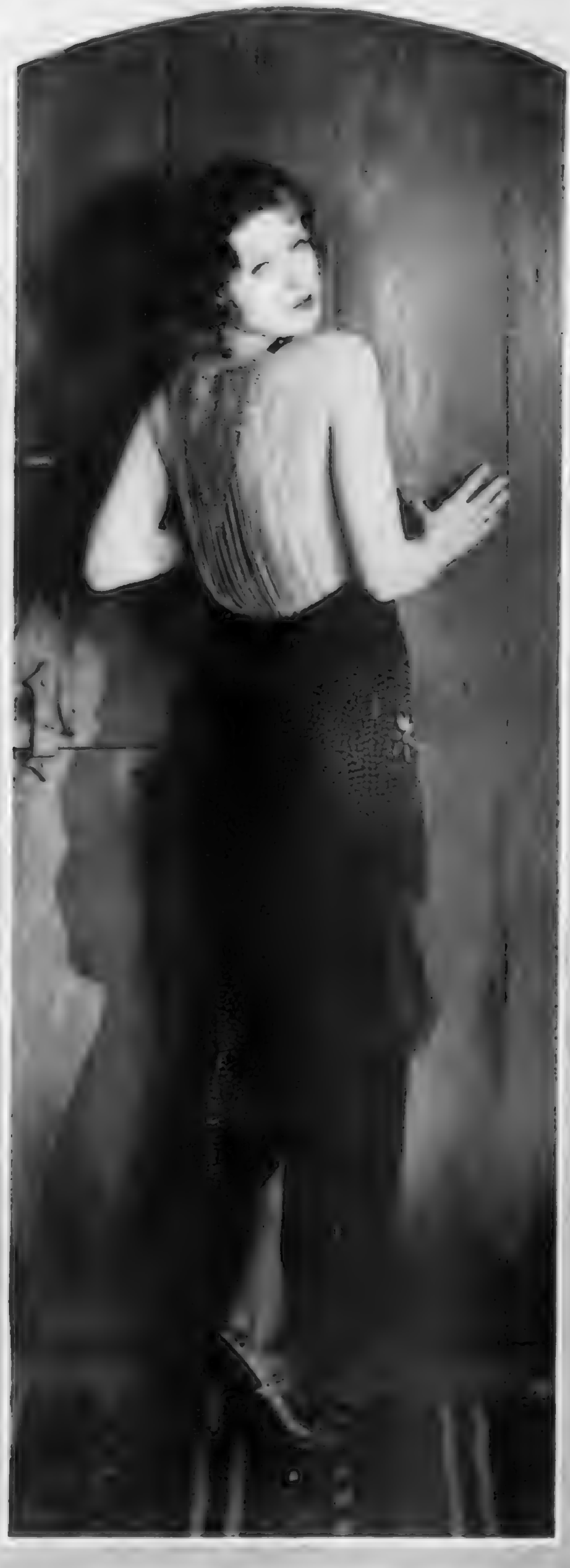
Black locks and Kathleen Key. She's opened the door toward fame at M-G-M

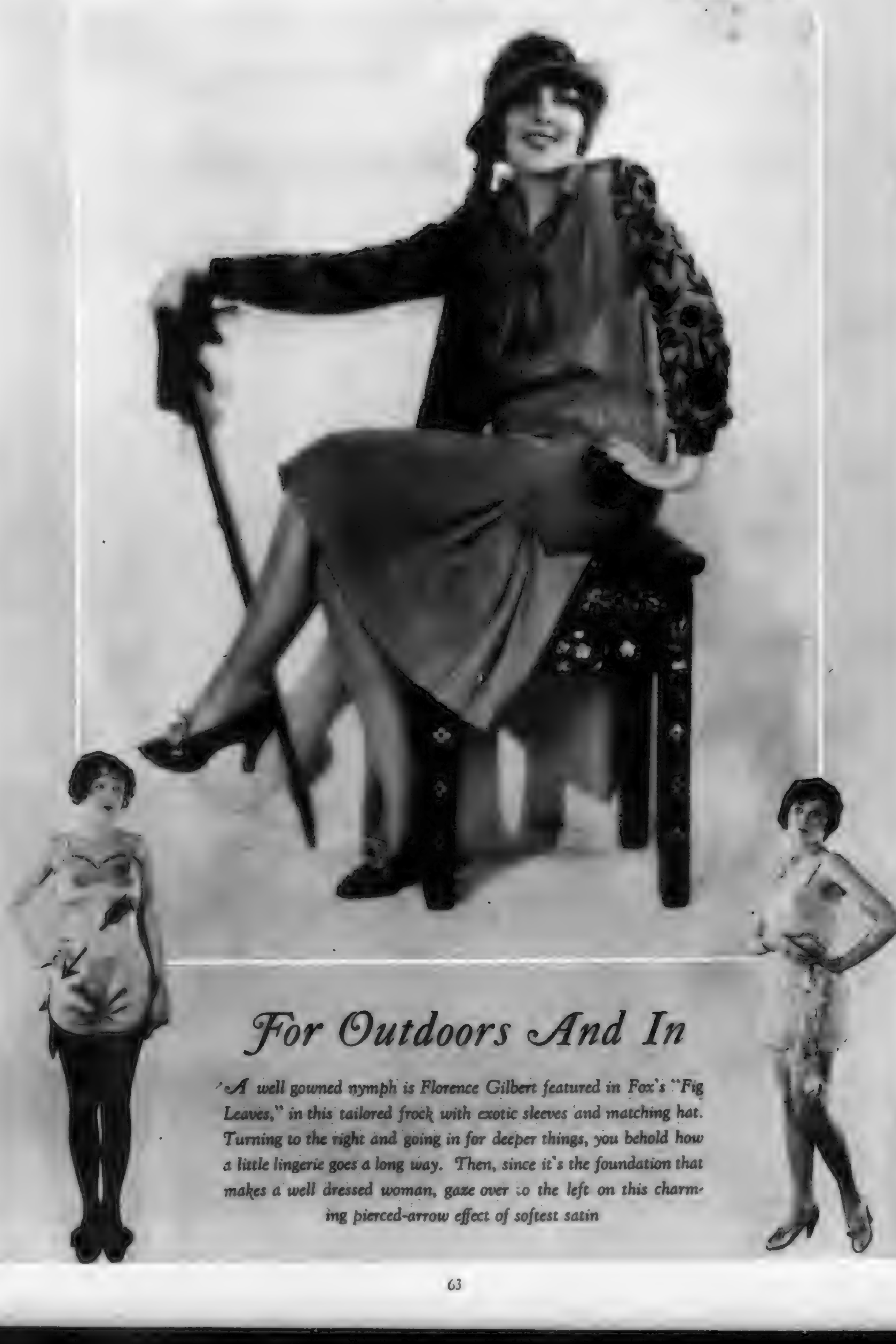
Garbing Miss Garbo

and Other Movie Garbs



Lissom Greta Garbo made such a hit in her first picture Metro put her in the great open spaces of this evening gown in "The Temptress." Of panne velvet, black and brief, it sunbursts into rhinestones on shoulder and hip





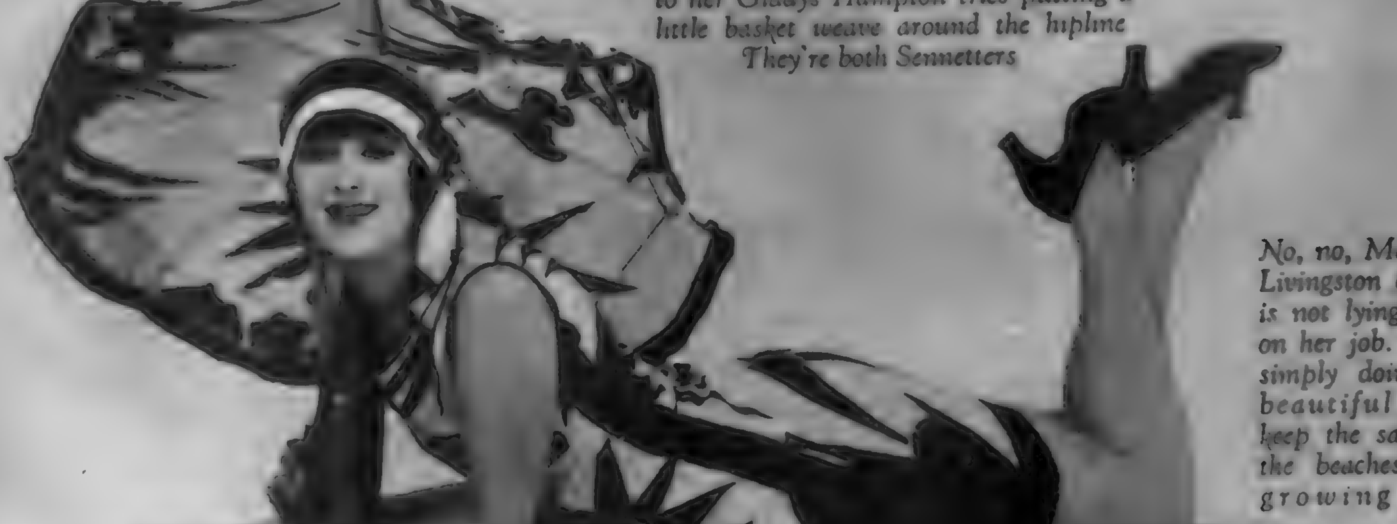
For Outdoors And In

A well gowned nymph is Florence Gilbert featured in Fox's "Fig Leaves," in this tailored frock with exotic sleeves and matching hat. Turning to the right and going in for deeper things, you behold how a little lingerie goes a long way. Then, since it's the foundation that makes a well dressed woman, gaze over to the left on this charming pierced-arrow effect of softest satin

Peaches on October's Beaches

How high can silk twigged Violet fly? These Sennett girls do get on so and Violet's last name is Byrd

Water cold? Thelma Hill doesn't give a hoot. She's got a little rabbit skin to wrap her pretty shoulders in, while next to her Gladys Hampton tries putting a little basket weave around the hipline. They're both Sennetters



No, no, Margaret Livingston of Fox is not lying down on her job. She's simply doing her beautiful bit to keep the sands of the beaches from growing cold

Two Can Play at LOVE

I Thought My Wife Knew Nothing of My Affair Until I Learned that I Was Only Another Blind Husband

IF I were that kind of man, I could blame the philandering impulse for my affair with Dexter Ellsworth's wife. But, I never have gone in for that sort of thing, and after my late experience I am less likely than ever to do so.

However, I still am susceptible to either direct, or implied challenge. You know how it is. We go along the even level of our certain ways until some one kindles fire inside of us by saying, or inferring, they are better than we are at some particular thing.

Well, even from hearsay, Maida Ellsworth was all the feminine challenge since Eve rolled into one slender Titian woman. She was the gorgeous lady that every man stood on his head for, and threw his heart at. Not that she encouraged such amorous gymnastics. There the challenge! She was simply her beautiful and romantically aloof self; and you, the helpless male, fell for her without a ghost of rhyme, reason or chance.

Billy Hampton, who had gotten me to join his Pikeside Country Club in the Green Spring Valley country of Baltimore, was the man who laughed at Maida's qualities as Cleopatra while we dressed for dinner.

"I wanted to see you more than anything else in the world," I whispered taking her hands, as we stood close together.

And it was his certainty that I would fall for the lady like all the others that really made her represent such a challenge. After all, even a non-philandering male discovers he possesses some masculine vanity the moment his security is threatened by a woman of the Maida Ellsworth type.

Cool, Billy said she was. Not in her mannerisms. Very congenial, and friendly. Damn it, there was the trouble! If her manner toward men had been like her re-action to their efforts at romancing, she wouldn't have had them all tumbling at her feet . . . If you know what I mean. Mrs. Ellsworth was cold only on the matter of sharing the feelings she aroused in the legion that courted her; though she was married.

Also, besides his assumption that I would find myself among her futile suitors, there was something else which added force to my decision to accept her as a challenge. It was a little glimmer of hope produced by Billy's news that she had asked my identity when I passed the club veranda on my way in.

"Well, here's to a little luck, Bob, when you meet her," he laughed. "Anyhow, it won't be long now, boy. We're going up to

Harvey Johnson's cocktail party. Always gives the first one. Sort of a club sheik. All the women, but Maida, have gone for a buggy ride with Harvey . . . But, remember, lay a heavy barrage for Maida. I'll boost your stock first chance. She ought to know you were All-American back for Cornell—D.S.C. and Croix de Guerre man in France——"

"Thanks, but if I'm a Mrs. Ellsworth casualty I'd rather you would look out for my wife, Billy. She's a bit like myself on this summer romancing subject. Doesn't go in for it, and damned narrow-minded about the whole thing—" I said, as we went out of the locker room.

Harvey Johnson's cocktail party was a delightful madhouse. Every one seemed bent upon out-talking, out-gesturing, and out-drinking the other. With old friends who had not seen each other in months all but pummeling each other, and newcomers like Harriet and myself being introduced, it was impossible to catch names. But, I'm sure that even if I'd never heard Maida Ellsworth's name from Billy I should have caught it as the one coherent sound of all that din and hubbub. For there was something about the woman that invested men with the power of concentration.

Anger burned away the numbness shock had caused. I

I am sorry I am not adept, nor practiced in the art of describing beauty. Perhaps, if Maida Ellsworth's allure had been of the kind that lent itself easily to words; if it had been of a conventional quality, memory would inspire me now. However, it was mysteriously more than what my eyes beheld. Something, I should say, there was about her very personality that practiced a seduction fatal to men.

Graceful slenderness accentuated Maida's height, and her hair made a golden contrast with the blue of her eyes—almost as much a charming contrast as that made by the whiteness of her shapely shoulders and arms sed. I

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against an ebony Paris creation she wore so snugly to the lines and curves of her body. In such uproar there was little chance for me to claim much of her time or attention. Still, we managed to get in a few words:

"I think I saw you coming in with Mr. McHardy," she said, her voice throaty. "You're the living image of Tom Winslow, a man I used to see quite a bit. I know we all hate to remind others of some one else. You'll forgive me for this first offense, Mr. Richardson? It was such a remarkable resemblance that I asked who you were to be sure you weren't really Tom."

A flat feeling descended upon me in spite of the drinks I had taken aboard since leaving the locker-room. I suppose I might as well be honest about the whole thing. I had gotten quite a little kick from Billy's telling me that Mrs. Ellsworth had inquired as to my identity. Secretly, I had hoped that for reasons of her own she had felt some interest in me. It was rather a let-down to know she had asked simply because I reminded her of a Tom Winslow.

"I wish I were Mr. Winslow," I said, certain she would infer what I wanted her to. At that moment a chap named Harris came up, and our little plunge into personalities was over.

Billy Hampton sidled up, and after slyly chucking me in the ribs, whispered he had invited Ellsworth to dine at our table. He was bent upon giving me every possible chance to make a play for Mrs. Ellsworth. If there had been opportunity I would have explained why she'd inquired about me. But, there was not, because Harriet and Sylvia, Billy's pretty wife, joined us then . . .

Thanks to Billy, I sat next to Maida at dinner. Every one was sparkling from Johnson's cocktails. But, Maida outshone everybody. Her conversation and repartee were brilliant. By the time the music started I was hopelessly skidding. The first time I danced with her should have been a warning. But, I was deliberately reckless enough then not to try and deny her lovely appeal. I often attempt to excuse my subsequent actions

"To our little adventure in challenge and love," *toasted my wife, and with a sigh of relief, we drank it down.*

by saying that such efforts would have proved futile. My consciousness of Maida Ellsworth's allurements became a soft fire weaving through me.

That chap Harris whom I came to hate that night for his pursuit of Mrs. Ellsworth, broke on me after the first encore. I wanted to choke him as I felt Maida slipping out of my arms, a very tantalizing sort of "thank you" on her red lips.

I stood bewildered in the maze of swaying dancers. The music seemed far-away. I felt as if I had been unexpectedly dropped off into space. Then, at the vision of Maida dancing across the floor, the music throbbed in my ears. I took a step forward. I was tempted to rush over and break right back on Harris. Not quite the thing to do, of course. But, then the sight of Maida! The curve of her arms! The impassioned suggestion of rhythm her dancing created!

My next step sent me crashing into a couple. Harriet in the arms of Harvey Johnson! Of course, I should break. The thing to do. First dance and all that sort of thing. Probably never be sane enough to remember my duty if I didn't do it then. Harvey Johnson bowed himself away. Yes, I could see why women liked the man. Handsome devil. Brown as a nut. The romantic adventurer type. Well, he probably wouldn't seek it in either place with Harriet. Not that she wasn't stunning. But, she had a way of letting men know she didn't go in for that sort of thing. If she had been the opposite I might have found Harriet more interesting as a wife. As it was, her apparent preference for emotional placidity left me more susceptible to the challenge Maida Ellsworth threw down.

"Bob, you're out of step again."

It was always that way when I danced with Harriet. I guess I didn't try very hard to dance with her. There never seemed to be any pep to the music when we were on the floor together. I floundered on a few steps further, inwardly blaming her for our Terpsichorean difficulties.

"No use imposing on good music and nature, Bob. Let's sit it out," she said.

We started for our table. Along came Billy, pleasantly tight by now. He swept Harriet away. I went to the table, poured out some Scotch, [*Turn to page 92*]

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The Most Amazing Story of a Beauty Shop Ever Told

This Lovely Girl Cried

Make Me Homely

FIFTH AVENUE is the shopping center of New York, and it considers itself the most important place in the world. When, therefore, I set up in business as a Beauty Specialist I took a suite of rooms on Fifth Avenue, for it was to Society I appealed for clients, the society in which I had mixed until my own extravagance made it necessary that I should do something to earn my own living.

Almost every house in old New York had a history, but although scores of books have been written about them, their most interesting histories have yet to be told.

My family was rated high socially, but during the last generation our fortune had entirely vanished. Therefore when I decided to open a high class beauty parlor, I had the generous support of our old friends. Fortunately, one does not lose prestige these days for being in business.

I knew my society when I started in the Avenue and it was because I knew it I was confident of success. Men and women who live almost entirely for pleasure are crazy to make that pleasure last as long as possible, knowing that life is comparatively brief. It used to be said that women were unduly sensitive about their ages, but nowadays men are just as touchy on that subject. In the twentieth century, however, women are not content to *say* they are young—they wish to *look* it—and that is why such a profession as that of Beauty Specialist is possible.

I have had many strange experiences and there are scores of wealthy women in society who owe their wonderful complexions to me. I have made an old dame of sixty pass for thirty-five in a ballroom and an elderly widow who lives in Gramercy Park is indebted to me entirely for the fact that she had a proposal of marriage two years ago. But my most extraordinary experience was a commission to make a beautiful girl positively ugly for a fee of $500.

I was chatting with my assistant, Paula Soames, a tall, handsome girl of thirty who had been in the business ten years and knew all the tricks of the trade, when the door opened and one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen entered. She really was so beautiful that if I tried to describe her I must use all the conventional and well-worn terms of the novelist, and yet there is no other way of conveying some idea of her exquisite loveliness. Her fair hair had a touch of gold in it, her forehead was like white marble, and her cheeks, tinged with the most delicate of pinks, were rounded off by an alluring mouth and chin. I noticed on closer acquaintance that her dark gray eyes had a curiously haunted look about them and that the red lips were at times strained, and suggested that she was keeping her temper with difficulty. Altogether, Miss White—that was the name she gave us—would have been typical of a Greek beauty had it not been for her undeniably American figure. I was vainly trying to discover something about her which we could audaciously promise to improve when she took a photograph from her bag and handed it to me.

"I understand you are Madame Clark," she said, and her voice, strained and anxious, was in sharp contrast to her radiant beauty. "Look at that photograph, please, and tell me if you think you can make me resemble the original of it."

For a long two minutes I stared at the photograph, every moment growing more certain that this was an attempt to play a practical joke on me. Why should a very pretty girl wish to be made to resemble some one who was ugly compared with her? Was it possible that there was in New York a girl who desired not to be made beautiful but to be made ugly? I had heard a lot about Beauty Specialists and their experiences, but never anything like this.

"You're not serious!" I exclaimed. "Surely, you're not anxious to look like this girl, whoever she is? She's not bad looking in her way, but to begin with, her nose is not quite straight, whereas yours is perfect, and her mouth is too large for the rest of her face. Then it seems to me that her eyelashes are too scanty and her hair not exactly a success. Of course, I'm using you as my standard of judgment. I can quite imagine that the original of this photograph is a pretty girl, but you're absolutely beautiful, and she would look hideous standing next to you."

WHAT I write must read like the grossest flattery, but at the time none of us in that office regarded my remarks as anything except obvious and even commonplace. As for Miss White, she gave no indication that it affected her one way or the other.

"We won't bother about that," she said, speaking with an air of restraint which hinted at burning fires within. "The question is, can you make me look sufficiently like her to pass for her in a crowd? It may help you to know that we're the same height and pretty much the same figure. If you satisfy me I'll pay you a fee of five hundred dollars."

Paula Soames, who never lost her head, now took charge, realizing that I was too astonished to be capable of dealing adequately with the situation. But I think that I was not altogether to blame, for, as I have said, this must have been the first time that a Beauty Specialist was commissioned to make one of her clients ugly instead of beautiful.

"It will be the easiest thing in the world, Miss White," she said, in that brisk, confident manner of hers which radiated efficiency. "It's fortunate that you're fair. That will make it easy to turn you into a brunette, and as for the slight twist at the tip of the nose we will manage that without in any way permanently disfiguring you. Between you and me, it will be merely a matter of the skilful use of certain pigments."

"How long will it take you to do it?" asked Miss White, rising and buttoning her glove.

"About a couple of hours," said Paula, promptly. "That is, after we have had time to make a special study of your case. When do you wish the change to be effected?"

For a moment the color vanished from our strange client's face and was replaced by a tense, nervous expression which seemed to add ten years to her age.

"Tomorrow morning," she answered, to our astonishment. "I can come as early as you like, but I must leave your office not later than eleven."

For the sake of five hundred dollars we would have worked all night, and so we readily promised that if she called at eight we would be ready for her.

"THAT will give us plenty of time and leave no room for mistakes," said Paula, who had to take upon herself the rôle of spokeswoman because I was still too flabbergasted to be able to think or speak clearly.

"What do you think of it?" I asked, when Paula returned after escorting Miss White to the top of the staircase. "Is she mad?"

"I simply don't know what to think," she answered, with a laugh. "I never thought the moment we saw her that we were going to make a cent, much less five hundred dollars out of her! All the time I've been trying to solve the mystery but I haven't the glimmering of an idea yet." She picked up the photograph which Miss White had left with us as the model from which we were to work. "I wonder who she is," she murmured, as if speaking to herself, "I suppose she's a stranger to you, Miss Clark?"

"I certainly never heard of her before," I said, confidently. "She's pretty enough, isn't she?"

"When she had that photograph taken she was certainly very happy, for it is the happiness in her eyes that makes her look so pretty," Paula said. "It seems ridiculous to talk of being pretty after one has seen such a beautiful girl as Miss White."

I was so haunted by curiosity that I scarcely slept that night, and but for my excitement as the moment approached for the second appointment with Miss White I would have felt completely exhausted. But when at five minutes to eight she arrived we were soon too busy to have time for thinking of anything else. We had prepared everything, and at the end of a little more than two hours Miss White would have passed in anything but the strongest daylight as the original of the photograph. We had dyed her fair hair to an almost ebony black, touched up her eyelashes so that they appeared to be thin and sparse, and by a few deft applications of cosmetics had—apparently—added half an inch to the length of her mouth. In fact, we completely transformed her, and that she was fully satisfied she showed by an involuntary exclamation of delight when standing in front of a six-foot mirror she glanced at herself and then at the photograph held tightly in her right hand.

"It's wonderful!" she gasped, and although her expression was still anxious there were tears of joy in her eyes. "They'll all think that——"

She suddenly became conscious that she was not alone and stopped in confusion.

"Here's your fee," she added, hastily, and putting on her hat and coat actually ran out of the room.

It was now nearly half past ten and neither of us had touched any breakfast. Consequently we were feeling

A hush fell upon the congregation as the door of the church opened and to the general amazement a second bride appeared who was a replica of the one at the altar.

rather faint and when Paula went off to get us both something to eat I sank on to the sofa and closed my eyes. I think I was dozing when she returned, for I started nervously when the door opened and closed again.

"Here you are," she exclaimed, with a smile, "and I've brought two newspapers."

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My

The Storm Forced Us a Deserted Cabin; the Hills Demanded This Old Moonshiner's

FROM behind the inn came the voice of a cracked tenor singing a song of the hills. I caught only a bit of it before the singer came into sight, heading along the highway that led to the mountains.

"There's a laugh for ye
In a jug o' rum,
An' there's warmth in good corn likker."

Because of his deeply lined features and frosted locks, one might have guessed his years at anywhere between fifty and seventy.

"Moonshiner?" I queried.

Cooper, proprietor of the mountain hostelry, nodding, continued:

"Get up you, Jed Hoskins," cried the girl, "If you want this gun come to our house tonight."

Mountain Marriage

to Remain in the Code of That I Marry Pretty Daughter

"Yes, Mr. Gaynor. That's Dumb Billy, a good natured half-wit who's lived in these hills since long before I came here from up North. Guess he don't do much stilling now. But he's mighty useful to them as does, as a lookout. His eyes make up for what his brain lacks. He can spot a revenuer as far as he can glimpse him."

His reply had given me a thrill. I had come to Collinsville, in this Southerine mountain country, in search of adventure, in the hope of encountering an unusual type of people and beautiful places to paint. And, in my first morning there, my anticipations were beginning to be realized. For never had I encountered quite so unusual a person as Dumb Billy.

Instinctively I wished Gail were with me; beautiful, sensible, keen-witted Gail Ashton, to whom I would return and whom I would marry, after I had had a bit of a fling, had seen a little of life in the out-of-the-way places of this strange world.

I felt certain she would have shared my interest, would have joined enthusiastically with me in searching out these unusual people, winning their confidence and seeing where and how they lived.

Gail and I had been reared in the same circle; the circle which confines its activities to New York's middle east side and Wall street, mostly. But I never had taken seriously to business.

For years it had been understood that we would marry—some day. Times without number we had discussed the outside world, my yearning for a taste of life beyond the walled confines of the monster city. She had sympathized with me. But at the same time she had insisted that I had been cast to play a certain rôle. Prosaic and narrow though my field might be, she urged me to play the game as destiny had intended. Never would

"I'll come, ye little fool," Jed answered. "But when I tell your pap 'bout this stranger——"

"Now ye choose," *Big Nat shouted at his daughter. "Marry him or out he goes—and ye know what*

she conceded that my duty was other than to fulfill my father's wishes. Painting and travel could be my recreation, but they must not come first.

However, after a final unsuccessful effort to dissuade me from my purpose, she made me promise, should my excursion into untried fields not turn out as I had hoped, I would come home and take up the work for which I had been trained.

"Queer sort of people around here," I resumed, as Cooper again came toward me. "I came down here to study them while painting your mountains."

He glanced about quickly and then moved closer.

"Let me give you a few words of advice, Mr. Gaynor. They may save you a lot of trouble, or worse. Coming from New York, these mountaineers may seem queer. But don't treat them and their customs lightly. And don't go snooping around. Just stick close to your painting while here."

"Why, I hope I don't look like a spy or a prohibitionist," I said lightly.

"That don't make much difference. These men are making liquor contrary to the laws. But you can't make them believe they are doing wrong. And they'll kill, in the open or from ambush, anyone they suspect intends them trouble. To offset that, they stack up almost as fanatics in morals, and most of them go to church. They hold their women as sacred as anybody; more so than most. And the man who crosses one of their wives or daughters or interferes with their liquor traffic is flirting with certain death. They're a law unto themselves, and we in town don't bother them much or they us. Of course I know the woman part don't interest you. But I'm telling that so's you'll understand what an unusual combination they are."

"Thanks, awfully. I'll take your advice. But I know they and their habits are going to be interesting; even if I have to study both at long range."

Swinging my painting kit and stool across my shoulders, I headed out into the blistering sun and trudged away mountainward. And, within minutes, my eyes had taken in so much landscape that was beautiful, so many persons whose like I never had glimpsed elsewhere than on the stage, that I had practically forgotten Cooper's warnings.

Before coming to Collinsville I had been told that there, as perhaps in no other stretch in America, was a most glorious combination of rambling mountains, tumbling streams and luxuriant foliage. Unquestionably the fact that I would meet a type of people, new and strange to me, also had exerted an influence.

In my life there had been few opportunities for adventure or excitement. But six months previous, I had arrived at my majority and had come into the money left me by my mother. Then, despite argument and entreaty, I had broken my father's guiding strings and gone forth to paint, to see and mingle with those I never had known.

That was the reason I had struck out for new fields; with a long course of study in Paris at the end of my rainbow. That was why I was stumbling over the rutted trail which began at the edge of the town and zig-zagged up into the wooded hill country of the moonshiners.

that means." What followed was a nightmare through which I went in a daze.

It was all so wonderful, so new, that I could not pause and begin my work, carried on from one beauty spot to another by the ever present promise of more splendid scenes beyond. I had been climbing an hour, perhaps two, and was making my way toward where I heard the fall of water, when my ears caught the sound of voices, of a man and a woman. The pitch rose until the tones were angry. Then came a cry, of a woman injured or frightened.

Dropping my kit, I ran forward. Behind a clump of bushes I beheld the speakers, a heavy-set, evil faced youth of perhaps twenty-five who, while his wind-bronzed features twisted themselves into a leer, held close a slip of a girl who fought to free herself from his brutal clutch.

"Give me a kiss, I tell ye, and I'll let ye go," he cried, twisting his prisoner about so that he was able to bring his ugly face close to hers. The next instant he caught sight of me. But before he could move, I caught his throat and shook him till his hold relaxed.

"Are you hurt?" I asked the girl.

"No, not much." Then, suddenly, she darted past me, snatched up a gun leaning against a tree and pointed it at the man who crouched with outstretched hand. He had attempted to crawl to the weapon, probably with the intention of shooting me in the back.

"Get up you, Jed Hoskins, or I'll fire. If you want this gun back, come to our house tonight and you can explain to my father—and Tom."

"I'll come, ye little fool. But when I tell your pap 'bout ye takin' up with this stranger, mebbe——"

"Go!" She raised the gun a few inches.

"I'll go, all right." The clumsy brute pulled himself to his feet, but his eyes held me with a look of burning hate. "As fer ye, mister man, I don't know who ye be or why ye're here. But don't let me catch ye in these hills again. Cause, next time, I'll have my gun, and ye won't be too quick to stop what's comin' to ye." With an insolent grimace at the girl, he shambled away into the forest.

"And now," I said to the girl, who had lowered the weapon with a sign of relief, "tell me what it's all about."

"I'm sorry to get you into this trouble," and she smiled; "but—well I'm Bessie Zhado. And my father, Big Mat, owns a place further up in the hills. I'm engaged to some one who lives up there, but works in town. But Jed's been following me around ever since we went to school together. He just won't believe I'm going to marry Tom." She blushed. "My sweetheart's name is Tom Wheeler."

"Tom's in luck. He surely should be proud—"

"I guess he is," she interrupted. "I met Jed on the trail here. He must have been following me. He wanted me to kiss him. I wouldn't. Then you came. But I want to thank you, if you'll tell me your name."

"Never mind the thanks," I said. "But I'm Frank Gaynor. I live in New York when I'm at home, but I came down here to paint the mountains and trees. I dropped my kit a ways back when I heard you scream."

Her brows suddenly drew down and the smile left her lips. "Do you intend to come up here in the hills again?"

"Surely, tomorrow. Today I'll just wander around, after I've seen you safely to your home."

"No," she said decisively. "I'll be safe—with the gun. And please keep away from here. Jed is bad and revengeful. He'll be sure to find you and, probably, will shoot you as he threatened."

[*Turn to page 116*]

The Girl I Married Isn't Too SMART For Me So My Home is a PARADISE and I'm the Envy of all My FRIENDS

I SUPPOSE you would say my wife is a "dumbell" or a "Dumb Dora," whichever one of those pet-Websterian appellations you prefer. And I suppose you would be right. Whichever she is I am glad of it. She doesn't bother her pretty head about the things that tear other women away from their homes.

It was her giggle that attracted me first—the most infectious, tinkling, musical little giggle in the world. I heard it first on a crowded street and spent the rest of the day finding out which girl owned the giggle and in getting introduced to her and the giggle. That, and the beauty of her face and form and her fluffy, tousled hair which always seems to be doing exactly what she doesn't want it to do, completed my conquest. She and I have spent hours talking about that hair. It is a subject complicated enough to occupy her mind completely and a topic of conversation that gives me the relaxation I need.

And I mustn't forget her absolute loyalty to me. She is for me one hundred percent, whether I am right or wrong. She thinks I am the greatest living human being and she doesn't hesitate to say so, whether or not the occasion is opportune. She thinks I am a composite character, embracing all of the good qualities and none of the faults of Apollo, Hercules, Rudolph Valentino and General Pershing, although I doubt very much if she has more than a vague idea of who those heroes were and are.

I am the Big Boy with her. She forgets everything and everybody when my interests are involved. That's another one of her virtues that appeals to me. She can't remember from one day to the next what was bothering her the day before so I am never forced to help her with her worrying. I do all of the worrying for the family and when that is finished I can go home and find peace and happiness.

I am a sales director by profession. By parental edict I was educated as an attorney in one of our leading universities but I dropped out of the law as soon as I realized it was not for me. I am just a plain, ordinary man, with all of the shortcomings of a plain, ordinary man. I haven't set the world ablaze by my brilliance and if you were to look at me I would not appear to you at all as a vision of all that is good, hon-

Do Men Prefer BEAUTY To Brains?

¶ Men talk about wanting a smart, clever girl as a wife. Do they mean it? ¶ Is the bright girl as popular as the pretty girl? ¶ What do you readers of Smart Set think of this? ¶ Is this husband of a Dumbell all wrong, or how do you feel about it? ¶ Let's settle this question once and for all. ¶ Write the Editor of Smart Set what you think.

I'm GLAD I Have a Dumb Wife

orable, handsome and brave. But that's the way my wife always sees me.

Nobody but a dumb woman could think what she does about me and that's one of the reasons I wouldn't trade her for any other woman in the world. All men like to be praised and my wife not only tells me what she thinks of me but she tells all of our friends, relatives and neighbors.

Now you are probably saying to yourself, "Oh, he'll get over it soon. He's a newlywed and that dumb wife will get monotonous after he has listened to her giggle for a few years." Well, I have been listening to that giggle for nearly eight years now and it sounds sweeter to me every day. And my wife gets prettier every day and I love her more every day

The selling business is a peculiar one. You have to be all things to all men. One of the most intelligent men from whom I ever learned anything about it or about life in general told me when I was a young fellow, just breaking into the business:

"Never swear unless the other fellow swears first. The profane man doesn't mind if you are not profane and the man who does not swear is very likely to be annoyed, if not offended, if you are profane."

This advice has helped me to make many a useful dollar and I have always followed it. If the other fellow talks like a mule driver I try to treat him to a few epithets that will enhance his vocabulary. If he pulls Harvard English on me I endeavor to Princeton right back at him. Thus I am constantly pitting my wit and my intellect and my education against the other fellow's.

When I have done this all day, and sometimes well into the night, it is most comforting and inspiring to me to know that when I get home my wife won't meet me at the gate with a burning desire to know something about the Einstein theory.

My mind gets all of the stimulus and exercise it requires. So it gives me a sense of satisfaction and well being that keeps my spirits at high tide during the long hard day to know that when I get home at night my wife will not want to engage in a debate over some abstruse scientific subject or ask me to rehearse the activities of my hours in the office. She hardly knows what I do for a living. She knows I'm not a burglar and that I have something to do with business but it's all too deep for her and she lets it go at that.

You may be saying to yourself, "Ah, but this man never knew what it was to have a wife who could meet him on an intellectual plane, who could stir his brain to greater effort and a larger sphere of activity by constant exchange of ideas from within the home. Look at the women who have lifted their husbands out of obscurity into fame. Look at the women who have made faltering failures of husbands. Look at the women who have reformed men who had been given up by even their best friends as hopeless."

Well said and well done! I am not here to quarrel with them or their husbands or you. More power to the ladies and more power to their husbands. I am merely reciting my own ideas on the subject [*Turn to page 86*]

Tell Your Troubles

What Value Do You Place on Your LOVE?

DEAR girls, your Summer holiday is over, and possibly, also, your Summer romance has come to an end, though it seemed so thrilling!

Probably you played about gayly and proudly with a youth you would hardly look at in town in December. But men are scarce at Summer resorts. And what a temptation to return home engaged even though the engagement might be a bit brittle!

Of course an engagement is easier gotten into than out of and you may wish by this time that you had gone a little slower. But sentiment was in the air and you caught it! All your own fault, you know. If Summer girls didn't make themselves so irresistible, there would be fewer engagements to face and break in the Fall.

Still it sometimes happens, doesn't it, that the attraction which draws two Summer vacation mates together is mental as well as physical and amounts to more than desire for amusement. In such a case your engagement may endure and lead to a marriage of love and lasting affection.

Here's hoping your Summer memories are wonderful and without regret. Certain it is you enjoyed glorious freedom. You doubtless spent hours on the beach in your one-piece bathing suit, bare-armed, bare-legged, bare-headed, playing hand-ball or lying lazily on the sand chatting with that interesting young man, who whispered silly but sweet nothings to you about mermaids and kissed you underneath the shelter of your beach umbrella.

Do you remember the night you and he motored along a lonely road? The car broke down and you had to wait hours while he mended it. You arrived at your hotel at five o'clock, in the morning, then went out for coffee, ham and eggs.

Of course it was all perfectly harmless and nobody thought anything about it. But ten years ago, do you realize you might have been turned out of a reputable family summer hotel for just such an escapade?

Your parents if they knew, and were very stern, might have disowned you then, or at the very least forced you to marry the man with whom you spent the hours of the night, unchaperoned.

You girls of today enjoy a degree of freedom unheard of by girls of any other generation. But you know well how to take care of yourselves and men of today are accustomed to informality, if not familiarity, at every party they attend. So the chances are, you are able to handle easily and successfully, the temptations that come with unrestricted freedom.

If you have real self-respect, you are safe, and you would be safe among civilized people, anywhere. Without self-respect all the chaperonage in the world won't keep you safe from your own self.

The modern girl knows that the value she places on herself is the value others will place on her. And she prefers to be of inestimable value, precious and rare, to the man she hopes one day to wed, rather than a marked-down bargain, slightly shop-worn, to be had cheaply.

A generation ago, nice girls might not talk frankly about the facts of life—they were not supposed to know about them. A girl would hesitate to mention limbs and would never speak of legs. Ankles were permissible, knees unspeakable.

"Sex appeal" was a word that shocked society. Today it's laughed at as a chestnut joke along with sheiks.

A GIRL wore several heavy, trailing petticoats then, to be thought modest. She was restricted, shielded, sheltered, protected, kept in ignorance, handed from the custody of her parents to that of her husband. A girl who didn't manage to wed before twenty-five was a pitiable, pathetic, burdensome old maid.

If a man kissed you, he was honor-bound to marry you. When you married, you obeyed your husband.

Aren't you lucky to be young today instead of in those so-called "good old days"? You have the advantages, without the disadvantages, of all the ages.

The automobile is one of the weapons with which youth has attained freedom and it is slowly but surely modifying the conventions. Naturally, courtship proceeded in a leisurely supervised way at a girl's home in other days or on lover's-lane strolls.

But now the automobile and good roads enable young people to reach remote spots quickly and to dance at road-houses and wayside inns, where the restraints of home and home neighborhoods are not available to quell unruly emotions that may follow coarse music and inferior liquor.

There is no use in trying to oppose the spirit of an age. You cannot be expected to give up freedom to dance and ride. But some things are unchanging.

Wherever you motor, wherever you stop for jazz and dancing, there is still an unseen chaperone controlling your actions—honor.

"I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor

to Martha Madison

Mender of Broken Hearts

more," is the motto, I am sure, of the modern girl and boy.

So if you decide to "joy-ride" see that you do so with a companion whom you know well and can trust. Insist that he return you to your home at a reasonable hour. Do not frequent road-houses where liquor is served. Even though you may not drink, you will be credited with doing so and may find yourself at the mercy of those under the influence of poisonous bootleg.

IN A certain Eastern state, flaming youth has been removed from the steering wheel of the automobile because ten percent. of the drivers under eighteen meet with accidents, whereas, the proportion among adult drivers is only three per cent. This denying of licenses seems hard on young folks but the fact remains that safety means little, speed much to the average youth.

Freedom must be earned by fitness. Too much license, an automobile—hip flasks—a collision—broken bodies—what price experience!

Modern girls think. They realize that drinking removes barriers and dulls judgment. So it's safe to say that the representative girl does not drink, either openly or "on the quiet."

The question of automobiles for under-graduate college students is much-discussed just now, because of the high percentage of serious accidents and the lower rate of scholarship that accompany car ownership in so many cases.

Still, it is to be hoped that regulation, rather than abolition, of the automobile will remedy this situation. For how is a college boy going to win the favor of his "prom girl" without the ever present aid of a car, even thought it be but a flivver! It seems to me, college men now and then got into trouble at college in Dad's day without the aid of a car. Why blame cars for all the frailties of human nature?

The State universities, so popular throughout America, may be called cradles of ultra-modern romance. Here's a letter from Ellin, showing one phase of campus life—rug petting parties.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," writes Ellin. "To pet or not to pet is the question of the hour. The trouble is, if you don't pet you're not dated. Sitting at home with a book gets tiresome.

"These evenings if you were to pass through our University campus, about midnight, you would notice if you looked very closely—any number of couples seated on benches in the shadow of trees or shrubbery, busily petting. Usually, one steamer rug wraps both girl and boy.

"Several times I've sworn off on promiscuous petting. Then I don't get dates.

"Shall I rejoin the ranks of the campus petters this Fall? I think promiscuous petting is cheapening but I don't want to be lonely."

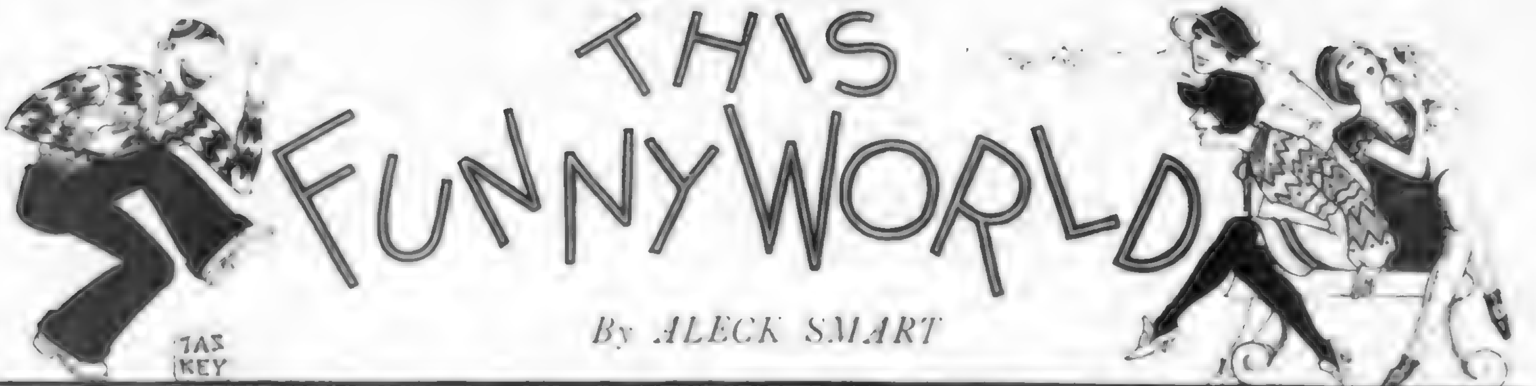
"Ellin."

Modern girls are refreshingly honest. They put all their faults and failings on dress [*Turn to page 126*]

Courtesy of Fox Films

Today a girl prefers to be of great value to the man she hopes to wed, rather than slightly shop-worn.

THIS FUNNY WORLD



By ALECK SMART

"THEY are a joyous, zippy lot, these SMART SET readers," said our Editor, "and we want a page that will reflect their happiness. Look on life's merry side; mix with the wits of the world. Go round among the college cut-ups. Be 'the life of the party.' Put joy into Joyce and josh into Joshua and glad into Gladys."

What a delightful assignment!

Good News for the Bull

What are you girls going to do next? I read now that the young senoritas of Spain want to be bull-fighters. Some of them, in private exhibitions, have displayed such grace and courage—not to mention ankles—that General Rivera, dictator of Spain, is thinking of yielding to their wish to appear in public.

Some girls look their age, others overlook it.

Where Forever Means—A Day

The co-eds are going back to college, and romances are getting under way. We don't want to pour cold water on those burning affairs, but it does seem timely to remark that pawnbrokers living near the campus say that engagement rings, fraternity pins and sorority pins head the list of articles pawned by students.

Elinor Glyn's Story

Skipping out to Hollywood, we find Elinor Glyn making those wise girls out there wiser warning them not to place too much reliance in lovers' pledges. She told this story:

"A young girl and her young man rose from a dim seat in a conservatory. The breast of the young man's coat was white with perfumed powder.

"The girl was embarrassed, but he patted her hand and said: 'Never mind, darling, it will soon brush off.'

"She burst into despairing sobs. 'Oh,' she wailed; 'how did you find that out?'"

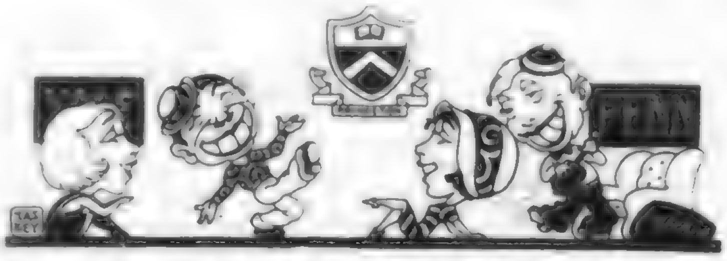
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
Twinkle where the Johnnies are!
Twinkle for the bald-head rows,
Twinkle, Twinkle, Twinkle-toes!

Twinkle in the gems and rings,
Showered by the Butter Kings
Twinkle for the Doughnut Czar
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

NO CIGARETTES FOR GRANDMA

We read in the Columbia-Missourian that a 72-year old grandmother, Mrs. Florence Adams, scolded flappers for smoking as she herself sat smoking a pipe!

"No!" she said, "I don't think it is right for girls to smoke, especially these cigarettes they smoke nowadays. Of course a pipe doesn't hurt you near as much as those things. If a man wants to smoke or chew, let him do it. I don't think it is right for girls to smoke at any time."



With the College Cut-Ups

A dance is a place where you go with your girl, pay five dollars for a good floor and the best music in town—and then sit outside all night in a car.

Arkansas Traveler, University of Arkansas

"Always remember this," said the oldest grapefruit as he and his halved brothers and sisters were waiting for their entry to the dining room. "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes."

Ohio Wesleyan Transcript

A heavily veiled young woman addressed the clerk at the hosiery counter in a large down-town department store, and asked:

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?"

"Yes, madam," replied the spectacled clerk. "What color will you have—pink, yellow or black?"

Penn Punch Bowl

Brevity is the soul of wit—and successful dress-making.

Tomahawk, Holy Cross College

Was Adolphe Correct?

I read the other day that Adolphe Menjou, that connoisseur in caresses, had been analysing kisses. Do you agree with him when he says—

"A woman is pleased with the kiss of devotion, but the kiss that really thrills her is the one she is quite sure doesn't mean love at all."

It's Quite All Right!

Annabelle, a co-ed at the University of Chi, is contributing her silk stockings that develop "runs" to a handsome young athlete. The coach says adhesive plasters cause discomfort, and bandages are best held in place by flimsy silks.

Knights used to go into battle wearing their fair lady's gloves on their shields, but now a girl has the greater thrill of knowing her lavender hose is keeping Harold's knee-cap in place.

Read in this issue the business man's revelation: "I'm Glad I Have a Dumb Wife." It appeals to us because Dumb Dora is our favorite heroine of the comic strips. Have you a dumb boy friend? Does he please you? Well—I guess he isn't so dumb!

Let's Limerick

We note that SMART SET'S Limerick Contest drew swarms of lines from budding poets. Here's one of our very own. Supply that missing last line. Address it care of Aleck Smart, SMART SET Magazine. (Copy the entire limerick on another sheet if you care to.) We'll pay $10 for the best last line, $5 for the second best, and $1 each for the five next best.

These questions crop up in SMART SET—
"Shall I smoke and "Charleston" and pet?
Now what would you say
To the girl of today?

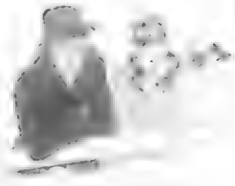
. . .

That'll be your last line.
Our own is just

Aleck Smart

Natural-Looking Complexions

are the result of using Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is scientifically blended to match the shade of your skin.



WHENEVER you are out-of-doors you should be especially careful to select the correct shade of powder and to apply it evenly.

The type of beauty that combines reddish brown hair with sea-gray eyes requires the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

SHADE CHART
for selecting your shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

Medium Skin: The average American skin tone is medium, neither decidedly light nor definitely olive. This skin should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: Women with this type of skin are apt to have dark hair and eyes. This skin should use the *Rachel* shade to match its rich tones.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin (not the florid skin) and should use the *Flesh* shade.

White Skin: This skin is unusual, but if you have it you should use *White* powder in the daytime.

In case of doubt about the shade you require, write a description of your skin, hair and eyes to me for special advice.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is 60c a box. Also comes in compact form in a dainty, hinge-cover box with mirror and puff. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Satisfaction guaranteed.

Madame Jeannette
Specialiste en Beauté

P. S. I also suggest that you use Pompeian Day Cream as a foundation for your Pompeian Beauty Powder.

By **MADAME JEANNETTE**

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

A SOFT, delicate texture—a lovely satiny face—yet not a sign of powder. What *is* the secret of her alluring complexion? Does she use powder? She *does*, but a shade that matches so perfectly the tone of her skin that she secures the good effects of powder without seeming to use it.

All smart women strive for a natural complexion, but all do not achieve it. Not all women have found a powder that really matches their skin—a powder that reveals their natural coloring. Complexions are not composed of single colors, but a blend of different colors. So it is only natural that the shade of powder to match your complexion must also be a blend.

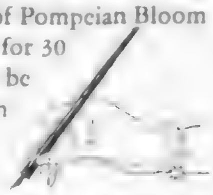
Pompeian Beauty Powder is scientifically blended from different colors. Whatever the tone of your complexion, some one shade of this powder matches it perfectly. Select this shade from the directions in the shade chart.

Pompeian Beauty Powder has gained its remarkable popularity because of its purity, its exceptional consistency, its delicate odor, its quality of adhering well—and its perfection of shades.

Send for Liberal Samples

DO you not agree with me about matching your skin tones with the correct powder shade? Then I urge you to act on this advice, and see with your own eyes how much more beautiful Pompeian Powder will make your complexion.

It is so easy to make this test. Just fill in the coupon and send it to me with 10c. In return, I will send you a generous sample of Pompeian Beauty Powder (enough for several weeks' use) and in addition a sample of Pompeian Bloom containing enough rouge for 30 applications. It will never be easier to tear off the coupon than NOW, before you turn the page.



Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories
2205 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame:
I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Beauty Powder and Bloom.

Name ....
Street Address ....
City .... State ....
Shade of powder wanted? ....

It's so Easy to Remove Summer Blemishes

Tan, freckles, muddy complexions and coarse, wind roughened skins are passé for Fall and Winter social activities. Correct this condition now. Wipe out your summer blemishes and in their place give to your skin a pure, soft, pearly appearance of alluring beauty. Let

GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

prove to you the value of "Corrective Beautifying." In a moment's time it renders a bewitching appearance to your complexion that cannot be duplicated by any Powder, Cream or Lotion. Its effective astringent and antiseptic action discourages blemishes, wrinkles and flabbiness. The weak points of your appearance are yielding to its corrective properties as you enjoy the immediate effect of a new beauty to your skin and complexion.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream is ready to add years of youth to your appearance. Try it today. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also Compacts.

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son,
430 Lafayette St.
New York

M-26

I'm An Old Man's Darling

[*Continued from page 35*]

elderly husband, so I looked round among the friends of my girlhood, just to see how they had married. Nothing could have been more startling than the results of this investigation.

Like everybody else, I have got friends of all sorts, some who were born with personality and some without; girls who simply bristle with individuality, and those who are lost in a roomful of people. Of my five intimate friends—girls like myself, whose interests run to wider things than the mere routine of every day life—all have married men in the forties, fifties and sixties. In each case they are supremely happy and contented.

One of them is an American girl, young, rich, pretty. She is more than gifted. Her interests are incredibly wide and varied. She plays the piano, the harp, sings, paints, embroiders—a fairy princess of accomplishments. Innumerable young men courted her. But she chose an older man, an elderly man. Now she never tires telling her friends how happy she is, how understanding and kind her husband is.

Another girl I know, who had ever so many suitors and then chose the older man in the end, tells me that she never knew happiness in the whole of her life until she met her present companion. This little girl, I can tell you, knows what she is talking about. She has what is called a very full life, she has met and known dozens, even hundreds of men. She has lived in the big continental capitals, tasted every pleasure life, or what passes for life in those places, can offer.

"I've known so many men," she told me. "They've come and they've gone, and generally left bitterness behind. Now that I've married my elderly husband, I realize what happiness means."

She points out that when he was young his mother was a being to be revered, waited on and looked after. His sisters were frail creatures who fainted at the least provocation. Now, of course, I know that *we* women are supposed to be frightfully emancipated, and to suggest that any one of us could be capable of fainting, even at the sight of a mouse, would be an awful insult. But who is the one amongst us who does not appreciate and revel in being petted and—spoilt? The older man may be clever enough to bend the twig, but he'll never break it.

APART from being a better background for any woman, it's undoubtedly a fact that the effect of an elderly companion is to refine and educate in refinement. The older men are products of a more leisurely and cultivated age. They have had time to become men of the world, not merely men of the little worlds of Society or the Capitals, but of the big world, appreciative in the old-fashioned sense of pretty women, good food, good wine, exquisite surroundings.

They are connoisseurs in the art of life, artists enough to preserve as many illusions as possible if only for their own delectation. Older men are worth dressing for. They notice an attractive new frock, a new way of doing the hair. Young men rarely notice what you've got on, or dismiss the subject with "I never notice those things." At the best, you can arouse a "Very smart, or up-to-date" which I think any woman will admit, cannot compare to the soothing, refreshing balm; "Extremely elegant, my dear," of the older man. "Elegant" means so much. "Smart" and "up-to-date," have such a hard and crude sound. You can buy it in the shops for $40 or $50, and it is not beyond the range of your own parlor-maid. But elegant—that restful, satisfying word! It means so much, and leaves you preening yourself like a contented peacock for the rest of the day.. I do not think that young men know the meaning of the word, or if they do, they place it in an unapproachable, and distant category. To the older man it means something—perfection of taste, artistry, and feminine elusiveness.

Your older man will praise every detail of your toilette. He notices the little things, perhaps, because in his young days, the belles of society decorated their dainty persons with so many little frills and furbelows. Your evening cloak fairly caresses your shoulders under his expert manipulation. You at once feel that if it had not been for the accident of century, or nationality, you easily would have been a Cleopatra or a Pompadour. None of the young man's "Come on, old dear, get a move on!"—while with cigarette in mouth he watches the waiter's clumsy efforts to perform what could so easily have been a delightful little rite.

THE older man presents the world to you with an old-fashioned gesture of grace. The younger man presents you to the world—awkwardly; more often than not, half afraid of being accused of the very qualities which served to endear his father's contemporaries to every feminine heart.

But all that is only just what happens outside. At home, for instance, you seldom find that the older people have as much trouble with their servants as the young ones. Not because they are any more lenient, or indulgent: I do not think they are, but they have been brought up to realize their material obligations towards every one in the house, and the much discussed servant class are as quick as any one else to appreciate justice and right.

I've seen this so much in business life, being the daughter of a distinguished business man in the old-fashioned, and "slow" city of London. The business is an old one. There is very little modern about it, except the machinery, and the goods it produces; the organization is of the fast disappearing, solid "family" type. My father's father was in it, and the very fact that fully two-thirds of the present staff have been there since the time of his father, fills papa with a very keen sense of obligation and responsibility. He loves them, and they love him. Employees are always celebrating their fiftieth year of service! Now, I ask you, in businesses organized and run by the present generation, where do you find anything so perfectly harmonious or so traditionally exemplary?

The younger generation does not know anything about harmony. Judging by modern art, literature and music, young people seem inclined to ignore its existence even in color.

The older man is generally an artist in life, but the younger one usually little more than a workman. It may be due to the mechanical age in which we live, allowing very little room for the imagination. The age, too, would seem responsible for the killing of adventure in every day life.

Compared with his father and grand-

[*Turn to page 84*]

What color do you feel today?

(A CURIOUS QUESTION)

CURIOUS? Yes. . . . Silly? Not in the least. Mysterious perhaps, but we *do* "feel" different colors. When sad, we feel "blue"; when happy, we feel rosy, glowing, bright. All true, isn't it?

But—and here is the startling thought—how do we *look*? We are judged by that! At golf, for instance? Cheeks too pale, costume neutral, the impression is *depression*. If in reality your mood is gay, the gayety *seems forced*. You *do not look the part*.

Or, again, if you feel deliciously tranquil, how sadly at variance with your true mood are too bright and robust colors. Your whole day may be spoiled simply because you *do not look the color you feel*.

So we come, convincingly, to the reason for the *new mode* which is rapidly changing the rouge preferments of America's cleverest women. It is the most exciting vogue in years—using rouge to *express one's moods*.

Princess Pat developed this fascinating theme of *mood expression*—by delving deep into the mysteries of color psychology. But *you* can experience all the results without troubling about scientific explanations.

Try it. Suppose you feel that uplifting inner urge toward gayety. You feel brilliant, vital, alive, eager. You want desperately to have that mood register, to evoke quick, understanding response in others. Then *look the part*. Use Princess Pat Rouge Vivid. Watch the mirror. See how the wonderful new *color note* is instantly achieved. It is so "just right" that you get a complete new thrill from your own reflection in the glass. But the point is that you'll *thrill beholders as well*.

And the soft, delicate effect of Princess Pat Medium! Ah, that is for the hour and occasion when dreams mist o'er realities and "beckon romance softly." It is the shade that gives the rich, warm creams and pinks of a "peaches and cream" complexion. Its *color note* is serenity, cool, soft serenity, like moonlight silvering a breathless lake on a still June night.

For those fuller, glowing moments when rich, natural color is your desire, use Princess Pat English Tint, the famous orange shade more imitated than any other rouge in the world—but never successfully. English Tint changes on your skin, blending of its own accord to the exact color note required by your own complexion tone *at its natural best*.

Think, Milady. You choose your frocks with vast care so that they may express *you*. Your choice of rouge is *even more important*. For a brilliant costume with a neutral rouge is terribly discordant. Similarly, a soft, pastel gown with a brilliant rouge is disharmony. You invest heavily in gowns—why not make the investment yield fullest beauty?

It costs no more to have the three wonderful shades of Princess Pat on your dressing table - because they last *three times as long as one*. So follow this new vogue. You can readily *imagine* its fascination; but actual results will far transcend anything you can conceive.

NOTE: *Color harmony between lips and cheeks should be exact. With Vivid Rouge, use Vivid Lipstick; with Medium Rouge, or English Tint, use Princess Pat Natural Lipstick.*

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat perfect beauty aids include: PRINCESS PAT CREAM SKINFOOD AND ICE ASTRINGENT (THE FAMOUS TWIN CREAM TREATMENT), PRINCESS PAT SKIN CLEANSER, ALMOND BASE FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIPSTICK, TWO-PURPOSE TALC, PERFUME, TOILET WATER.

FREE So that you may know for yourself the remarkable effect of Princess Pat Rouge—we will take pleasure in sending you a sample free.

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 130 A
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

☐ Vivid ☐ Medium ☐ English Tint

Name (Print) ....

Address ....

City.......... State ......

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

"I DARED NOT BELIEVE WHAT I FELT. . ."

Letters from Lovers: I

"I dared not believe what I felt as I sat with you. The spirit of old loves was in the room—the fragrance of lost gardens—the glamour of moonlight. I could almost hear the whisper of tapestries stirring in the wind—and in it all you were beautiful—strangely, mystically beautiful."

FROM HER DIARY

How he looked at me last night—with something new and wonderful in his eyes. I had burned temple incense.

To create in the room about them that atmosphere of eternal mystery that is so irresistible to men, lovely women burned temple incense thousands of years ago. For women of today that old charm secret of the Orient is still preserved, unchanged, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It awaits you, in six exquisite odors, at all drug and department stores.

What new charm can incense give you? Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
DEPT. 5 71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

father the younger man does not know what adventure means, and I am sure, is unwittingly killing the vestiges of sentimental romance. . . . I qualify romance, because after all, there is the romance of progress, and that has always belonged to the younger generation of any age and any type.

Another curious thing I have remarked, and that is, although the older man classically regrets the "good old days," he is even more anxious than his sons to keep up to date. This may be for fear of being taken for "old-fashioned." My own husband, who cannot be described as otherwise than elderly, seems any but the fastest vehicle available.

"ONE must move with the times," he says, and to see the way he, and his friends, haunt their tailors and hatters until they get just the right curve to the brim of a hat, or the right line to a coat, is something that a young man might well take to heart. Nowadays there seems to be no time for the cultivation of individuality. The youth picks his hat from thousands molded on the same model. He gets a coat ready-made, boots, which must make the despair of inquisitive people who claim to read character in toe-caps! The overwhelming fear of the young man of today, is to be different from any one else. To that end, he allows himself to be molded to the pattern of all his contemporaries.

Personality is at a discount, and it takes a good deal of mental courage to break through the prejudice. That probably accounts for the world producing fewer and fewer outstanding personalities. The age of giants is well passed. The grand old men of last century are dropping off one by one, leaving empty places for which there seem to be no prospective occupants, and yet these older men are freer from conceit than their sons. They have a broader measure to judge by. A longer life, wider experience and too many hard knocks.

Writing as a woman, the young man of today is frequently insupportable because he thinks it is sufficient for him to Be. He thinks that youth is an inestimable quality. He adopts the much discussed attitude that he is conferring a favor upon a woman; but your older man, whatever he thinks privately (and after all that is nobody's business but his own) goes through life with the charming undercurrent of suggestion that a woman's smile is something worth living for.

There is not a comic opera, or a funny paper, which does not give a place to the old man spending his money on a pleasing woman. It is not so funny after all, but more probably an expression of courtesy and appreciation and in any case one of the most delightful compensations of woman's existence! For after all, even the most emancipated woman is not free from primitive and feminine instincts. We love to have presents bought for us: to be taken out: and adore the little surprises which can make any day a fete-day. I'm not suggesting that young men are constitutionally stingy. They just do not understand the art of giving. How can they know, after all, the little differences, the little shades, which it has taken half a century to fathom?

The older man can always get the best out of a woman, in the same way that a musician can get the best out of an instrument. Experience and love of art have taught them upon which chords to touch. Otherwise, what can explain the dying out of political women whose "salons" were one of the glories of the last and past generations? They practically do not exist today, and if they do exist, it is only in name, and not in fact. We all realize that it is inevitable that men exercise a deep influence upon the women of the age, so that man must be in some way responsible for the lack of spirituelle goddesses.

It is curious to note that the outstanding female personalities now, are the ones who have broken away from the mediocre rather by their own efforts, than through the channel of influence upon mankind. Of course, this might be due to one or two reasons, either that women are becoming so emancipated that they no longer need man's assistance, or that the men are losing their attraction, and can no longer influence the development of women's mental lives.

The great feminine figures of the past have been women more or less formed by the influence of the men of their age. Without one overshadowing the other, side by side they loom out through the mist of history and tradition, not farther back than our own father's and grandfather's time, as two complementary elements.

I NEVER hear my husband complain of the color of a tie or the brand of cigars I have bought him! He always pretends to be delighted and being but human, he must be disappointed sometimes! He's a hundred times more patient than a younger man would be. He would hate to see me cry but I am quite sure he would know what to do if I did cry! In any case, my husband seems to have a consoling clause for every trivial misfortune.

It is never the older man who asks you if you are "feeling cold" when you know you are looking your worst. It is never the older man who'll let you down, even unconsciously. They can pretend with a better grace than young ones, and have more self-control in awkward situations in social life. They do not expect too much of people, probably made tolerant by years of experience.

I find that older men are quicker to idealize a woman than a younger man, not because he thinks that women are a perfect race, not because he has never been disillusioned, but because, after many years often trying and bitter, he is touched and grateful at finding goodness where it exists. The young man, before a woman, is much the same as the layman who stands in worship before a beautiful statue, counting its perfections only, for being no sculptor, he does not recognize its imperfections. The older man might be a real sculptor standing in worship before the same marble, appreciating the same beauty with different eyes, marveling at the creation of human hands with so few flaws.

I have many acquaintances among young men who charm me by their enthusiasm, and refresh me by their very crudeness. I have many friends among men of middle age, the companionship of whose thoughts and experiences is like the oases in the desert of life. I have a husband, of ripe years, and he is the finest pal I have ever known.

I am an old man's darling.

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD of the Follies, knows more about women than any man has a right to know. He also knows something about husbands. Is there a girl in America who will fail to read Mr. Ziegfeld's tips on, How To Catch a Rich Husband, *in November* SMART SET, *on sale October 1st?*

"MONEY TO BURN"

by PETER B. KYNE

Other Serials by

Adela Rogers St. Johns
Martha Ostenso
E. Barrington
Arthur Somers Roche

*

Stories and Features by

Irvin S. Cobb
Theodore Dreiser
James Oliver Curwood
Blasco Ibañez
Kathleen Norris
and others

a sprightly, joyous Novel of a Girl Who Knew What It Was All About and a Young Man Who Counted His Million Before It Hatched. It begins in

OCTOBER *Hearst's International* *combined with* **Cosmopolitan**

ON SALE SEPTEMBER 10TH

Prettier Lips

....at the Races

"Dear Nan:

. . . . . . So many pretty girls at the races this year—I noticed their smiles particularly—for I saw quite 'the belle of the boxes' whisk out her little Pompeian Lip Stick and use it too deftly for anyone else to see.'

"Yes, it was Pompeian. None other has such natural coloring. How clever our society girls are!"

Jeannette de Cordet

Pompeian Lip Stick gives natural, even tint—protects lips—pure and harmless. Hardened chisel point for easy application.

Pompeian Lip Stick

A Dumb Wife

[*Continued from page 77*]

but I have some knowledge of other kinds of wives and other kinds of husbands. I meet the husbands nearly every day at my luncheon table and at my clubs and about town and my heart goes out to them.

I do not know why my friends discuss their wives with me because I never mention my wife to them. But I have several friends who are not satisfied with their home life—in fact they have no home life to speak of—although in some cases they have intellectual mates, uplifting mates, who are occupying mental spheres unattainable by my wife or, for that matter, by me. But are these husbands happy? Most decidedly they are not.

I have one friend whose wife has a superiority complex. She goes in for culture and impressionistic art and she can prove by the purest reasoning that Charles Dickens should never have been entitled to a name as a writer. She knows that Bacon wrote Shakespeare and thinks it is perfectly right that Edgar Allan Poe was never admitted to the Hall of Fame. Sometimes I meet this friend and when we fall to talking about how wags the world he tells me that he wishes his wife weren't quite such a nut.

THIS friend and his superior wife live in a hotel and they eat their meals in restaurants. His wife thinks that home-making was for the primitive woman, for the unenlightened woman, for the inferior woman.

They quarrel continuously over her ideas and the husband told me not so many days ago that if some of his wife's nonsense didn't stop he was going to take steps to stop it. My friend is getting to be a regular crab and it is beginning to show in his work.

Now, my wife wouldn't know a complex if one jumped up and bit her and she wouldn't contradict you if you told her Poe wrote Shakespeare but we never quarrel and when I get home there will be a dinner fit for a king waiting for me. Not the same dinner we had last week or the week before but a different dinner.

My wife has been to the grocer's during the afternoon. She hasn't telephoned and left it to the grocer to bring just any old thing. She has personally selected the fruits and vegetables that grace our table. She has also been to the butcher's and has supervised the cutting of the chop or steak or roast that is the centerpiece for the fruit and vegetables.

Then she has returned home and prepared these offerings to me with her own hands and in the way I like them. She percolates the coffee the way I like it and then the whole is topped off with one of my favorite pies or puddings or something in the dessert line entirely new to me—something she has discovered that she thinks in her loving dumb way, may be added to the things I like. She submits it for my approval and, because she knows my taste, even if she doesn't know much about the theory of relativity, it nearly always is just what I like.

My wife is dumb. Her idea of a good time or a social event is to read a light love story or listen to a tenor sing "Mother Machree" on our phonograph. Her society functions are those excruciatingly happy hours after one of our perfect dinners. Then comes my pipe or cigar and if I spill a few ashes on the carpet or sling my coat on a chair instead of hanging it in the closet she doesn't seem to notice it. She doesn't care. It's my coat and my house and she's my wife and it's a pleasure for her to pick up after me because that's all in the world she has to think about.

My wife cuddles in my lap or on the divan in front of the fire beside me and then I hear of how the grocer tried to swindle her into taking a rotten old tomato for the salad or the butcher wanted to slip over a chop on her that had been in the show case all day instead of bringing one fresh out of the ice chest. I hear about a funny little hat she is making and my opinion of it is asked and she wants to know if I think her legs are as pretty in flesh colored stockings as in black ones.

Instead of going to Palm Beach we go exploring about our neighborhood and I hear about what Mrs. Jones said about Mrs. Smith's new baby. The gas company has torn up Twenty-eighth street again and if I am coming home that way I'd better not do it until she lets me know because there are several big ditches in the street and I might break a rear axle or something.

Just the kind of news and uplift stuff I want to hear. I formed my own opinions about Poe and Shakespeare years ago. I know what is going on in the world and in the steaming, roaring streets I inhabit all day long, but I don't know whether the Andersons got a job yet for that unfortunate son-in-law of theirs and that's what I want to know.

Then sometimes my wife and I decide to do some real traveling. But do we go to Palm Beach or Newport? We do not. We couldn't afford it in the first place and we wouldn't if we could afford it. We load the old bus up with some camping truck and fishing tackle and go out and rough it for a week or so.

Or we pretend we are on a new honeymoon and drive around some of the nearby towns and stay in a different hotel every night and look as green and bashful and timid as we can. Or we go out to one of those combination chicken dinner-bootlegging joints that are safe enough for old married folks like us and pretend that we are not married. We get a bottle of something with authority and a private room and have a petting party, just as if we were somebody else's husband and wife, or a pair of high-school kids. Sometimes we stay all night and hope there will be a raid while we are there. Then we go home feeling as guilty and happy as can be.

WHEN I tell about these little parties I can't help thinking of the case of another friend of mine who has been having a terrific time over the John Barleycorn problem because his wife can't see anything but the church side of it and he can't embrace all of her beliefs. He was a politician and a successful one but if there is a profession or trade on earth that requires a drink once in a while it is that of politics. But his wife laid down the law, without reservation, that he couldn't have her and have a drink.

They battled over the subject until she began to specialize in new-fangled religions and he took the side of new-fangled drinks. They have both become experts in their respective developments of the controversy but it has broken up their home and they are farther apart than ever.

My wife and I have solved the same

problem this way. When she wants to go to church I trot along with her and hear what the preacher has to say and when I feel as if a drink would do my soul good she goes along with me and listens to the bootlegger's words of wisdom. We each try to keep from going to excess in either direction and because I don't have to beat around the bush about it I am never tempted to drink all I can at once for fear I will never get any more. She knows she can have all the religion she wants so she takes small doses and there you are.

There's another little home tragedy I know about that is still different. This wife lost her head over the night clubs and the afternoon jazz-dance teas. She had a husband who was working hard and trying to provide a good home for her and their lovely baby. The wife is one of those blonde, dizzy little things, cute as can be but with no more idea of domestic responsibility than a kitten. Everybody in our home city knew her trouble before her husband found it out.

Finally a taxi accident in which his wife was involved compelled him to know the truth and it almost ruined him for life. Now he has the baby and the little home and a Swede maid has taken on the job his wife deserted. The last time I saw this wife she was whooping it up with her gang but at least I imagined I saw something sad and wistful-looking about her—an expression in her eyes that was not there when she had a home and a good husband and a baby.

OTHER friends of mine have other domestic troubles and problems and I do not wish to pose as being able to solve them all or even any of them. I do know that I have succeeded in eliminating trouble from my home life by the simple rule of fifty-fifty. The wife and I go halves.

My dumb wife couldn't tell you much about anything, except the simple things that interest her, to save her blessed little soul but when I want any clean collars or a cravat that has been nicely pressed or have to rush out of town for a conference with a business potentate and need a bag packed in a hurry I find everything ready. She doesn't forget my razor strop and it is never necessary for me to buy socks as soon as I get off the train.

We have had some ups and downs in the eight years we have been together. There have been times when the grocer and the butcher scowled and made remarks under their breath about the check for last month's bill not yet being received. There have been times when it wasn't possible for my wife to have a funny little new hat until long after most of the other women in the neighborhood had blossomed out in theirs. There have been times when silk stockings of any color or hue had to be replaced by plain cotton ones.

She told me then as she tells me now, I am the greatest man on earth.

My darling little, tousled-haired wife is as dumb as they make 'em when you compare her with some of the wives I know about, but when you consider she has made my home my paradise for all of these years and that she has found what she regards as perfect happiness in her husband and her home, maybe being dumb isn't so bad after all.

ARE you quick tempered, cross? Do you fly off the handle easily? Have you lost friends, lovers, because you couldn't control yourself? Then read How I Tamed My Wild Nerves *by one who knows in November* SMART SET

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Blackmailers Are After You!

[Continued from page 24]

'em you took our clo'es offen us an' attacked us."

The painter thought fast. He's a big, burly man in his middle forties with a large fleshy nose and thick lips. A fine chance he'd stand with a jury after those three little, histrionically capable brats had told their lies! They were vicious, street-wise little hellions, but it would have been hard to demonstrate that to twelve normally good men and true. He didn't dare let them scream. What to do?

HE HAD spent many long vacations on a Southwestern cattle ranch and souvenirs of the cow country hung on the walls. One of these was a long, strong, supple blacksnake whip

That whip was a hobby with the painter. He had learned the use of it from an old mule skinner who was said to be able to pick buttons off your vest with the lash at twenty paces. The painter grabbed it off the wall and cracked the lash within inches of those threatening, little naked bodies by the doorway.

"Keep your mouths shut and get your clothes on," he snarled with all the ferocity he could muster. "One peep out of any of you and I'll cut you in two with this. Move!"

They were hard street kids but the vicious swishing and snapping of that terrible whip was too much for them They dressed and ran. The painter watched from his window and saw them meet a middle-aged woman on the street and walk away with her, evidently explaining something She was the rest of the act!

The woman in a blackmail skit may be of almost any age and class. The games she plays are simple. She meets a man—usually an elderly man of wealth and position—and develops an affair with him. He furnishes an apartment. He digs for furs, jewels, silks, probably a car. While this goes on the lady is all cute kitten, charmingly helpless and purringly grateful. You couldn't find a claw on her person with a microscope. She's a honey-bunch and he's her sweet daddy. Anyhow that's his idea.

His real status, in the present day lingo, is that of "heavy sugar daddy." In the same patois, sugar is dough, coin, kale, money. Heavy sugar is lots of money. The heavy sugar daddy is the poor fathead who gives heavy sugar for the part-time favors of a light o' love.

In addition to her heavy sugar daddy and the furs, jewels, etc., that he buys her, the Lady has her sweetie. Always! She always has a sweetie. He's the joke on the Lady, the ironic and inevitable factor in the sordid triangle by which she becomes more an object of pity to the sophisticated, and less the creature of soulless greed her rapacious mulcting of her heavy sugar daddy makes her appear.

THE Lady, you see, is really a more complete dumb tool than the man she is fleecing. She loves her sweetie! Yes, indeed! She'd die for him. She often does. For him, or by him or both. She loves him and she gives him all the money she can get from the heavy sugar papa. In return for this, Sweetie loves her a little, beats her a lot and scorns her at all times. Whoever said there's no fool like an old fool didn't check up on young ladies, commercial young Ladies of Leisure.

Sometimes Sweetie has a job. Sometimes he's a confidence man, race track habitué or gambler. More often he's just a sweetie, a slim, sleek, worthless rat of a man with a pair of good dancing legs and the disposition of a dyspeptic louse. And the lady loves him! That's the funny, pitiful part of it all!

Sweetie is the one who plans and orders the Big Squeeze. They get something on the heavy sugar papa—not difficult you may imagine—and the Lady demands of him a large sum to keep still.

Usually he pays He gives the money to the Lady. The Lady gives it to Sweetie, who gambles it away or spends it in riotous living, and the Lady goes hunting another heavy sugar papa, a little sadder, but not a bit wiser. To the end of her horribly short time she'll give what she gets to some sweetie and get nothing back but a light kiss and a heavy blow.

A NOTORIOUS group of blackmailers in this country play a double game. Using a woman as a lure, they get a man into a crooked gambling house and take him for all they can get that way before the blackmail begins. Recently they got badly bitten by their own teeth, so to speak. The story of the way that happened is both humorous and romantic.

Not so long ago the leader of this band ran a gambling house on Long Island. A wealthy young New York society man was picked for a victim and a girl assigned to get him.

She got him. She took him to the gambling house where he played heavily and lost. But while he was losing his money he was winning the girl's heart. She told him the truth.

A few days after she made the confession, they disappeared. Later the man was heard from in Europe. Months afterwards he returned with a bride, announced as a beautiful girl of title from an obscure corner of Europe. But the bride who walked down the gang plank with him was the girl who had once lured him into a Long Island gambling den.

The gambling blackmailers laughed when they learned the girl's identity. They saw a chance for a big shake-down.

But something happened to chill their zest. I have said that murders can be bought cheap. The killing of a big underworld character comes high, but it too can be bought. Underworld characters know that. They know, too, that the police don't much care what happens to them. The young society man spent his money judiciously and the blackmailers crawled. They don't fancy a knife in the back or a bullet in the brain any more than an ordinary citizen. Today that young man and his wife live openly in luxury without fear.

Men are not the only victims of blackmailers. Women, too, sometimes are caught, but not often. Their downfall, in most cases, is brought about by the so-called "dancing men."

The old stand-by of blackmailers was the Mann Act, and it is still being used by the lesser fry. This act, a Federal statute, prohibits the taking of a woman from one state to another for immoral purposes. For years this law was used as a blackmail weapon against rich, foolish and fatuous men. Usually a gang did the work. One or two of the mob posed as Department of Justice agents, a serious crime. They would place their victim under "arrest" until payment was made. This was seldom played for high stakes, a few thousand from a man, after he had been persuaded by the woman to take a ride across a state boundary, being considered a good haul.

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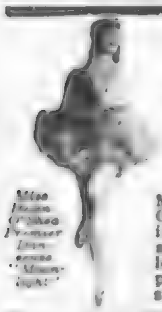

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Women who worked with these gangs found it was quite simple to blackmail their victims with threats of telling the Department of Justice unless the man paid up. If he refused the woman would make a complaint. Then, when a real agent showed up, the victim was usually willing to pay the woman and get her out of the way before she became a witness against him.

The Department of Justice, under the present regime, has put an end to this game. Colonel William J. Donovan, the famous "Wild Bill" of the 165th Infantry, and a Congressional Medal man, now heads the criminal division of the Department of Justice, as Assistant Attorney General. Under his rule, when a woman makes a complaint she is told to return in a few days. She goes away, believing the government will play her blackmail game for her. Then an agent investigates, and if it is a blackmail case, the woman learns, on her return, that action will be taken, but that she will be indicted too. After two or three found themselves facing a Grand Jury without immunity, this form of blackmail became unpopular.

COLONEL DONOVAN and his aides have prepared for me a little list of "Don't" in blackmail cases. They are:

Don't pay blackmail under any circumstances.

Don't be afraid of the Department of Justice; report the matter.

If the woman is guilty she will be indicted.

If there are others helping her, posing as agents of the Department of Justice, there is a long sentence awaiting them in the United States Penitentiary.

Blackmail succeeds only because the victims fear the publicity attending legal action. Hear Judge McIntyre on that subject.

"There is only one thing to do in blackmail—FIGHT. The blackmailers will fight back and right up to the last ditch, but when the final show-down comes they will drop the whole matter as if it were on fire. Then is the time for the criminal courts to act. Indictments could be brought, the case forced to trial, and I know that in New York the judges of the courts of General Sessions would do their duty and punish to the full extent. We know what is going on, but the victims will hardly ever bring a complaint.

"The existing law is such that, in theory, you bow to a woman on the street as you go to your office at nine o'clock in the morning and before you leave at four in the afternoon you have been served with a summons in a suit for breach of promise. A crooked lawyer, acting for the woman to whom you bowed at nine o'clock, can file a summons against you, have it served, and then come around with the complaint and suggest that you settle out of court, and at once. This condition has brought about blackmail on the gigantic scale that it is now practiced."

District Attorney Banton, of New York, has this to say about America's leading crime. His story is:—

"Every big city now has its organized groups of blackmailers. They flourish because their victims had rather pay and pay and pay than tell their troubles to the law and fight to the end.

"I want to say this to the people of the country, as well as those in New York: if any one tries to blackmail you, go at once to the prosecuting attorney. You can trust him. He will protect you and the judges will take care of the rest. Don't be afraid to tell the District Attorney. That is what he is there for."

Adds Gloss and Lustre, Makes Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair easy to manage and add to its natural gloss and lustre, this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and brush it through your hair when you dress it. You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

A generous sample FREE upon request.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will stay any style you arrange it, even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter. Try it! You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

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That is the advice of Banton, the District Attorney of New York, the most profitable blackmail field in the country. It is, in effect, the emphatic advice of all prosecuting attorneys, district, state and federal, who have anything to do with punishing blackmailers once they are turned up. It is the unqualified advice of all the judges one interviews on the subject. If you become the victim of attempted blackmail, just tell the authorities and everything will be jake. That's what all the authorities say. That's their solution of the whole miserable business.

Yet, in spite of the simple panacea they suggest, Banton says that he has been privileged to try but one real blackmail case since Armistice Day, 1918. And he is the District Attorney in the city where there is more blackmail per month than anywhere else in the United States.

How come? If the remedy is as certain as the authorities claim, why have not more victims availed themselves of the legal cure-all? These questions knock insistently at the door of an investigator's consciousness, demanding an answer.

IN SEARCH of that answer I went looking for a concrete example of one who had followed the advice of the authorities. I found poor scenery. In fact, for a time, I found no scenery at all.

At last a New York friend, a thorough man of the world, a man who has been on the inside of affairs as they are in this country for years, told me he thought some one in Chicago had gone to bat on a blackmail case ten or twelve years ago, cleared himself and put the despicable crooks who had attempted to shake him down back of the bars. He wasn't quite sure but he thought the man's name was—Well, we'll say Jones for convenience.

I went to Chicago and asked about the Jones who had had the nerve to fight blackmailers. Nothing doing. No Jones who had done anything of that sort. I grew desperate and began asking for any one in the history of the place who at any time had fought blackmailers and won out.

At last I identified the case. The name of the man he had recalled was not Jones, but Funk, Clarence S. Funk, wealthy business man and at one time head of the Chicago branch of the International Harvester Company.

Funk was prominent. He was wealthy. He was a man of family. He had a good name. He was active in church work. In short he was just the type that blackmailers choose to work on.

In 1911 they went after Funk with the customary scandal frame-up. Funk fought back. He did what the authorities agree the victim of attempted blackmail should always do and his case may be taken as approximately representative of what happens when a man of mark obeys the voice of courage and the advice of prosecuting attorneys in an extortion mess.

In 1911, a man named John C. Henning brought Funk to court in a $25,000 alienation suit. Henning was a person of no importance who had worked variously as car conductor, kitchen employee in hotels and at other similar jobs. His lawyer was Dan Donahoe, a veteran Chicago attorney with a previous good legal reputation.

The accusation against Funk was detailed and defined. Times and places were specified. Mrs. Henning went on the stand and tearfully admitted the truth of the charges. A trained nurse named Aileen Heppner told of having seen Funk and Mrs. Heppner enter a hotel room together at night. A bellboy swore that he had served the accused pair drinks in that same room on that same night.

It was front page stuff and every newspaper in Chicago played it as such. Funk, as he ultimately proved, was innocent, but while the trial was in progress he and his family were forced to breast a flood of fearful publicity. He was innocent mind you, and, yet, in going through the Chicago papers of the period, I find the following head on a front page news story:

SWEARS HE SAW FUNK IN ROOM OF
MRS. HENNING
BELLBOY AT GRAND PACIFIC
TESTIFIES IN $25,000.00 ALIENATION SUIT
OF HUSBAND AGAINST INTERNATIONAL
HARVESTER OFFICIAL
CARRIED DRINKS TO APARTMENT
MISS AILEEN HEPPNER, ANOTHER WITNESS,
TELLS JURY SHE SAW ACCUSED PAIR
ENTER ROOM OF HOTEL
PLAINTIFF GOES ON STAND

Pleasant reading with your grapefruit, that, eh? That was what Funk had for breakfast day after day.

The case ran its salacious course for weeks and ended in Funk's acquittal. The jury exonerated him, but the reading public had its doubts. Funk was legally clear, but still a stained figure to the public eye. He realized that and went on with the fight, charging Lawyer Daniel Donahoe and the Henning pair with extortion.

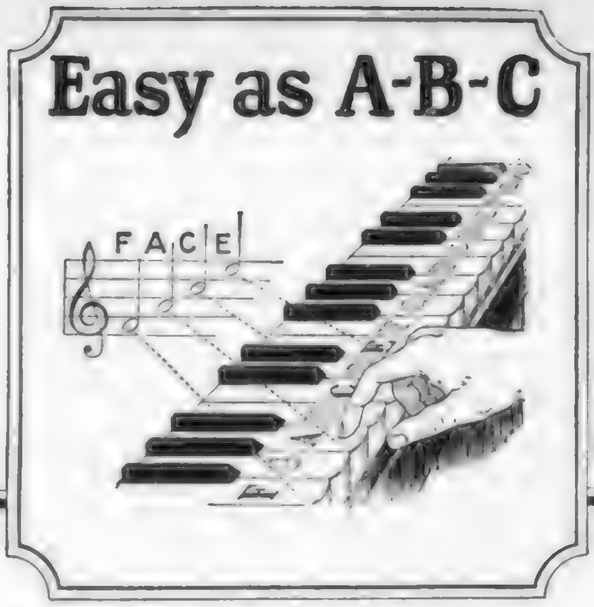
The Hennings fled from Chicago and were apprehended only after a long and costly search. When caught they confessed and were granted immunity. Mrs. Henning admitted that she had never so much as seen Funk until after the alienation suit was filed. She told how she and her husband were hired for the job and promised a certain amount of money for the performance of the parts they were to play. Donahoe and two of the witnesses were put on trial. The witnesses escaped but the lawyer was convicted of conspiracy and fined $2000.00. He appealed to the highest court, but the conviction stood. He was disbarred and died in disgrace.

THEY can be beaten, these blackmailers, beaten by a man like Funk, a man with a clear conscience, a clean record, a big bank roll and a fighting will. But travel over the trail to vindication is perilous, wearing and costly to a man marked for blackmail, in spite of the easy assurances of protection the authorities give. Funk's case proves that. He won out in the end but his victory reminds me of Irvin Cobb's answer to the man who, back in 1916, asked him which side was going to win the World War.

"Who won the San Francisco Earthquake?" said Cobb.

A blackmail battle is a dirty mess at best and there is no best. It is all bad for the man attacked. But if they ever pick on you, fight! You might just as well. If you try to buy peace, you'll find that the price you give up is only the first instalment of an endless number of payments in return for something you never get. If you don't pay you may be in for a scrap that will leave bad scars, even though you are declared a technical winner. But, maybe too, if you are willing to battle there won't be any fight. The ally of the blackmailer is cowardice. His worst enemy is courage. The moral is plain. Fight!

WHAT is the lure of the Orient? And what kind of a life does a victim of the Poppy God live? Next month SMART SET *will publish a true confession by a man who was caught in the snare of New York's Chinatown and of his fight to come back*



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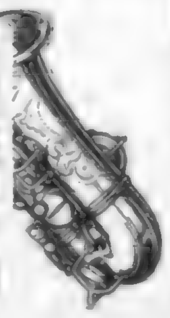

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Two Can Play at Love

[*Continued from page 68*]

and battled the desire to go back and claim Maida. A strange man brought her back. Harriet came over on the arm of Johnson.

There were several other dances that night with Maida. But, Harris was inevitable when I had her. "What a dapper little Smart Aleck he is," I said to myself as he whirled her off my hands for the third time running. One of these dancing fools! However, Maida seemed to enjoy dancing with him as much as with me. And this piqued me into a momentary pretense of sanity. I told myself I was not going to let myself go wild over a woman who got all the men. There wasn't any percentage in such a proposition for me, I insisted.

But, in spite of this effort to recover my balance, the vision of Maida was before me as Harriet and I were driven home from the club that evening. It was a silver night, languorous with the first real warmth of early June, and fragrant with flower scents. We were using the open Stutz, and the lights of homes on the Maryland hills gleamed and danced like stars as we sped over a Green Spring Valley road. Maida's home was on one of these hills, a show-place of the country.

THE next day I played my worst golf in five years.

It seemed as if every time I was ready to take a stroke, I saw Maida, or heard a mysteriously caressing sound, that was her voice. Each time we came to one of the roads that wound through the course I looked eagerly for her green Rolls-Royce. But the nearest I came to really seeing Maida Ellsworth was sighting her husband teeing off the twelfth.

It was in the locker-rooms that Ellsworth and I met to speak . . . and to drink a highball.

As casually as possible I mentioned I was staying on at the club for a bite. Ellsworth became quietly insistent that I run over to his place, White Pillars, offering more of his mellow Scotch, supper, and bridge as inducements. There was a Mrs. Gordon already there with Mrs. Ellsworth. I accepted, trying to camouflage my enthusiasm for the idea under protest that I might be upsetting previous plans.

"Nonsense, Richardson. We never make any hard and fast rules for Sunday night. All of us like bridge. As a matter of fact, I remember now that Mrs Ellsworth asked me to bring some one for a fourth."

White Pillars sat high and imposing upon a hill. It was just such a place as made an ideal background for Maida Ellsworth's aristocratic beauty. I drew my breath in sharply at sight of her on the porch as we swept up in Ellsworth's roadster. She was in pale gold—a dress that seemed part of her exquisite body. Mrs. Gordon was also there.

Supper was an informal affair with sparkling Burgundy to influence our congeniality. When a man finds himself in love with another's wife it is quite the natural thing for the former to try and appraise the situation existing between the wife in question and her husband. At the table I caught myself constantly trying to figure out the Ellsworths. He was thirty-five. A well built chap who somehow reminded me of a finely tempered blade of steel. She could have easily enough still been romantically in love with him.

But this did not appear to be the case on either side. One would hardly have judged them as man and wife by their attitude toward each other. She was a gracious, and as much the charming hostess to him in his own house as she was to me. But, nothing more.

They made an engagement for me to bring my wife over for bridge the next night and I tried to persuade myself Maida had let her hand linger longer in mine than was necessary to say good night. But, I could not be sure.

Harriet phoned at noon the next day to say she could not keep the Ellsworth date for that night. Dining in the city with some people—cousins from New York, I think she said. I saw my chances of seeing Maida go a-glimmering with chagrin. The whole world darkened—I lost my enthusiasm for lunch and everything. There was only one consolation. I must call Mrs. Ellsworth and explain. At least I would hear her voice.

Maida said she had just learned her husband would be detained in town for a business dinner. Could I corral another man? She would get a fourth. Mrs. Gordon perhaps. I was positive I could get a player.

I tried hard enough. But six-thirty found me desperate. Every man I had called was busy. I went over to the club hoping to pick up some lost soul. The place was deserted—eight o'clock. Afraid to phone and report my failure lest she call off my coming, I went in person.

Maida was alone—and wearing apple-green. I thought of her as a slim young goddess. Green made her seem no more than twenty. Neither had she been able to get any one.

"Too bad we both dined alone," she said, making no effort to avoid my devouring eyes.

It was the first encouragement she had given me. I pressed the moment, saying I'd wanted to invite her to dinner but was not sure she would have cared to accept.

"I was lonesome," she answered, and motioned me to a chair. I sat down in the library, possessed by an urge to kick myself for having muffed such a chance. "Chump—Dumb-bell," I berated myself.

We fell to discussing books. She had just finished John Erskine's, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." I had read the book the week before, and remembered it as a subtle and entertaining discourse on sex. Harriet, of course, had bluntly said Helen was nothing more than a loose woman, whose beauty and fame had glamorized her sins and indiscretions. Maida's opinion of Helen's love affairs made me hope she was airing her own views on the subject:

"FRANKLY, I believe Helen was right in saying that we all welcome the idea of falling in love over again, regardless of the fact that we know from past experience what the inevitable end of each love affair will be," she said.

"You mean disillusionment?"

"Yes——"

"Then, you admit personal disillusionment?"

"Who doesn't—if they're honest?" she returned.

I looked at Maida half-certain she was inviting me to believe that in spite of her own past experiences and her reputation she would welcome another adventure with romantic illusion. A new little pulse began to thrum in my temples.

[*Turn to page 94*]

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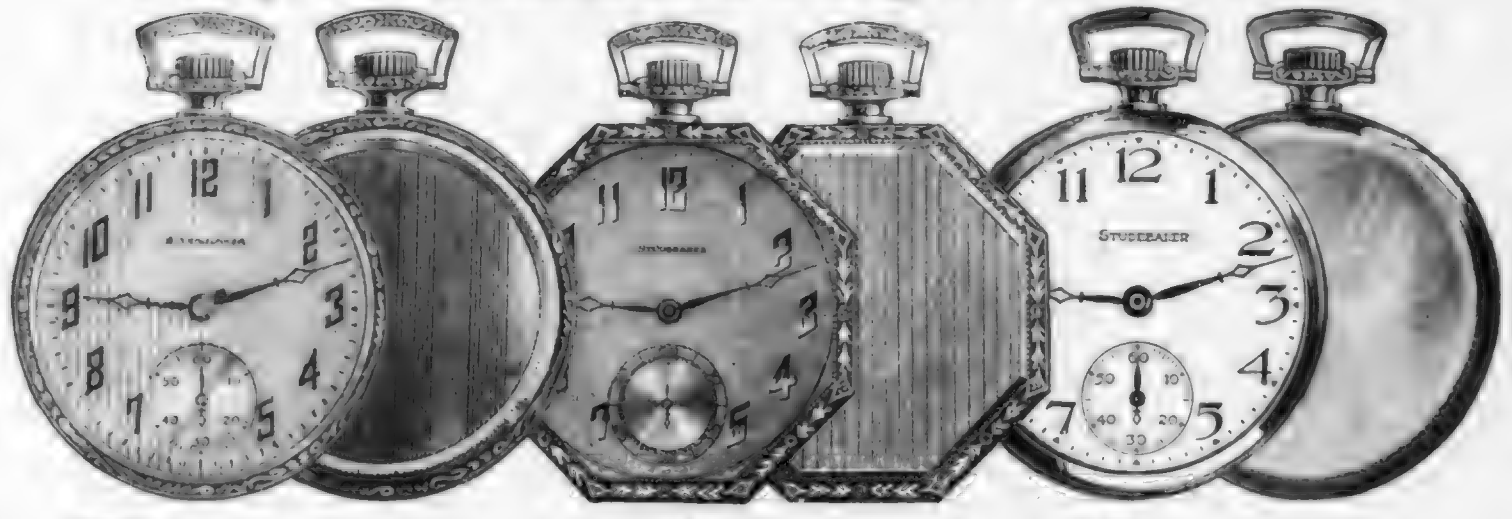

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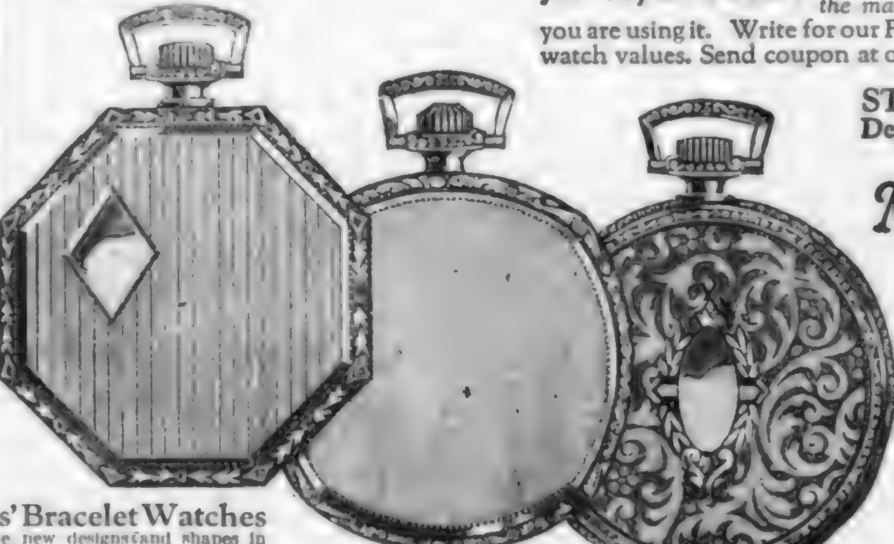

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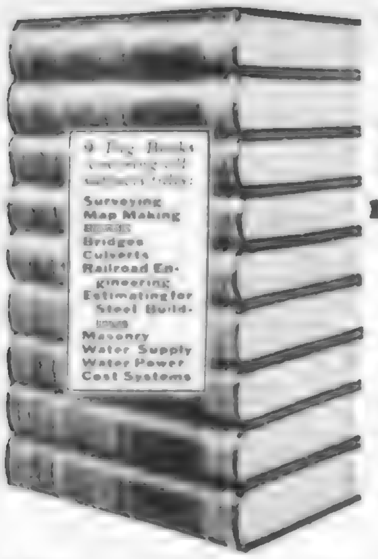

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Later, we stood on the veranda and watched a thin moon mount the southern skies. Our hands accidentally came together along the veranda railing. She did not move hers until I looked at her. Maida dropped her eyes to the floor saying it would be best if I left before her husband returned.

Friday of the same week.

Four days since I had seen Maida. It seemed years. All my hopes of that Monday night had turned into the despair of men that surrender to the appeal of women who are utterly out of reach. I had been starkly presumptive to think that I was any different to her from the many others she'd infatuated. I had——

"A LADY on the wire, Mr. Richardson," said my secretary, interrupting my pessimistic conclusions.

"Lady!" I repeated, wondering, "Who the deuce?"

"A Mrs. Ellsworth," she supplemented, having asked for the name.

I nearly snapped my desk phone from its connecting wire. Miss Henderson gave me a queer look. My face felt on fire, and my voice was not natural as I spoke into the transmitter.

I could hardly believe my ears. Maida Ellsworth was saying she was in my neighborhood with her car and chauffeur, and wondered if I'd like to motor home instead of taking the train. The desk clock was going around in circles as I looked at it.

"Four, to be exact. Your clock's a bit slow," said Miss Henderson, sensing I could not concentrate.

"Meet you at the Belvidere at four-fifteen," I almost shouted.

The Baltimore Pike, and the cut-in to the railroad station we used in our Green Spring Valley section, was crowded with home going traffic. We crept along. I secretly rejoiced over the traffic jam. It was just that many more moments of exaltation for me.

"She phoned you—she phoned you—" an inner voice drummed. That seemed the all of everything then. It was a sign.

"I have a sort of confession to make," she said looking out of the window.

"Confession?" I repeated. Was she motoring me out for reasons other than the ones I wanted to believe?

"Remember I said you reminded me of a man named Tom Winslow?"

"Y-es," I said noting that a little smile was playing around her lips.

"There was never any Tom Winslow. I was afraid you had heard of my apparent interest in your identity. A woman can't really afford to let a man think—well, not at first anyhow——"

"MAIDA!" was all I could find to say. The idea overwhelmed me!

We sat there after that like two persons under a strain. The strain of suppressing emotional impulses. Before either of us realized it we had reached the suburban station where I was to meet my chauffeur.

"Good-by, Bob," she said yearningly.

"I'm glad you told me, Maida. It—it'll help a lot."

She nodded understandingly, and offered her hand. I bent down swiftly, pressing it with my lips. When I looked up her lovely throat was arched; her golden head tilted backwards, and she had closed her blue eyes tightly after the fashion of women possessed by emotion. My heart began beating like a drum; an urge invaded my arms. I leaned forward. But, at that moment Maida drew away. She shook her head a bit wistfully, yet firmly.

"Good-by."

"Good-by, Maida."

She was gone. I stood there on the sidewalk bewildered that so much had happened so swiftly.

The passengers from the six-twenty were swarming out of the station. Dazedly I saw Ellsworth coming toward me. My voice sounded queer as I passed a few words with him. I remember looking away from his steel-gray eyes as we stood there.

"Your car waiting?" he asked.

"Y-yes, thank you."

I was anxious to get away.

He bowed, and got into his roadster.

The ride home was a dizzy affair. My conscience made me feel that Ellsworth had inexplicably suspected I was ill at ease in his presence. I thought Harriet suspected the same thing as we sat down to dinner and I frequently caught myself gazing off into space. Harriet seemed to be doing the same thing. Probably to let me know she was aware of my "mooning mood."

Shortly after dinner Harriet complained of a headache and went to her room. I paced the porch like a caged animal for minutes, craving the sight and sound of Maida Ellsworth. The haunting memories of our afternoon together drove me to desperation. I found myself in my roadster, and sweeping out of the gates.

Lights were gleaming in White Pillars. Just inside the great white gates I stopped my machine to invent an excuse for calling.

Maida's voice suddenly drifted to me.

"BOB—did you feel that I was here wishing for you——"

"I wanted to see you more than anything else in the world, Maida," I whispered taking her hands, and we stood close together.

"Dexter's reading a report as usual. Honestly, I don't believe he ever thinks of anything except business—and golf," she said petulantly.

Her eyes focused on my car. I understood.

Silver Lake, star-grained; lovely in the shadows of the trees under which we parked. The peace and quiet of the place began to throb as our eyes met.

"Maida," I began, covering her hands. "I—I——"

"Yes—Bob—I know," she said, looking at the lake. "I—I don't think we can—well, explain it in words. There's no use anyhow. We—we—just feel it—here," she said, lifting my hands to her heart.

But men in love must say things. I told her what was in my heart for her. She seemed afraid of the intensity my voice developed—as if it presaged the setting into motion of forces I could never control.

"Bob—it's madness. I haven't been able to think since Saturday night. You must remember—you're the first man to—to interest me this way in ages."

"I've thought day and night—day and night," I repeated, "of you, Maida—you—you——"

"Kiss me—once, Bob," she said, slowly closing her eyes, and lifting her lips up to mine . . .

She insisted on getting out of the car just before I reached the gates of White Pillars . . . "I don't dare take any more chances, Bob. Dexter is the quietly violent sort you know. Not the usual explosive Southerner! We must be careful. But, he's going away Monday for three days. Come that afternoon—about four——"

"It'll seem like years, Maida. Let me see you at the club——"

"It's wisest not to, Bob. Besides I can't bear being around you with others—

[*Turn to page* 96]

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now. Good-night," she whispered, throwing me a kiss.

What had started out for me as a man's reaction to feminine challenge took on the proportions of a love affair in my heart that night.

Four o'clock Monday came at last.

Maida seemed tense and nervous. The lights peering out of her blue eyes brought a treacherous premonition to me. She said we must stop before it was too late. Maida had grown afraid of our appeal for each other. Fever kindled in my blood. I swept her into my arms. She did not struggle with her bodily strength, but yielded tremulously against me as if she had surrendered to something stronger than herself. Yet, for all of her capitulation, Maida was the first to hear a sound in the hall and react. The fear of a trapped creature blazed in her eyes as she pulled away. As I stood there staring at her, I, too, heard those swift, military steps in the hall.

My hands groped for a book on the library table as Maida's flew to her hair. The next moment Dexter Ellsworth entered the room, and halting a few feet from me, poised himself like a blade of steel.

FOR a few seconds there was such stark drama as only ugly silence can produce. It ended, and then began all over again after Ellsworth beheld our obviously guilty appearances. His voice crackled through the library like musketry.

"I hardly expected to find you here with Mrs. Ellsworth at this time of the day, Richardson," he said, a cruel sort of smile twisting his lips—the smile of a man who suspected he had made an ugly discovery, and was determined quickly to confirm his suspicions.

"I—I thought you were in New York," began Maida.

He withered her with a look and three words: "My plans changed," he said.

Then to me: "Well, Richardson?"

It was like a command for information concerning my presence. Something had to be said that would smash his suspicions into bits.

"Mrs. Richardson and I were on our way for some golf, and stopped by to see if your wife wanted to join us——"

"And, Mrs. Richardson?" he asked, lifting his eyebrows. I felt as if I were being cross-examined.

"She—she forgot something and went back home to get it," I lied, hoping it would not lead to a trap.

"So! My business plans changing I came out for some golf. We'll make an—interesting match . . . Maida, suppose you get your runabout from the garage and drive us all over to his place. We'll pick up his wife, and go on to the Club," he said, giving me another one of his cruel sort of smiles.

I was trapped! If Harriet were home there was a slim chance to foil Ellsworth for I realized he had cunningly decided we should all go for my wife to prove, or disprove his suspicions. But—suppose she was not there? No chance then! A cold chill swept up and down my spine. I racked my brain to try and remember whether or not I had heard her mention plans for the afternoon. Some devil's voice whispered that she had said something about shopping in town. "God! if she's not home, we're ruined. And, even if she is there, my lie may be easily exposed. He'll mention her being at White Pillars. She'll deny it—" I groaned inwardly as we shot over the road, Ellsworth's eyes focused ahead of him in a cold, gleaming fashion.

That ride was agony and torture indescribable.

When we drew up in front of my house I tried to rush in alone. But, Ellsworth got out too. "I feel like a shot of whiskey, Richardson. Nervous reaction from my upset plans," he said, watching my expression. "Can I impose on your hospitality for a bracer?"

THIS was only a ruse to prevent me from seeing my wife alone providing she was at home. But I could not refuse. The strength seemed all sucked out of my legs as we went up the steps together. The front door was partly opened. I gestured Ellsworth through, my heart in my mouth.

My hall was a vast affair. To the right it opened upon a drawing-room and a connecting library. I advanced toward the drawing-room door, then pulled up short in my tracks. Harriet, my wife, was standing in the library, with Harvey Johnson. Their arms were around each other!

Shock made me stand riveted to the floor. My breath became trapped down in my throat. Then everything began to go around in circles—red circles. For in the twinkling of a second I had reverted to the incorrigibly primitive male. Anger fanned away the overpowering numbness that shock had caused. I wanted to kill Johnson. I would have rushed forward if fingers that were like steel pinchers had not dug into my arm. I wheeled upon Ellsworth. A strange little smile played about the corners of his lips, as he silently motioned me to follow him. We tiptoed out to the porch.

"Richardson," he said, "I'd decided to give you some trouble if your alibi was no good. But I've changed my mind. You've got a dose of your own medicine. It ought to open our eyes and show us the real way out. We go around paying all our attention to business—golf—other men's wives. Our wives are not to be blamed so much as ourselves. I think you understand what I mean," he said significantly.

I did. We looked at each other squarely.

He surprised me by extending his hand. A second later he was disappearing down the veranda steps. I went up to my room by a side door and mixed two strong drinks. Shortly afterward Harriet came in. She said she'd seen me over Johnson's shoulder: "Harvey came out to tell me good-by. He's off for Europe. Funny, my momentary romantic spree with him! Quite unlike me, you know. I wonder if I wasn't mostly lured by the idea that he was—well, the club sheik. You know, the man who sort of dares every new woman to see if she can't get him——"

"Meaning—our tendency to take up a challenge?" I asked.

She laughed as if something had suddenly struck her funny. Without exactly knowing why, I began laughing too. A bit sheepishly, I must say.

"To our little adventure in challenge and love," toasted Harriet, and with a sigh of relief we drank it down. I'm sure we both silently vowed, "Never again!"

CAN a girl make one mistake and then climb back into a censorious society and regain her respect and the respect of the world? One of the big thrills coming to you next month is I Lived a Lie, a human document straight from the heart of a weeping woman. In SMART SET for November. This is the first long instalment of a sensational serial.

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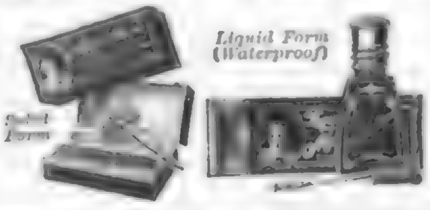

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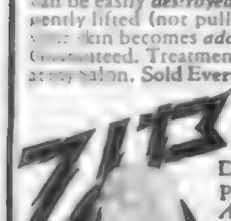

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THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. KOBI CO., 618 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
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Make Me Homely

[*Continued from page 71*]

The tea revived us and we were chatting animatedly when I noticed the papers on the chair. I picked one up and glanced at it, and the next moment I had monopolized Paula's attention by uttering an exclamation of amazement as I pointed to a picture on the back page

"Look!" I cried, thrusting it toward her, "There's the girl of the photograph!"

Paula stared at it as though transfixed.

"Why, it's Helen Dryden!" she murmured, reading the inscription in an awe-stricken tone, "daughter of the Philip Dryden, the big steel magnate."

"And she's to be married to Richard Waddington at St. Thomas's at half past twelve today," I added, my brain teeming with a hundred and one puzzling and bewildering thoughts.

WE WERE silent for a moment—thinking over the situation

"I know of Richard Waddington," I said. "He's thirty-seven and everybody's been wondering for years why he's remained a bachelor so long He's one of those men who lay themselves out to please women and generally succeed. Ever since he left Harvard he's had any number of affairs, but he seems never to have been in any danger of marriage until a month ago when he suddenly proposed to Helen Dryden. I've never seen her, but from all accounts Richard Waddington is a very lucky man."

"But why should Miss White—who is obviously not in society—wish to resemble Helen Dryden, who is?" asked Paula. "She must have a reason, but what is that reason?"

"Perhaps, the solution may be found at St. Thomas's at half past twelve," I said, rising, "and I think we ought to be there, Paula, even if we haven't been invited."

Everybody knows that the odds are the man is marrying for money and the woman because she wants a husband. Of course, anything is possible in society, even a love match, and I am not in a position to say that Richard Waddington was not in love with sweet Helen Dryden. On the way to the church Paula and I discussed our remarkable client until our tongues were tired and it was with feelings of relief we slipped into a pew at the back, and sat in silence in the gloom watching the arrival of the guests. They came in, thick and fast, for it was one of New York's greatest functions, and even those who were jealous of the bride and disliked the bridegroom put in an appearance because there is no society in the world keener on publicity than a society which consists chiefly of nobodies.

THE church was practically full at twenty past twelve, and as it was too early yet to keep a lookout for the bridegroom, there was a subdued hum of conversation. Suddenly a girl seated in front of me, hearing a movement, turned round and uttered a gasp of astonishment. Instantly, I followed her example and nearly jumped out of my seat, for there within a few paces of me was the bride, Helen Dryden. In a moment everybody in church was staring in her direction, and the stupefaction of the congregation amounted almost to panic. The bride arriving before the bridegroom! What horrors of bad luck it foretold! The more educated and civilized we are the more superstitious we become, and I doubt if there was a single person in church that day who on seeing the bride without the bridegroom did not decide instantly that this was a marriage which would end in disaster.

It seemed an eternity before Miss Dryden—it was easy to recognize her although she was veiled—moved on one side as the door of the church opened and to our intense relief Richard Waddington and his best man appeared. Neither of them, however, observed the girl in bridal attire and it was not until they had reached the pew nearest the altar that some one touched him on the arm and he turned with a start to gaze down the aisle. Immediately he saw his bride he advanced toward her and when they met half-way he gave her his arm. At this point three clergymen emerged from the vestry, and the organist, slightly flurried by the last minute change in the program, began to play a voluntary.

However, the singing of the hymn gave us an opportunity to recover our scattered and shattered wits, and the sensation had died away completely when bride and bridegroom stood before the tall bishop, who was to perform the ceremony. A hush fell upon the congregation as he began, but he had not spoken half a dozen words when the door of the church opened again and to the general amazement a second bride appeared who was a replica of the one at the altar!

And then in a flash I realized why it was I had been paid five hundred dollars that morning to make a beautiful girl homely.

Every neck was instantly craned forward and a death-like silence fell upon the church. Then some one coughed and broke the spell and we glanced from the bride at the altar to the bride at the door, who in her astonishment had come to a standstill and was clutching convulsively the arm of the tall, gray-moustached old gentleman beside her.

"THAT'S Philip Dryden," I whispered to Paula. "Of course, she's the real bride—the other's an imposter. I wonder that Richard Waddington didn't guess that, seeing she was unaccompanied and had no one to give her away."

By now young Waddington had guessed the true state of affairs, and thrusting from him the woman who vainly sought to detain him, he walked rapidly down the church to the real Helen Dryden.

"She must be mad," I heard a woman in the next pew whisper to her companion. "Evidently a lunatic, my dear, who dressed herself up to resemble the bride and hoped to gain social prestige by the trick. Well, there are many girls in society who have gained higher positions by trickery, but not by such a one as that."

Events now moved rapidly, for it was obvious that the crisis must be ended at once or the scandal of it would overwhelm both bride and bridegroom. Richard Waddington, very pale and obviously very distressed, went back to the altar where the false Helen Dryden was still standing, rigid as a statue, and for some minutes was seen to be speaking earnestly to her. Finally, two of his friends caught her by the arm and induced her to go with them into the vestry. Then the bridegroom went down the aisle once more and brought the real trembling and tearful bride to the altar.

A quarter of an hour later we were streaming out of the church, chatting, gesticulating, bewildered!

"Poor girl! They've taken her to a private asylum," said an elderly matron, as she stepped into her Rolls Royce.

I quote the remark because it was the general opinion, but it did not satisfy me altogether. The girl may have been mad but there was too much method in her madness to suggest that her strange conduct could be accounted for so easily. I had seen no sign of madness in her during the two hours she had spent with me that morning and, if she was not exactly in society, it had been obvious to Paula and to me that she was a girl of good family and education. That she also possessed money was proved by her readiness to pay us so large a fee. No, the solution was something other than madness, even if madness was not out of the question.

PAULA and I talked it over until we were nearly exhausted, and then, having failed to satisfy my curiosity, I took a taxi and drove to Mrs. Hammond's house, knowing that if she could not solve the mystery nobody else could, for it was a generally recognized fact that all gossip and humor eventually came to Mrs. Hammond to be sifted and refined until the truth, or something resembling it, was found.

"My dear, what a bit of bad luck for poor Waddington," was her first remark when I entered the drawing-room. "That was Bertha Callingham. I see you've never heard of her, but three years ago Richard's father was terrified lest he should marry her. I believe they were secretly engaged, but whether they were or not, Bertha regarded him as her property. I am talking now after the event, for at the time the whole affair was a secret except to three or four people, and as Waddington seldom appeared in society and she never did, it was easy for them to keep the secret. Then, as you may remember, Richard's aunt, Mrs. Radford, died and left him her entire fortune. That was a stroke of luck, for he was heavily in debt and the family property was mortgaged up to the hilt. I thought that once he was rich he would marry Bertha Callingham, but the possession of money made him ambitious, and a few weeks afterwards he proposed to Helen Dryden. The announcement of the engagement seems to have driven the jilted girl almost mad—I ought to say quite mad —for she had disfigured herself in order to resemble Helen and take her place at the altar. When I saw her in the vestry—she made a bit of a scene before they got her into a car just as the wedding party were coming in to sign the register—she was almost a replica of Helen. You see, she sent a bogus telephone message to Richard at twelve, to say that owing to sudden illness neither her father nor mother would be present at the ceremony."

I believed at the time that I could never forget the incident, but we live at such high pressure nowadays that it is not easy to remember anything more than a month old. That was the reason why I was so completely surprised about two years later when, opening my morning paper, I read particulars of the marriage of Bertha Callingham to a wealthy young army officer.

"ANOTHER woman got my husband away from me. I fought her for his love and I took him back." This the story one wife tells. Another says. "It's fatally easy for a married man to fall in love. That was true of my husband but I refused to take him back." Here are two answers to the question asked in September SMART SET, "Shall I Take My Husband Back?" *Read these two answers,* I Took My Husband Back, *and,* I Didn't Take My Husband Back, *given by two wives, in* SMART SET *for November*

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I Wish I Had Petted

[Continued from page 57]

shy, and spent most of my time outside school hours in reading. I had soon finished all the prescribed books in vogue at that time. After that I was interested chiefly in love stories.

But the love stories I read were never nearly so interesting as the love stories I thought up, mostly after I went to bed. I never hated to have bedtime come, it was so delightful to lie in the darkness and take up the current love story where I had left off the night before. Some of the episodes were so thrilling that I could scarcely bear to leave them and go on to think up others. Needless to say I was the heroine of all these lovely scenes. And in every one I was kissed!

OF COURSE, long before I finished high-school I knew that many thoroughly "nice" girls did pet. Some of them admitted it, quite simply and without shame. I envied them their ease with boys, their popularity, but for the life of me I could not adopt their free and friendly manner.

I was not ugly. Indeed, I was rather pretty, and my clothes were always in good taste. No—it was not my appearance, it was my manner, that kept the boys away from me. By the time I was eighteen my "niceness" had hardened into a mask of studied indifference and I was darned near being a snob.

My classmates thought me cleverer than I really was; they elected me to class offices, made me the editor of the paper, let me run the class politics; but the other girls had more fun, more dates, more buggy rides: the other girls had kisses, too—I knew it, and envied them. Oh, well, maybe it would be different when I went to college next year. Out in the Middle West we have chiefly co-educational colleges. My aunts had gone to the State University, and I was to be sent there, also. Here, I was sure, I would find romance.

"I DIDN'T. I was soon pledged to a good sorority, and almost from the first week I had a steady "suitor." He belonged to my class, and developed into one of the best students in school, a fellow much more interested in ideas than in people, in his work than in me. This was as it should have been, of course—from his parents' point of view; they were sending him there to acquire an education, not a sweetheart. But I wished he would be more lover-like, even though I was never the least bit in love with him.

By the time I was a senior I was beginning to think hopefully of marriage, for several loving pairs in my class were already engaged. There wasn't anybody in the class, not even my faithful "suitor" (who had never sued!) who appealed to me as a husband, but the idea of marriage fascinated me. Right around the corner might lie romance. The very next day, the very next vacation, *might* bring the Right One. How I dreamed of his coming! He would put his arm tenderly around me, try to draw me to him, as all the others had done, and as usual, I would draw away and say, with a sweet, pure look in my lovely, serious eyes (the adjectives are mine):

"I'm not that kind of a girl."

Then it was *his* cue to say—and the Right One would really *say* it:

"Of course, you're not! That's what I love about you, Constance, you wonderful girl—your dignity, your purity, the fact that you have kept yourself so aloof, that you have waited for me. That's why I worship you, darling! That's why I want you to be my wife." Then—tableau! Kisses! All I wanted, till death do us part

Rather a nice ideal, wasn't it? I hope it has worked out happily for at least part of the trusting little Puritans who have clung doggedly to it, as I did. But hear how it worked out for me.

My last spring at college was unhappy, and I did not know the reason why. I simply knew that I dreaded graduation. I didn't want a career. But of course I must go to work to earn my own living.

Thus I graduated, and went home, to take up a quiet, orderly, school-teacher life with my mother. Already she had planned that after a year or two of teaching, I should go back to the university, take my master's degree, and eventually become a college teacher.

The summer following my graduation, I met my first real suitor. He was a lawyer, fifteen years older than myself, who had recently moved to our little city. He was a fine talker and already popular in local society. He was good-looking, sophisticated, delightful. Of course I fell head-over-heels in love with him.

HE TREATED me with what I considered a proper respect for several months, calling on me frequently, taking me to ride, to such entertainments as offered in a small place, to a number of dances. Life was now full of charm and meaning. Outside, I preserved my carefully cultivated air of cool indifference; inside I was in a fever of excitement, thrills, ardor.

Then one evening he put his arm around me, tried to kiss me.

I drew away, pretending to be deeply offended, though my heart was pounding joyously.

"I'm not that kind of a girl," I said.

"What kind?" he asked, with a twinkle of amusement. I see now how funny I was, with my idiotic attempt at dignity.

"The kind that lets everybody hold her hand, and paw her," I explained cuttingly.

"You don't even hold hands?" he asked.

"No, not even hold hands," I affirmed sternly. Oh, the idiot, why didn't he grab me, kiss me! I had played my part correctly.

What he did was laugh at me, long and merrily.

"All right, fair Constance. It shall be as you wish," he said finally, when he saw that I was offended. "I'll treat you with all the distant respect that is due a Sunday School teacher. If you ever wish to hold *my* hand, don't hesitate. You might find you enjoyed it."

Of course I should have enjoyed it. But I was afraid. His interest in me soon waned. He was too kind, too well-bred, to drop me immediately, as younger boys had done. He called now and then, took me riding once or twice more, sent me flowers once again, and gently tapered things off. I had met him in June. After Thanksgiving I seldom saw him.

By spring I was ready to despair, and then Pete came into my life.

It was summer. The nights were moon-drenched, breathless. Pete was young and strong and alive to the beauty of it all. He took me by storm. His love-making surpassed anything I had ever imagined. He spouted poetry, he wrote divine sonnets about me (or some female), he sang to me, he made up the most beautiful descriptive phrases about me, he said all the lovely, ardent things that any romance-hungry girl would like to have said to her. And he kissed me. How he kissed me! By the hour! Until I could bear no more. After the first one, I made no resistance. Indeed, I had always known I should like kissing, so this was no surprise. The thrill came in at last knowing a man who wanted me enough to beat down my first resistance.

Any sensible girl enjoys being loved, receiving a daily letter full of the most thrilling, flattering phrases. Pete was a wonderful lover; he still is—and is very successful in winning women. We were engaged when we had known each other six days, married after six months. I found him so exciting, his love-making so thrilling to my starved heart, that I honestly believed I loved him.

Our honeymoon was glorious! Even now I thrill at the memory of it. But when the first glamor wore off, I found I had married a complete stranger. Aside from the fact that we were both white and Americans, we had practically nothing in common.

Beyond kissing, there were few things we enjoyed doing together. I liked fiction, he liked poetry; I liked plays, he liked symphony concerts. Our taste in friends was just as different, though I tried manfully to enjoy his kind, and I met few of my own kind in the eastern city to which he took me. He criticized my clothes, my manner, my taste. We were mis-mated and unhappy from the first, and he soon turned for consolation to other women who liked poetry and understood symphony. We stuck it out for half a dozen years before clearing the air by a frank admission that our marriage had been a mistake. Then we separated.

BUT I have never blamed Pete for the complete failure. In many small things he did fail, certainly. I did, too. But the chief failure was due to our utter incompatibility. Reason had no part in our courtship. It was, on my part at least, solely a matter of the senses. I had never had any petting. I should have been taught to pet, made to do it! For it is a fearful handicap for any girl or boy to grow up without having enjoyed many warm, comfortable, free-and-easy friendships with youngsters of the opposite sex, friendships warm enough to include some hand-holding and kissing.

Of course, there always have been and always will be girls who are just frankly bold and predatory little animals, out to get all the sex excitement they can; I don't advise sweet, wholesome girls who honestly wish to be good to imitate them. But I do advise all the sweet and wholesome girls to believe that most boys are decent and wholesome, too, and that it is not an indecent or unwholesome instinct for youth to indulge in a little petting.

There may be, in some cases, danger in obeying these youthful impulses. It would be silly to deny that caresses often lead further. But I maintain that in those instances the intention, from the beginning, was to go beyond caresses.

The danger in repressing the natural instinct to pet is that sooner or later somebody is going to come along who will overcome the old repression—and then there will be a rush of excitement to the head, and the poor, shy, hitherto, unkissed, unpetted young creature will gasp and say:

"This is wonderful! This must be love!"

Lots of married unhappiness, hundreds of mis-mated pairs, many divorces, I feel sure, would be avoided if parents approved of more and better petting.

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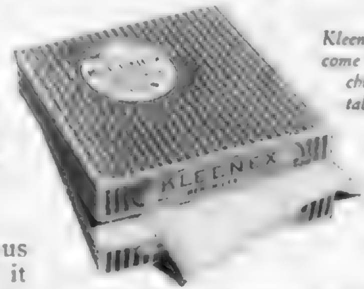

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A Wife Who Couldn't Be Bad

[*Continued from page 39*]

wedding night. They were bitter to me now.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I cried wringing my hands, "what shall I do?"

"Make the best of a bad job like the rest of us, my girl."

Everything went black before me. I put out my hand and groped for a chair. When the darkness lifted I found my father gone and myself back in my old place at the writing table, my husband's quill pen in one hand, in the other a telegram addressed to Dr Raymond Galbraith, New York.

"IT'S most important," I told the footman who stood beside me, waiting with his silver tray and his wooden face. "See that it goes at once." I pushed past him quickly and went out into the hall.

* * * * *

Upstairs in the little bare room he had chosen for his own out of all the forty odd rooms in the great white house, my husband lay on his iron bed.

I sat by his side and I held his hand. The icy wind blew through the icy-cold room. The future stretched itself out before me, gray and grim. My thoughts went round and round in my head, desperately seeking some way out of this hideous coil—and finding none.

"A rat in a trap!" thought I.

"Oh, if you please, Ma'am . . . if you please——" A quavering voice broke the silence. "If you please."

"Yes, Robins, what is it?" I turned my head languidly to find the old butler standing beside me holding out a visiting card. His hands shook as if he had the ague. A tear hung on his wrinkled cheek like a drop of dew on a faded leaf.

"The gentleman from New York, Ma'am. The doctor," he whispered. "He's come."

"The doctor!" At the word I jumped to my feet. "Where is he, Robins? Where is he? Why did you leave him downstairs? Bring him up, of course, show him in. Hurry! Hurry!"

I TURNED back to the bed, leaning down over my husband, plunging my eyes deep into his eyes, pressing his hand to my breast in my excitement.

"Dr. Raymond Galbraith," quavered the old butler's voice.

I turned quickly and ran forward with outstretched hands. Halfway across the room I stopped stock-still as if I were transfixed. In the dim light, standing in the doorway, I saw a tall man of slender build. His ardent eyes looked at me out of his weary white face. His hair lay slicked back to his well-shaped head like a coat of shining black paint.

It was my secret lover come to life.

"What are you doing here?" I gasped. "Why have you come?"

The man opened his thin red lips and answered me.

"You called me and I came."

"Oh, why have you come?" I cried. "Oh, God! Why have you come?"

With a supreme effort I wrenched back my self-control.

"This is very good of you, doctor, to come so far. I will leave you to examine your patient alone."

I passed him by with a distant bow, opened the communicating door and went into my own room.

In my bedroom the fire was burning, all the candles were lighted.

To go from John's cell, with its white walls and its empty grate, into that exquisite apartment of mine was like passing into another world, a world adorned with luxury and wealth, gracious with warmth and light.

I sat in my pink satin chair and looked at the door as I had sat and looked at the door in the Ritz Hotel. I thought as I had thought on my wedding night, "Supposing the door opened and he came in——"

At the thought, reaction, fierce and strong, seized me, shaking me from head to foot as a reed is shaken in the wind. I forgot the weary days, the sleepless nights, the bitter cold. Fatigue and despair fell from me. I was warm and rested and young. I was mad for life and love.

At the moment the sound of the gong went booming through the house.

In all the days in all the years Robins had rung that gong. Though none now answered its ringing, though none now came down to eat the meals that still were served, he rang it still, fond, faithful fool, in the desperate hope, maybe, that the master he loved would hear its sounding and rise up from his bed of sickness and come down.

"BOOM! Boom! Boom!" went the gong, rolling like thunder through the empty corridors of the silent house. It conjured up before me a vision of shaded lights and sparkling glass. It woke in me the ravening desire for food and wine. Long before it had finished its booming I was out of the room, down the passage, and standing at the top of the stairs.

At the foot stood a tall, slender figure, supremely elegant in black coat and white tie with ardent eyes and shining head and a crimson rose that burned on his breast like a flame.

Slowly the tired face of my lover lost its weariness. Slowly the red lips parted showing the perfect teeth.

"So you've come!"

I lifted my eyes, bright with passion, languorous with desire, and gave him a look, a look with the very essence of sex.

"You called me and I came."

"Madam is served," the old butler said beside me.

With never a thought for the sick-man upstairs lying lonely and helpless in his iron bed, we drew together. Arm in arm as two lovers should, we crossed the great hall and went into the dining-room.

I looked across at my lover taking his ease in my husband's chair, eating his food, drinking his wine, and I marvelled at myself. "This is how murderers must feel," I thought. "They know what they're doing is wicked. They know if they're caught they'll be hanged. But the thing's too strong for them. They can't help themselves, poor wretches. They do it all the same."

I turned to the old butler standing behind my chair and said:

"Take the ice; give me the coffee; put out the lights and go."

WITH a furious impatience I watched him do my bidding.

My lover and I were alone.

Yet—had I not sat with him thus, in thought, a hundred times before: in the garret, when he sat with phantom pen writing his ghostly books; on the great white yacht that had transported us in my dreams to enchanted islands washed by the magic of purple seas; on the heights of life when we had toiled together in the service of a suffering world; in the depths when I had agonised outside the prison walls while he had expiated the pains of unknown sins within.

Hundreds of times we had sat together in my dreams, he and I.

Now, for the first time, we sat together, real man, real woman—alone.

I pushed back my cup and my plate. I put my two elbows on the table and rested my chin on my folded hands. I looked at my lover across the table, sipping my husband's coffee and I felt myself go hot and cold all over.

"Well," I said. "let's hear the worst and get it over! I want the truth and I want it quick. Is it kill or cure?"

Over the unlit cigarette the red lips parted.

"There's only one cure on earth for a disease like his."

"You mean you can do nothing?"

"Nothing."

"There's no hope?"

"None."

I GOT up out of my chair and went and stood beside him trembling in every limb. The blood was pouring through my head like a cataract. My heart was beating like a drum.

He turned in his chair, my husband's chair, and held out his arms. "Come to me."

"No, no, no!" I cried. "Oh, John!"

I cried and went to him. I fell on his breast. I slid to his knee. I gave myself up to my lover's kiss with my husband's name upon my lips! The divine madness that creates, obliterates, annihilates the world was mine.

"No, no no!" I cried. I tore my lips from my lover's mouth. I tore my body from his arms. "No, no, no!" I cried, and staggered to my feet.

Shuddering and gasping I stood there clutching my victory that had cost me dearer than defeat.

The eyes watching me across the table narrowed till they were mere slits of light.

"So that's how it is, is it? Promise everything, give nothing! The virtuous modern woman! So you're one of them!"

"I'm not," I cried fiercely. "I'm not! I promise nothing and give everything. Make me, take me, break me—I'm yours. But we've got to tell my husband first."

"Tell your husband? How can you tell him, you sweet little fool? He can't hear."

"Then we'll write it down on a piece of paper and hold it up in front of his eyes so that he can read it."

"How can he read it, you sweet little fool? He can't see."

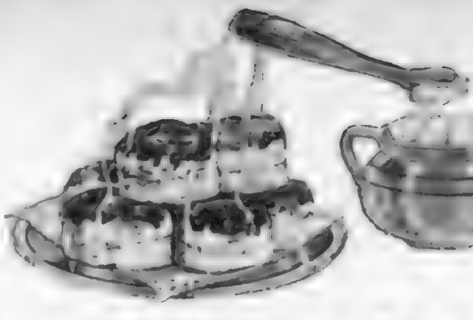
"He can," I cried shaking with passion. "He can! If he can't, why do his eyes follow me about the room?"

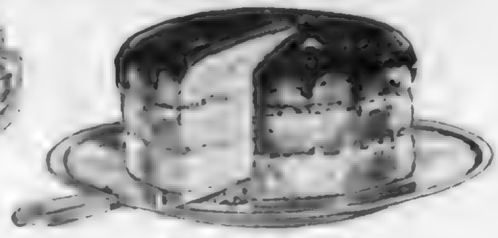
"Pure optical illusion, just as the painted eyes of a good portrait seem to follow you about a room. Come here and kiss me, you sweet little fool. No need to worry that pretty head. Your husband knows nothing."

"He knows everything!" I said.

I stood watching his slender fingers fitting one of John's cigarettes into John's holder—the slender black onyx holder with the little band of rubies I had bought him out of my own money and given him from under my pillow on Christmas Day. A dozen times I had told old Robins to put it away; he still persisted in putting it out, on the same principle as he rang the gong I suppose, in the unquenchable hope that his master would hear its ringing and come down to find it lying ready for him in its place. I asked myself furiously why the old idiot didn't do as he was told. Somehow it irked me to see the thing my husband had said was too precious to use, accepted as a matter of course by another man.

The sound of his voice startled me.





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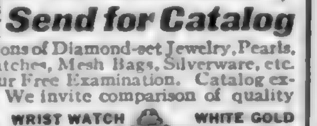

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Name

Address

"Well, my pretty! Still repenting the sins you haven't committed? How much longer are you going to keep me waiting for another kiss?"

His eyes, ardent again and shining like two black diamonds, called to me, mocking me through the rings of smoke.

Suddenly the thought of those other eyes came to me; eyes glazed with pain and endless torment; eyes steadfast even in hell. They called to me, those eyes, like a human voice.

I slipped my hand into my bosom and took out the little black glass bottle and laid it down by my side.

ON THAT exquisite table with its shining crystal, its fruit and its flowers, it took on a strangely sinister look.

"What's that?" said he.

"The medicine you gave him."

"What medicine?"

"At the Front. Don't you remember?"

He shook his head.

"The poison!"

"Poison?"

The sleek black head flashed round to the velvet curtains and back again to me. He reached out and picked up the little black glass bottle with a covert hand.

"Where did you get that?"

"John gave it me."

"When?"

"On our wedding night."

"That was a strange thing for a man to do. What did he give it to you for?"

"He was wild with excitement and nerves. I believe he thought he was going to be struck down that night. He made me swear that if ever it happened I'd send for you. He gave me this bottle to keep."

"Then you'd better not keep it any longer. There'd be the devil to pay if this were ever found." He turned with a quick sharp movement as if to throw it into the fire. I caught back his hand.

"Stop!" I cried. "You can't do that!"

"Why not?"

"You've got to give it to him."

"What? I give your husband poison?"

"Didn't you promise to at the Front?"

The elegant shoulders dismissed the question with an impatient shrug.

"Oh, the Front! In a hell like that one promises a man anything that may help to steady his nerve."

"Death's death," I said. "It makes no difference here or at the Front."

"Don't you believe it, you sweet little fool! When a thousand men are dying every day of the week one more or less doesn't count."

I looked at him curiously. It seemed to my excited fancy as if his strange exotic beauty were a trifle dimmed as the brilliancy of a painting might fade when faced with too strong a light.

"I thought you were one of those wonderful new men who believe a doctor's first mission in life is to put an end to unnecessary suffering when there's no chance of a cure."

"A doctor's first mission in life is to look out for himself," he answered me grimly. "You don't expect me to risk my neck for nothing, do you?"

"Oh, not for nothing!" I opened my bag and I handed him the letter.

"What's that?"

"A letter to you from John."

"For *me?*" He picked up a silver dessert knife from his plate and ripped it open. He took out the check. A half sheet of paper folded in with the pink slip of paper dropped to the table unseen.

I picked it up and read it. There were only five words:

> God bless you!
> JOHN WESTMACOTTE.

The bold hand writing, the simple words, gripped me by the throat until I could have screamed out with pain. No whining self-pity here; no cries for help; no shadows of doubt but that the bargain made would be fulfilled. Nothing but perfect confidence in the word of his friend. "God bless you." How exactly like him! It was like a breath of strong sea air blowing through an over-heated room.

"I say, do you know what this is for?" He turned on me a face of stupefaction holding out the check.

"It's for twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Is it?"

"What's the idea of making it out to me?"

"He said it was your fee."

"My fee! He must have been crazy. A man would need to have millions to write a check like that."

"But he *has* millions."

"Who told you so?"

"He did."

"When?"

"The day he called me in from the garden to tell me he'd made a new will."

"What day was that?"

"The day he was struck down."

"Did he make it?"

"Yes."

"Did he sign it?"

"Yes."

"Did you read it?"

"No."

"Then you don't know how he left it?"

"Yes, I do. He told me. He left it all to me."

"All? He left you all the millions?"

"All the millions," I said.

The thought of that stupendous fortune fell on the quiet room like a blow. It was as if a golden abyss dividing us had opened at our feet. We stood sounding the depths of each other's eyes in a silence more pregnant than speech.

Romance with her magic veil had vanished into the darkness like the pasteboard puppets into the black heart of the clock. Across the shining abyss of gold, four centuries wide, three millions deep, my lover held out a compelling hand.

"Come to me."

I went white; I went red, then went white again. Every drop of blood in my body screamed to me to take that hand but something stronger than myself prevented me. I held on to the top of the highbacked chair beside me as if the floor were slipping from under my feet. But I stood firm.

"Not till we've told John."

"Then I must come to you!"

HE CAME to me with his noiseless tread. He slipped his arm round my waist. He drew my face down to his breast. He laid his dark head on mine. His voice, honey-sweet, came to me as I knew it in my dreams.

"Happy?"

"Yes."

"Glad I came?"

"Yes."

"Love me?"

"Yes."

"Coming away with me?"

"Yes."

"Sail away in our great white yacht to all the lovely places we've seen in our dreams?"

"Do you dream, too?" It wasn't like talking at all; it was like thinking aloud. "Do you dream, too?"

"All men dream, my pretty. Your thoughts are my thoughts. Your dreams are my dreams. Don't you know the whole of life is nothing but a dream?"

"Oh, lovely, lovely dream," I thought. "Go on forever! Let me never wake again!"

But the honey-sweet voice was whispering to me again.

"We'll fly over the mountains to our enchanted island, eh?"

"Yes."

"Lie all day in the burning sand in the burning sun?"

"Yes."

"Swim all night in the moonlit lagoon . . . float with the silver stars and the golden suns in the purple sea?"

"Yes."

"And love each other always—night and day?"

"Night and day."

His lips straying among my curls came to rest on the tip of my ear.

"Never get tired of being loved?"

"No."

"Never get tired of being kissed?"

"No."

"Never get tired of being alone with me?"

"No."

"Just you and I and *love*!"

"And love," I sighed. I stirred in his embrace like a tired child. My hand relaxed and fell to his.

"Ever want to have a child?"

"Yes."

"*My* child?"

"Yes."

"Your hair; my eyes . . . Queer to see oneself running about in the sand! Little hands clutching you; little voice calling you . . . You'd like that, eh?"

"Oh, God!" I cried.

"Crazy to have one, eh?"

"Crazy."

"Crazy about me?"

BUT this time I didn't answer him. I was past all speech.

"Not telling, eh? Well, I'm crazy about you." His arm enfolding me tightened. The magic voice dropped to a deeper note. "Kiss me!"

"Oh, dark secret lover!" I thought to myself. The gipsy jingle went round in my head. The jade beads burned round my neck like fire.

"Kiss me!"

I felt myself stiffen in his embrace. My eyes opened and the something that was stronger than myself looked up at him unvanquished.

"Not till we've told John."

"Oh, damn John! Kiss me, you little devil, kiss me!"

"No!"

The harsh discordant voice, the flaming furious eyes shocked me back into reality like the breaking of a spell.

"*No!*"

I tore my body from his grasp. I set my arm, a bar of iron, between his lips and mine. "Not till we've told John."

"Then tell him, you little devil! Tell him!" The weary white face went black with rage. "I'm not preventing you, am I? Tell him! Scream it in his ears! He can't hear! Shout it from the house tops! He won't care! Tell him you love me! Tell him you've kissed me! Tell him you're not his, but mine! You go ahead and tell him! And after you've told him," the red lips lifted in a mocking smile showing the perfect teeth, "after you've told him, put on your pretty chinchilla coat and your pearls, my love, and come away with me!"

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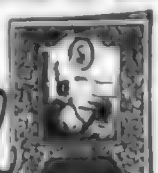

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Girls, Beware of Women Friends

[*Continued from page 52*]

jesting about impropriety, the excusing of impurity. "Advanced" ideas regarding sex relationships, discussed so glibly, are cunning propaganda for free love: while distorted psycho-analysis offers a ready-made excuse for moral delinquency.

It is but one logical step to social adventures that heretofore the wife would have considered highly improper. Trysts with men, dinners, night clubs. Coarse stories no longer shock her. She even essays some suggestive witticisms herself—at first only with her woman friend. But presently when vulgar stories are told by men or to men in her presence she is not embarrassed.

It is the average man's boast that he never insults a decent woman. That is so even of the roué. But from any man's viewpoint the woman who condones filthy talk is outside the barrier of decency.

One does not have to draw material from police courts to know that society holds many women eager and ready to contaminate other women. There is no one place to lay a finger on them. The vivacious high-school girl, demure before grown-ups, followed by admiring girls and approved of by fond parents, may be a moral canker spot in a whole school. Not alone the dashing widows but also the seemingly circumspect wives and mothers may be in the front ranks of these sowers of impurity.

Young or old, the woman whose soul has been contaminated seems to be like the usual drug habitué—resistlessly driven to seek company in her obliquity.

There are several possible explanations for this, ranging from psychology to expediency. Among the married wantons some attach to themselves a virtuous woman to blind the world to their own misdoing; others capitalize innocence to advance their own depravities.

The passé matron is of the latter sort. Her physical attractions have waned, her wiles have lost their potency. The young wife she has annexed possesses the very attractions she lacks—youth, beauty, ingenuousness, innocence; the qualities that allure men, especially men of the sort who constitute Mrs. Passé's social following. Mrs. Passé will catch a Lothario for herself by using the younger woman as a bait. Of course, she picks only the fairest of flowers. No weeds fo her. The more modest and unsophisticated the novice is the better she will suit the purpose.

From the earliest dawn of her reasoning faculty, a normal girl is inherently modest. When she first realizes the differences between the sexes she is little more than a baby; but thenceforth, unconsciously, she is influenced by it in her play with boys.

NEW York City's Court of Domestic Relations is known as the Graveyard of Dead Romances. Judge Charles A. Oberwager presides over this court. Before him, day after day, pass the sorry and sordid remnants of broken hopes and twisted loves. Out of his observation and experience, Judge Oberwager has won understanding. He is giving his thoughts to you in the pages of

SMART SET

On page 50 of this issue appears his article on the danger to girls of bad women friends. After reading that kindly warning, you will not want to miss his answer to the question

Is A Woman's Past Her Own?

Just how much should a woman tell? Is she under bond to tell more than the man? If she tells will the man forgive and forget? Can she ever escape the shadow of the double code? You will get light on this problem from Judge Oberwager's article which will appear in November SMART SET

Then scarcely does the fond mother seem to have taken her hand from the cradle before the girl reaches the dangerous age—the age of adolescence. "Dangerous!" jeers the complacent parent. "Why, she's only a child. Surely she's safe"

Physically safe, yes—safe in a degree.

But this unchanged, sexless child to her parents is unfolding mentally like a bud into an entirely new being, a being assailed by strange instincts and emotions that puzzle her. Her moral character is in the shaping. She is in her most plastic age, grasping eagerly at all information that involves sex. Whatever she imbibes at this period, good or bad, is going to make a permanent imprint.

She is hungering for information that, she reasons instinctively, she may acquire from other older girls without assailing this new embarrassing modesty that has come to her.

Why doesn't she go to her mother? False modesty. The girl is ashamed to betray her gnawing interest in a taboo subject. So she seeks explanations from other girls, and explanations come even if she does not seek them. But what sort of explanations? At best conjectures, incomplete, attractive by their very indefiniteness and by the secrecy that surrounds such confidences.

Think if she falls under the tutelage of a bad girl! Think of the distorted explanations she will get, explanations grossly exaggerated that will allure where they should cause sane fear.

Some years ago there were brought into court six youths and six schoolgirls whose hair hung in plaits—this being before the era of the bob. They had been arrested in a furnished flat that had been called a "literary club."

As the shocked public got the case, those little girls had fallen victims to the six youths. Actually they had fallen victims to one of themselves, a girl of sixteen.

For months, it appeared, the youths had hung around the schoolhouse trying to get acquainted with the girls. They made no progress. The girls would flutter and giggle, but hurry on.

But the older girl did get acquainted

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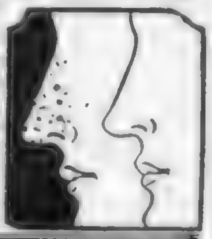

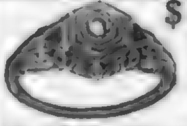

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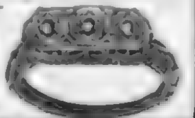

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with one of the youths, and through him met the rest of the boys. Meet the other girls? Sure—nothing easier. Forthwith she cultivated an acquaintance with the various girls, then "introduced" them to her "young gentlemen" friends. Now everything was perfectly conventional and the girls were satisfied.

But how was this romantic friendship to prosper? The girls were not allowed out evenings; and of course their parents would not permit them to have male company.

Again the older girl. Why not form a literary club where they could all meet? Nothing could be said at home naturally, because all parents are such cranks.

Proper? Why, of course. She brushed aside all their feeble objections, soothed all their qualms. It would be just a little fun among themselves. Safe? Why, they'd all be together, she argued; and did the girls think for one minute that she, who was older than they, would go into the affair if it was wrong!

EVEN in this so-called "alcoholic age," the young girl hears constantly of evils that accompany the use of drink. If she uses it, she is told, she will endanger her health, her beauty, her reputation. She is warned particularly that to drink with a man is highly dangerous. For this reason a girl seldom takes her first drink at the urging of a man.

A young girl and her escort had been arrested for quarreling on the street. She was intoxicated. According to the young man they had been to a party and she had taken too much to drink. That was all. The girl's story changed the aspect of the case.

Her home was in the country and coming to New York some months before to work, she had shared a room with a friend from her home village, an older girl who had been in the city several years.

This girl introduced her to her male acquaintances, among them the young man in the case, and there had followed frequent invitations to dine at table d'hôte restaurants of the type that still serve drinks to known patrons. At first the young girl refused to drink anything. Her girl friend scolded.

"Every girl drinks nowadays," was her argument. "It's not considered wrong any more."

So she drank a little wine and found it agreeably enlivening and a quieter of uncertainty.

Cocktails as the next step didn't seem nearly so shocking. Presently the chum from back home began to show her true colors. Since her little friend was practically in the same boat with her, she wasn't afraid of stories going back home about her.

Step by step, under the lash and lull of alcohol, the novice swept down stream. She stood now in the Woman's Court, branded, a withered flower with no hope of social regeneration unless the fascinating young man could be induced to marry her.

The woman or girl who is most dangerous takes care that her mask is disarming to husbands and parents. Her eyes may seem frank and innocent, her demeanor modest, her ideas wholesome. That is why she usually is accepted at face value.

One bad girl can contaminate a hundred good girls—and this while the good girls are trying to reform the bad girl. Heads of institutions in charge of large numbers of girls know this from experience and guard against it continuously.

I do not hold for prudery. A girl attaining the age of understanding should be acquainted with all the proper facts of sex. But the knowledge should be clean knowledge put in a wholesome way.

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Her Wedding Ring

[*Continued from page 28*]

"Don't take it too hard," he said. "You're not the only one."

The way he said it made me think he had tried it himself. And if this old bird with all his money could not have his own secretary for his sweetie what chance did I have?

"I don't understand it," Mr. Sothern said. "It's beyond me why that girl hasn't married before this. There's something queer about it."

"Maybe she is one of these man-haters," I said.

"WELL," he answered, "maybe one man made her hate all men."

That was something else to think about. What man had made this girl so sour on the whole male sex? I'd find that out, too.

I started to thank Mr. Sothern again, but he said, "Thank Miss Emerson." So when I went out I tried to do that, but she actually snubbed me.

"Gee," I said, "you ought to let me tell you how much I appreciate all you've done for me. If you hate me so much, why did you do it?"

"The matter of personality does not enter into it," she snapped. "I did nothing for *you*. Whatever has been done was for Mr. Sothern and the Essential Trust Company."

"But you *do* hate me," I persisted.

She looked up at me coolly.

"Why should I either like or dislike you? And why should you worry whether I do or not?"

"I *do* worry, because I *do* want you to like me. I've never wanted any one to like me so much as I want you to."

"So you could add me to your list of victims!" she taunted.

"Oh, no, somebody's been telling you things," I said.

"No, that was just a foolish remark," she answered.

"Then let me show how much I appreciate what you've done," I begged. "Please let me have a chance to see you away from the office. Let me give a little party for you."

"I wish you wouldn't feel any such sense of obligation where there is need for none," she said.

"But you don't know how I feel," I cried. "I can't get my mind off you. I'm—I'm wild about you—simply looney—I've got to see you! I love you!"

"MR. MASON!" she cried, and she stood staring me in the eyes until I wilted under her gaze.

"Good-by," I said sadly, but she did not even answer me.

I ought to have known when I had enough. But the meaner that girl treated me the more I wanted her. And I wanted her now as much to get revenge as anything else. And I wasn't going to let her think I was dirt even if she had got me a big policy and a fat commission.

I knew then that fat old Bob Hartley had given me a bad character so I finally thought out a scheme that I thought might work. I took Bob to lunch one day and told him I was going to do something to justify my wild reputation.

He was all ears.

"Easy come, easy go, is my motto," I told him. "I got a check for fifteen thousand on the policy I sold Mr. Sothern. I'm going to blow it all on one grand wild party."

"Oh, boy," said Hartley, licking his fat lips.

"Champagne!" I said, "Barrels of it. Girls! Oodles of them. Cuties from the revues. I'll rent a whole night club for one evening. It will be the greatest thing and the wildest since the bath-tub party."

"Oh, boy!" said Bob Hartley, his eyes popping out. "Girls! Jazz! Bubbles in bottles! You certainly are a great little guy, all right."

Of course, I knew this big fat-headed tattle-tale would carry this story back to Barbara Emerson, and I knew it would make me, or break me with her.

All women think their big job in life is to save men. To save them from themselves. Barbara had got me that insurance contract. There was at least one big chance that she would want to save me from making a fool of myself.

I did not try to see her. That is, I did not let her see me, but I used to stand where I could see her come out of the building. I loved to just look at her.

Then one day I made an excuse to go in to see Mr. Sothern about some detail in connection with his policy.

On my way in, Barbara half looked up at me but I pretended not to see her. Then when I came out of Sothern's office she was just coming in from the water cooler. She did it on purpose, of course. There was a mean look in her eyes.

"So you're going to squander all that money, are you?" she demanded.

"Sure," I said, "Why not? I hope you will honor me by accepting an invitation."

"You don't hope anything of the kind. You know I wouldn't go to such an affair."

"NOT even to see me married?" I asked her.

"That doesn't interest me either," she said, then her curiosity got the better of her and she asked, "Who is she?"

Well, that showed something. "I don't know," I said. "It's this way. I'm going to have a whole flock of cuties at my party. They'll all get good and piped. When a girl's stewed she will do almost anything. Well, I'm going to offer to marry any girl who is willing to take the chance."

"Why, James Mason, you are the biggest fool I've ever known!" she cried and stamped her foot.

"I knew you would say something like that," I said.

"Then why do you insist in making such a fool of yourself?" she demanded.

"Because the only girl I've ever really wanted won't even look at me," I said.

"Do you think what you are going to do will make her do it?"

"No, but whatever I do will be on her conscience."

"Then why don't you see her and try to tell her how you feel?"

"I've been trying to tell her for the last ten minutes."

"Me?" she cried. "*Me!*"

"Yes, you! Who else? Good God, Barbara, what can I do to make you understand how I feel about you? I even can't help making love to you in your office."

"Perhaps you will be able to control yourself better after you have found your true mate at this party of yours. You'd better carry out your original plan!" she said.

"I will," I swore. "And I'll come back

to haunt you. If you have a conscience."

"I'm sure I haven't—in that way," she said, and she left me flat.

Just the same I knew I had her going. So I kept filling Bob Hartley up all about this big wild party of mine and how I was going to the dogs. And the big stiff went right straight to Barbara and made it even worse than I had told it to him.

Of course, he never let on to me that he had talked to her and I was on pins and needles as to what was going to happen.

Then on the morning of the day of the party you know, of course, this party was all a bluff—some one called me on the telephone. That some one was a girl What is more it was Barbara Emerson. It was the first time I had ever heard her voice over the telephone. It was the sweetest thing I had ever heard.

"PLEASE understand," she began, "I don't make a business of calling men on the phone. I'm only doing it now because it seems the last thing to do. Tell me, are you determined to go ahead with that insane idea of yours?"

"Sure I am," I said.

"Isn't there anything that would make you give up ruining yourself?"

"Just one thing," I answered.

"What is that?"

"You!"

"Oh! What could I do?"

"I'll tell you," I said. "If you will come and spend the evening with me alone in my studio, I'll not go to my own party."

"But I can't! I can't!" she cried.

"I didn't think you would," I said.

"But there are bigger things at stake for you than you realize," she cried.

"You're the only thing I want," I answered.

"You would smirch me just for your own selfish purpose!" she accused.

"Lots of girls go to men's flats these days without getting smirched," I said.

"I'll not do it," she said.

"All right," I answered. "But you'll find the key under the door-mat if you change your mind."

I went home right after lunch myself, and I left the key under the mat on the outside. Then I began the job of waiting. Would she come? Or wouldn't she? The minutes passed like hours. It was the longest afternoon of my life. Have you ever waited for a girl, all excited one moment—burning up; then calm and cold the next? Wishing she would come! Then wishing she wouldn't! That's the way I was. God knows I longed for her, but at the same time I felt like a traitor. She was such a good, clean girl.

Then along about half past four I saw her coming. She must have got away from the office early. Her arms were loaded with bundles and right behind her came the grocer's boy with more bundles.

What on earth was the girl up to? I heard her let herself in with the key. She told the boy to put the bundles down and when he left, there she was alone. Alone in my apartment.

There was a little smile on her face, the kind of smile a girl has when she is just a bit afraid, but doesn't want to show it. She was a game kid to come to my flat all alone that way. She was wise enough to realize that her reputation would be worth next to nothing if it should become known.

Yet she did not try to conceal anything. She had gone openly to my grocer and bought things and had the grocer's boy come right into my place with her.

Could she be playing a game, too, a game to compromise me and get me in her power? I could not believe that!

She looked around over my studio. It

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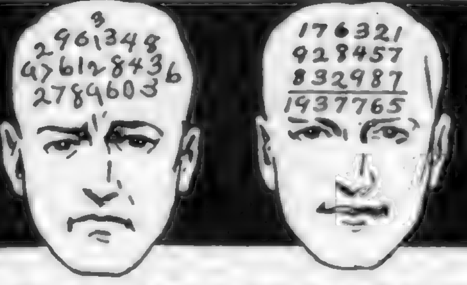

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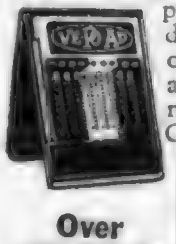

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was a gorgeous room, extending the height of two stories. I had it furnished with valuable and interesting things in the way of rugs and hangings, with old tapestries, Egyptian water jugs, ancient pottery, brass bowls and battered grass pots, pewter mugs from Holland and England, primitive musical instruments from the South Seas. It was a man's idea of a luxurious place, but the way Barbara smiled I had a hunch that she looked upon it as a barbarian's idea of paradise.

I was up on the little balcony where she couldn't see me, which was lucky, but I watched her until she took her over-night bag into the dining room. Then I heard her humming in the kitchen and there was the sound of pots and pans being put to use. Pretty soon there came the delicious odor of food being cooked.

IT WAS a different aroma from any I had ever smelled before. Sort of real homelike, if you get what I mean. Not at all like the smell of food that my Jap cooked.

I would have given a lot of money to have seen Barbara working in the kitchen, but I was afraid to try to get a look at her. When it seemed safe I sneaked out to the door, waited a few minutes, then came back and rang the bell.

She came to the door. I was bowled completely over when I saw her. She had put on a Gretchen apron and her sleeves were up to her elbows. Her hair was just a bit damp around the edges and clung to her forehead in the sweetest little curls you ever saw. Her cheeks were on fire from the heat of the gas range. She was the most wholesome, the loveliest thing I'd ever laid my eyes on.

She was scared all right, but she still tried not to show it. She was afraid to look me straight in the eye. She lowered her lids and said, "Good evening, Mr. Mason." Then she ran back to the kitchen, saying something about there being the smell of something burning.

I followed her out to the kitchen and watched her as she bent over the stove. And at that minute I had an irresistible impulse to kiss the back of her neck, right at the point where the fine hair curled against her damp skin.

But she must have suspected what I was up to, because as I bent down she turned quickly and said, "It's not in the bargain for you to kiss the cook."

Then I got a greater shock than ever. She smiled into my eyes as in mock horror and in defense she threw up her hands as if to protect her face.

There on that third finger of her left hand was a plain, gold band ring.

A WEDDING RING!

Barbara Emerson was a married woman. I know my face must have betrayed my emotions, the shock, the surprise I felt. This, then, was the mystery about her.

Then she burst into a gay laugh.

"The inside story of my hidden life," she said.

"You are another man's wife," I accused.

"Isn't this evidence enough?" she asked, indicating the finger with the ring on it.

"And I swore I'd never have—" I paused to pick my words.

"An affair with a married woman," she finished for me.

"That's my code of honor," I said. "Other men's wives are not my game."

"Then I suppose I had better go," she said.

"Yes, you'd better go," I answered and I went with her to where she'd left her things.

Yet I could not resist asking her, "Why did you come here? Why did you decide to torment me so?"

"Because I knew that you would not hurt a married woman. I learned that about you a long time ago. So I knew the only harm that I would suffer would be to my reputation. That, of course, would not worry you."

"You know I wouldn't want to hurt your reputation. I would not harm a hair of your pretty head and I'd kill any one who tried it."

"What fine talk coming from a man of your high moral principles," she said bitterly. "Perhaps you will tell me what you think of a girl who goes alone to a man's studio."

I chose my words very carefully.

"All I can say is I thought you did it because you cared—for me—just a little."

"Care for you? I hate you. *Hate you!* HATE YOU!" and she stamped her foot.

"Then why did you come here?" I demanded again.

"Simply because I had to stop you from squandering all that money—to save you from making a fool of yourself—and because of Mr. Sothern——"

"Ha, Ha, Sothern has something to do with your kind action, has he? So he's the man you really care for?"

"Oh, don't act like a silly child! Mr. Sothern is interested in *you.* He has planned to offer you a great opportunity with his trust company. If he heard of this idiotic party of yours you'd lose the biggest chance of your life."

THINK of that, now. This good girl, ready to sacrifice her reputation for a good-for-nothing, no account like me. Think of the job Mr. Sothern must have for me? Right there in the same office with Barbara!

I turned to her. "And you did all this because you—hate me!"

"Yes, I hate you," she said.

I went closer to her and looked into her eyes. There were tears gathering in them. I knew she would cry in a minute. If she must cry there was only one place to do it, so I took her into my arms.

She sobbed. "You brute," but she did not try to get away. That is, she did not try very hard. What she did was to snuggle up so she could cry on my shoulder. After a little while I took her left hand in mine and slipped the plain gold ring from her finger.

"You're no married woman," I said. "You had me bluffed for awhile, but not for long."

"That—that's my mother's ring," she gasped.

"Fine," I said. "I've got one here with a diamond in it that will do for the time being. When we're married you can use your mother's ring for good."

"Married?" she cried.

"You said it," I told her.

"Oh, Jimmy," was all she said just then. But a little later she added, "I do hope, Jimmy, when we're married you will stick to your vow never to be tempted by other men's wives."

And I know I never shall. Nor by any other girl, either.

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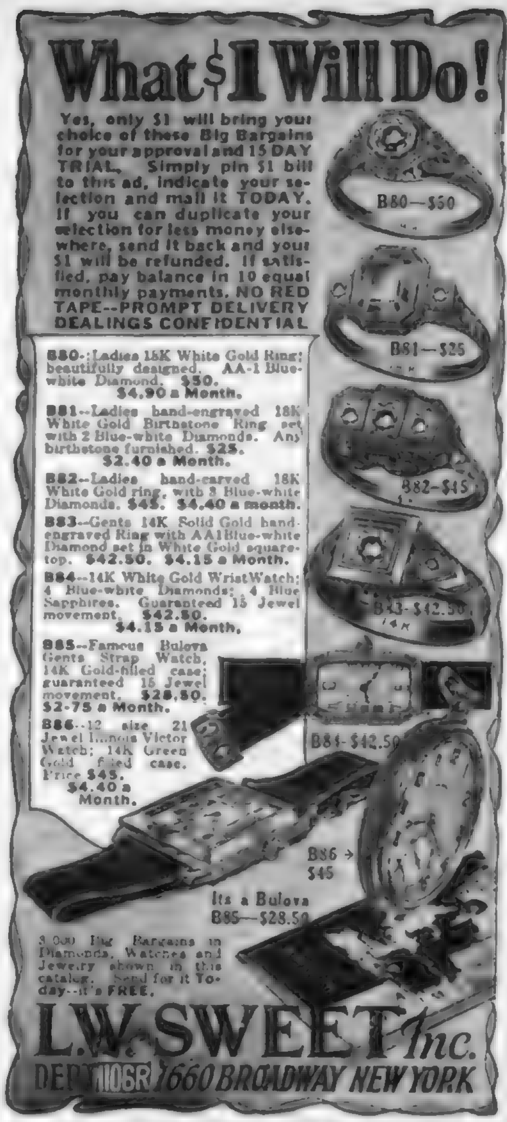

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Trapped In the Jungle

[*Continued from page 42*]

of men. I had not been the center of men's worship for years without having met all conditions—those one could trust, those one was always on guard against, those one feared. I feared this man. There was in him a quality of grim power, an utter unconcern of what others might think that made him different from other men I had met—and his attitude, his roughness, his contempt of any sort of explanation made me feel that he was a man who felt he was a law unto himself.

I shifted a little on my couch and stared about the hut. It was a doll's house affair, everything was frightfully close and cramped, but beautifully compact, too. It was like being inside a perfectly thought-out toy. There was one hammock in a gauze covering slung up in the roof beams, one chair, one, it seemed of everything. I could not see the farther end of the hut because a table and a gauze screen cut off the view.

THERE was a stool beside me and on it a bowl of broth and a glass of stimulant. Though I was too weak to sit up, yet I managed to drink both. I was starving, and I needed strength, strength to face even the worst. My courage slowly came back to me as I rested after the food, and with my eyes I searched the hut for weapons. I must find something to enable me to hold my own if it came to that. But I saw only a shotgun in one corner.

Still, even the shotgun was something; with it in my hands I might outface this man's brutality and demand an escort back to safety.

I gave myself half an hour to recover strength. Then, very weakly, I slid my legs off the boxes onto the floor. As I stood up I swayed, caught at something that went crashing to the ground. At once the man was before me.

He had been beyond the table and the gauze curtain across the hut. As he thrust the latter back and came toward me I saw a strange enamel table and queer instruments. He had been writing there. I saw no more, the surprise of finding the man there had unnerved me. He looked more ugly and uncompromising than ever.

He told me to go back to my boxes, but I could only stand holding to the wall, staring at him. When he put his arm about me and tried to force me down, I struggled to escape the beastliness of his embrace. But he set me down, and after one assessing glance walked to the hammock. I watched him lower it. My heart—sick with terror and bitterness at my weakness. He turned the mosquito nets back and the sheet, took from a drawer the rest of the pajama suit I was wearing, came toward me.

"What are you going to do?" I gasped.

"You'd be better in bed," he said.

"Don't touch me," I cried. "Keep away from me."

"You can't manage for yourself," he said.

"I can," I cried. "Go away. Go outside."

"Are you sure?"

"Go outside," I cried.

"Stand up, see if you can stand up," he said watching me with hard eyes. I stood up, anything to hold him off, to keep him away. "Walk to the hammock," he said. Swaying, I tried to do it. I took two steps, the hut went round and round and I lurched

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forward to the floor and lay in a faint.

I must have passed from that swoon into sleep. I was awakened by the noise of a bar dropping into its sockets. It was night. The tiny hut was full of a rich amber light from the lamp. Half-asleep I gazed at the man as he stood by the door, noting how the lamp-light brought out the power and resolution of the rough-hewn face. Only when I caught sight of my clothes hanging under gauze, did I realize that I was in the hammock and how I must have got there. My body burned under the thin pajama suit, and then my shame turned again to fear. I saw what the man was doing. He was locking up the house for the night—from the inside. I was to be pent up all night with this ugly and lawless brute.

"What are you doing?" I cried.

He turned, staring, but his lips smiled.

"Obvious, surely?" he said. "It's ten o'clock and I rise early."

"But—but—in here?" I gasped.

"Where else? My accommodation is limited."

"The men in our camp slept in the open if there weren't enough tents," I said more bravely than I felt.

"No doubt. But here the open is full of fever mosquitoes and the tsetse-fly at night."

"You—you have servants out there, though."

"I don't sleep native," he answered.

I WAS silent with a sort of furious terror. I watched him go to a drawer and select a blanket and sheet. If I had had a pistol in my hand I would have shot him down—or would I? I don't know.

"If you had the slightest chivalry or sense of decency—" I began.

"I'd go out into the night—and die," he interrupted.

Turning from me with an unconcern that stung, he walked to the boxes and spread the blanket and sheet upon them. Then he turned out the lamp and presently I heard him kicking off his boots.

I dozed and woke all through the night. I heard his steady breathing, it was hideously intimate in that cramped hut. In the gray of the morning I saw the bulk of his figure, one immensely strong arm trailing to the floor, his throat bare and powerful. I watched him with loathing and yet fascination. How strong he was, and who would have thought that sleep would have so smoothed the harsh grimness of his face that it looked boyish and kind? If I hadn't encountered the brute in him I should have been misled. Thinking this I again fell asleep.

When I woke there was a black man setting the table, a fellow with the figure of Hercules and a fine, open, honest face. From the moment I saw his face I grasped at a straw of hope. He might be a means of getting me to safety, for I could pay him more than his master would ever dream of paying. The man was nowhere in sight so I leaned out of the hammock and whispered:

"Boy! Do you speak English?"

He looked at me gravely but put his finger to his lips. I asked again. Again he touched his lips.

The voice of the man came like a blow.

"My boy won't speak because he has orders not to. If you will please fall in with that rule——"

I turned over in the hammock. The man had been in the hut all the time. He was beyond the gauze screen, working at the enamel table. I could see that that end of the hut was a sort of laboratory, for there were retorts, bottles and the like. The man was busy at a microscope, though, strangely, he had a mask over his face and rubber gloves on his hands.

He took his time at the desk. Rose and packed his instrument and notes away with a leisureliness that made me rage, removed mask and gloves and came through the gauze. He called out through the door to his boy and came to my side.

"Feel you can take solids?" he asked.

"Who are you?" I demanded. "What is this place?"

"My name is Scanlan. Denis Scanlan. This place is called Death Lake—I picked you up on the lake. Do you want its exact geographical position?" He spoke with a smile on his lips as though talking to a child.

"How far is it from Tztaye?" I asked.

"So that's where you came from," he said. "You must have been four or five days in that canoe."

"You must get a messenger to our camp," I exclaimed.

"That is out of the question. I have no one to send."

"You have boys?"

"What of it?"

"You can send one?"

"No, I need both my boys. Also, I won't send them through the Sawadi country."

"Won't!" I gasped. "Then how is my father to know what has happened to me?"

He frowned at that. Then said: "He knows what direction you took, I take it?"

"He does not," I said flushing and hating him for bringing that point up. "Nobody does. My father and the others went after big game, it was too risky to take me—they said. I—I went out in my canoe—alone—after they had left. I got lost in the network of streams, then the current of that river caught me and I could not fight it."

"I see. You were playing truant. You were showing them that a girl could be as clever as any one else. Didn't anybody make it plain to you that the African jungle is less easy to negotiate than Greenwich Village?"

WE FACED each other, his eyes were contemptuous, mine tried to be disdainful. He went on:

"You thought you knew better than expert advisers—now you *do*. That network of streams is the watershed for ten thousand square miles of jungle and veldt. Your people may follow those streams for months without striking your trail."

"Months!" I gasped. "The way back to the coast then?"

"My relief party can take you when it comes—in eight weeks time."

Even in the face of his grim calmness I could not believe his statement to be penned in this place with this ugly, forceful, rude fellow for eight weeks! To spend even another night like last night! To be lost to a world that must even now be humming with anxiety over my disappearance—the thing was not thinkable and I said so.

"It's impossible. Do you know who I am? I'm Gloria Norman."

The gleam of dry humor came to his lips again.

"I'm afraid mere scientists don't move in exalted social circles."

"I mean I'm the daughter of Hoyle Norman," I explained. His look had made me feel that the leader of the younger set was, after all, a very small item in the heart of Africa. "The millionaire, Hoyle Norman."

"I guessed that much," he said, and he was entirely without awe. "I don't see the bearing, unless there's some suggestion of bribe in the information."

I hated him for that. He had no thought for what my father must be suffering, nor the misery I was enduring on that count. I was about to flash an angry answer, in-

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stead I gasped: "What is that queer sound?"

There had come a distant throbbing in the air, low, muttering and uncanny. It struck a chill through me—why, I did not know. What did it mean? Why did it seem to be for *me*?

"Tom-toms," he answered evenly, though his face had grown grim. "Niggers drumming in the jungle," he said as he looked at me sharply, "that's all, Miss Norman." Why was he trying to reassure me? And why did he go out quickly, and talk for a long time to his boys?

The low throbbing pulse of the tom-toms seemed to beat on my heart to add to my unease and wretchedness. It seemed to lend a terror to the thought of my father, hunting, hunting for me through the awful jungle from which those awful sounds arose.

I COULD picture him crazy with foreboding, searching, hoping against hope, yet fearing the worst. He knew about the Sawadi. Did that ghastly drumming come from the Sawadi—and why? It went on and on through the day, made unbearable the thick, ominous heat of the brooding African nights. It never stopped. I found myself turning to Denis Scanlan with a strange dependence. "What does that drumming mean, why does it go on?" I asked on the day I went first from the hut and heard the long-drawn throbbing arise from the hot and infinite distances beyond the grassland and the lake.

"Don't think about it, Miss Norman," he said, and again his face was grim. "Don't let it get on your nerves. It's just the tom-toms—black music. If you could find some work——"

Work! I might have snubbed him for that a week back. Now I could not. I had watched him work. The devotion, the tirelessness, the infinite patience he gave to his work in his laboratory or searching through the heat for disease-bearing insects had impressed me. He was curt, he was ugly—but he was big, and the task he had set for himself was big, too, and noble. I was surprised how eager I was to help him, to justify my existence in his eyes. I was even surprised at the pleasure I experienced in finding a portable typewriter of the kind I used for my own letters, and the queer satisfaction I had at typing out his notes. I loathed this man—but I blushed and thrilled like a schoolgirl when he praised the excellence of my work. And *was* he so ugly when he smiled?

And work was good for me. It shut out my anxieties about my father. It shut out the devilish throb of the drums, but not altogether. It seemed to be drawing nearer, to be slowly beating up in strength, filling the whole world with their black menace. I used to stop my typing to listen. It broke through my work as though it had a message for me—as though it was searching for me. I used to sit trembling, wondering, wondering how that could be. And I was afraid.

Denis Scanlan asked me not to show myself too much outside the hut.

"Is it the Sawadi?" I said. "I suppose I'm going to cause you more trouble."

"You can't help that," he laughed, then he frowned. "I don't expect trouble. I've taught them horse-sense. But we don't want to tempt them."

"Are they drawing-room men that the sight of a woman upsets them?" I asked. I was surprised at my saying that, and the way I said it. There was no rancor in it, only lightness.

He actually colored. "They're ruffians," he answered. "Slavers. A white girl is a valuable prize. But I can deal with them."

It was a week before the Sawadi came.

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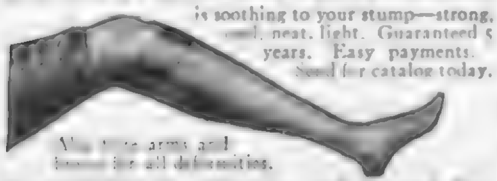

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There had been changes in that week. One of the black boys left us. Had he turned traitor? Denis did not say. But Denis himself went out alone, leaving the other boy on obvious guard. One day that boy fired the shot-gun into the air—the shot-gun and Denis's collector's gun were the only weapons we had. The boy then asked me to go into the hut, himself sitting on the step, his weapon across his knees. Looking through the wire gauze of the window I saw far away across the green a series of thin wavering lines approaching.

THE Sawadi, the stealthy men of the jungle shadows were coming—and they were coming for *me!* I stood and watched them like a thing of stone. They seemed to mean nothing to me, and everything. My heart seemed to cry out for Denis Scanlan's return to save me, and yet to rebel against the idea that he must do that—for it meant the end of his work and his death, and, astonishingly, I felt I was not worth that. And then how could he save me? Legions of savages were marching to take me. He could not fight them, he was without weapons in any case.

Without weapons—but he had poisons. I looked at the array of bottles in the laboratory. Ought not I make ready for the last dread moment? Shouldn't I, even, take a step to prove to those black beasts that their march had been in vain. If I died I could save Denis and his work perhaps. But I could not die yet. I could only wait for Denis; I even relied on Denis to do the impossible. I felt he could—and I had to see him again.

He came walking calmly as the lean, black army came near to the hut. He did not even throw a glance at the throng of Sawadi braves. He was pale, but he looked at me squarely: "You're not afraid, Gloria?" he asked.

"Very much," I said and my smile seemed tight and painful. "Less so now you have come—but it will make no difference in any case."

"You're a wonderful child, Gloria, my dear," he said. He said it simply, meaning it. I knew it was the way he was thinking of me. It was a moment for straight speaking.

He was brave, Denis, but it was hopeless. He looked so slight beside even the torso of his own black boy, what could he do against that swarm of fighting Sawadi? Thousands of strong warriors, armed and swarming about the hut, what could one unarmed white man do, however brave? And yet there was something in the set smile of Denis Scanlan's white face that told me that he might do what few men could do.

Harsh throaty voices were shouting outside, but he paid no attention. He went imperturbably to his laboratory, selected what he wanted for the work before him. The shouting redoubled. Without turning from his work he called "Boy!"

The Imbabe, chest heaving, breath hissing through broad distended nostrils, but a look of fighting determination on his face came in through the door. Denis shot a question at him.

"Sawadi come make big pow-pow, Lord," the boy answered. "Say you come out one-time fit to palaver with them."

Denis Scanlan, with arms extended and breath held, poured fluid into a tiny test tube. He stopped it and the bottle before saying curtly: "Tell them I no fit for palaver so long they close to hut. Tell them go back one hundred paces. All big fellers go back one hundred paces. Chief feller and ten braves without spears stand thirty paces from door. They do that or I no fit for palaver."

The Imbabe boy grunted appreciation. He went through the door, gained silence and shouted his message. Protests and shouts followed, then the bull voice of the chief cutting through all voices. The Imbabe returned.

"He say he bring three thousand spears. He say he can sweep over your house as the storm beats down the forest. He say you come one time and palaver as he say."

Denis Scanlan put down a little cage of gauze and reached for his rubber gloves.

"Tell him my way is the way of palaver or there be no palaver. I, the Lord of Unseen Death, say it."

The silence that followed the Imbabe's shouts seemed endless. I could see the Sawadi shifting on their feet between fear and pride. They talked. Some fingered weapons, some edged away. Then slowly, sullenly, they all went back making a menacing half-moon of black vileness round the hundred pace limit. An enormous man and ten huge warriors faced the hut at thirty paces. The Imbabe boy came in to say that what the Lord of Unseen Death had ordered had been done. Denis Scanlan pointed to a canvas chair and the boy took it out. He stood by the chair leaning on his shot gun. Denis gave me a hard grin. Quietly he pulled on his gloves. Picking up the tiny test-tube and the gauze cage he walked slowly through the door, slowly to the chair, and slowly sat in it.

A huge black warrior stood forward. He poured out the stream of harsh clicks and gutturals that is the Sawadi tongue. The Imbabe boy translated.

"They mean no hurt to the Lord of Unseen Death. They want the white woman. Give them the white woman and they will go in peace."

I HAD known it was this, but it was hideous to hear it. Horrible to know that Denis had only to say a word and his life was safe, more his work that was to save so many lives could go on. I shivered in terror and bewailed the headstrong folly of that girl who had been the Gloria Norman before she became the girl she was now. I heard Denis Scanlan's voice say slowly, clearly: "This is an infamous thing to ask and worthy of punishment. Tell him it will never be."

"He says they have three thousand spears and you are but one, Lord, and a small man at that—" said the Imbabe when the big warrior had spoken again.

"Tell him I am not named The Lord of the Unseen Death for nothing," said Denis, and a low, fearful grunt swept round the half moon as the boy shouted his translation. The big savage strove to wipe out this fear with a bombastic yell.

"What can you do against warriors without weapons, you who are but a small monkey of a man? I myself will crush you with my bare hands while the other warriors swarm in and take the woman."

Denis Scanlan stood up slowly an inadequate figure against the towering black bulk of the warrior.

"Let this boaster make good his boast," he said, "If he can the woman is yours."

My heart stopped beating. Denis was facing an impossible test. The great warrior hung backwards, but the big chief spoke. With a snarl the huge man flung himself at the small one. There could be only one result. Denis Scanlan seemed to realize it. He did not move to fight. He just stretched out his hand toward the snarling face. Hand and face touched for one flashing second—in abrupt and astonishing collapse the great warrior fell dead.

The thing was startling. I could not see how he had done it until I caught a faint whiff that reminded me of bitter almonds. Then I understood. That tiny test tube had contained prussic acid. Denis had held that open in his hand when he touched the warrior's face. The savage had inhaled it and died.

Then I heard Denis saying: "Do not move. You are here, in my power. I will deal with you as I see fit. Imprisoned here are ten hundred of the *nsi-nsi* (Tsetse fly). Death! The death of the slow sleep. You know it?"

A howl of fear went up from the Sawadi. They knew the *nsi-nsi*, the little fly that can destroy tribes and kingdoms with its creeping and sleeping death. It almost made me hysterical to see the terror stirring that black mob. Denis Scanlan had turned the tables. This strange and ugly man was amazing.

Denis came into the hut at last. Carefully he put the fully occupied gauze cage and the tube of prussic acid back in the laboratory, stripped off his gloves and showed a hot, whimsical face.

"Denis!" was all I could say, for my voice was choking. "Denis!"

HE CAME quietly to my side. "Feeling the reaction, Gloria? It was hard for you, my dear, but it's all over now."

"You're wonderful," I breathed. "And I believe you would have done it."

"What?" he said wryly, "Loosed sleeping sickness and undone all the work of years?"

"Even that," I whispered. "Even that and for a headstrong and useless creature."

He looked down at me, grave, smiling. He took my face in his hands, he said softly: "Yes, my dear, I would have done it—for you." His lips twisted dryly. "You see the heart can play the deuce with hard-grained, ugly, scientific men quite as easily as with the drawing-room variety of male."

"And—and is it so very unpleasant after all?" I smiled.

"By jove—anything but," he cried, and he bent and kissed me.

When daddy came along three days later, being rescued didn't seem quite so exhilirating as I had expected it to be at one time. In fact after the excitement had died down and daddy had taken stock of things, he stared at me and said:

"Hmm! One might almost fancy that you are disappointed at being found."

"It's the unexpectedness of it," I said. "Denis said it might take months for you to find me. I suppose somebody picked up my trail."

"Didn't he tell you that he'd sent an Imbabe boy to find us?" my father frowned. "Something queer about you and this doctor chap, yet you call him Denis and seem very thick with the ugly little ruffian."

"Ugly—yes, isn't he?" I smiled. "And the rudest man I ever met—a beast. But then . . . I'm considered something of a beauty, I believe."

"Well, you ought to know that by now," frowned my father. "With every man and every newspaper treating you as the queen of your set. But what's that to do with your beast?"

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My Mountain Marriage

[Continued from page 75]

"I'll risk it," I laughed. "His kind is mostly talk."

"You're a stranger and don't understand. Ask some one in town you can trust. They'll tell you as I have, to keep out of the hills. Thank you again! and good-by."

Before I could do more than echo her last word, she ran lightly among the trees and disappeared!

My determination not to be frightened away was strengthened that evening when Bessie and her sweetheart, a manly, upstanding fellow, whose features bespoke intelligence, came to the inn to see me. He thanked me for saving the girl from Jed's annoyance and, when he learned I intended to continue my painting explorations, promised to use his influence to keep the hill people from molesting me. Before they said good night we were on most friendly terms.

The next morning I was again back in the hills. But it wasn't long before I learned that I had become an object of more than passing interest there. Pushing through the brush, I suddenly was confronted by a great, shaggy-bearded man, a gun in the crook of his arm, whom I instantly guessed as Big Mat.

"I been waitin' fer ye, stranger," he greeted. "I'm Mat Zimtle——"

"Glad to meet you," I said grasping the great paw he extended. "My name is Gaynor, and I'm going to paint some of the places around here."

From that meeting on, matters moved smoothly and pleasantly. The hillbillies apparently accepted me at face value and I became friendly with most of them, visiting their homes and moving unmolested everywhere.

But the finest feature of my acquaintance with the hill people was my association with Bessie and Tom. Both were anxious to learn of the outside world. They frequently came to me at the inn, where they would question me for hours at a time on all subjects, but particularly of life in the big cities, and discussed the books which I had lent them. Often, during the week days, Bessie would accompany me on my painting trips, much interested in my work, but more eager to continue her questioning.

Matters drifted along in this fashion for many weeks, and I tried to think of some way in which I could help her and Tom to realize some of their dreams. Finally I hit upon a plan; to send Tom, at my expense, to a school for mechanics in Baltimore, where he could master the advanced branches of his trade.

After he had departed, Bessie became my almost daily companion in the hills. For, as she could no longer come to my hotel, she took advantage of my painting hours to continue questioning me about her books, some of which her sweetheart sent her from time to time, and those forwarded to me by Gail and my friends.

However, my delightful jaunts through the uplands with the girl were brought to a sudden and unexpected end. One morning as I paused at the accustomed meeting place, instead of Bessie, her father came out of the brush. He greeted me with a nod which was far from friendly. The set of his mouth and the dull light of anger in his eyes were further evidences of his bad temper.

"I want ye should get me fair, Mr. Gaynor," he began. "Folks is beginning to talk about Bessie bein' in the hills with ye. I don't say ye mean any wrong. But we're plain folk and I won't have anyone gossipin' about my daughter. It's worse, cause Tom ain't here."

"Yes. It seems too bad, but it shall be as you wish."

He turned and lost himself in the wood with no nod of parting.

One afternoon, after hours of painting at an unusually long distance from the town, a sudden darkening of the sky caused me to bundle my traps and prepare for a hasty return. However, I had taken but a few steps when I was amazed to note Bessie hastening toward me from the higher ground.

"You shouldn't have come here," I told her.

Her face flamed. "I've been watching you for days, from a distance. I wouldn't have let you know now only I must help you. There's a storm coming. I know the signs. It will be here in minutes and it will be terrible, with rain, lightning and hurricane wind. You can't make half a mile before it overtakes you. Near here is an old, deserted cabin. Tupper's they call it, and we must reach it ahead of the storm."

The earnestness of her tone assured me there was real danger ahead and I followed her, running. But, even in those tense moments, I had a feeling that there might be something greater to fear than the fury of the elements.

Further unpleasant thoughts were ban-

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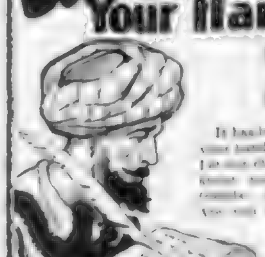

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ished by the sudden breaking of the storm. The rain fell in big drops and the tops of the trees swayed and moaned under the first gusts of the oncoming blasts. I increased my speed at her urging. But, though the distance was short, before we reached the cabin's shelter the rain came in torrents which drenched us.

The hours that followed were the wildest kind of a waking nightmare. For the remainder of the day and throughout the night nature seemed bent upon sweeping the hills into the valleys below. Not only did the rain continue to beat down in a continuous cloudburst, flooding all outside under a mad, rushing torrent, but great bowlders were washed down from the higher ground and trees on all sides were felled by lightning.

But, with sun-up and the storm's end, calm reason returned to both of us. We began questioning what had been the thoughts concerning our absence by those who had missed us. And, worse, what would be said if, by any chance, it were learned that she had come to me in disobedience of her father and that we had passed the night together in the cabin.

Finally, we determined there was but one thing to do, one way that would clear both of us, and that was to lie. The scheme we fixed upon was for her to make her way to her home as quickly as possible and state that she had been caught in the mountains and had passed the night alone in the cabin. I would hasten in another direction, remain in hiding for two full days, then return to the inn and say that I had become bewildered by the storm, wandered further into the mountains and had just succeeded in finding my way out.

FROM the doorway I watched Bessie as she picked her way across the clearing. As she reached the timber on the far side, she turned and waved good-by.

The morning of the third day I headed for the inn at Collinsville, really half-ill from exposure and hunger. I had no difficulty in finding my way, and experienced a sense of relief when the landlord and some of the hangers-on accepted my story at its face value. My hunger satisfied, I removed the mud from my face and hands. But I kept on my soiled clothing, intending they should serve as supporting evidence when I appeared at Bessie's home. With my nerves still a-tingle to learn how she had fared, I did not tarry long, and soon was climbing the familiar, long, steep trail which terminated at the home of Big Mat. If she were all right, that night would see me on my way.

I had been climbing perhaps an hour when I suddenly was brought to a dazed halt by a cry of, "Hands up!" and a rifle barrel was poked from the brush a few feet ahead. Without the slightest suspicion of what lay behind that preemptory command, my arms went high.

But when Big Mat, his gun half raised and pointed at my chest, and Jed Hoskins, his weapon also held in readiness, for instant action, came out of the shrubbery, my heart sank. These knew me too well to warrant their threatening attitude. My guess was that Bessie had failed.

"Hello!" I cried, striving to keep all quaver out of my voice while wondering how much they had learned. "I was headed for your place." As I finished I began to lower my hands.

"Keep 'em up," barked Mat, jerking his gun to a more threatening position, his words coming through clenched teeth, his little eyes burning menacingly from below drawn brows.

Despite the fact that I was in a sweating terror because of my helplessness, I determined to try to bluff them. "Look here, Mat," I cried angrily, "what the devil

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does this mean? You fellows know I'm no squealer and never go armed. Why——"

"On to the house with ye," he interrupted. "Ye'll hear all that's to be said there. Come."

In a few moments we stepped into the clearing. Big Mat's house faced us from the opposite side. A half dozen or so moonshiners, with all of whom I had been on friendly terms, were lounging about the doorway, their guns propped against the outer walls. But I failed to catch a glimpse of Bessie.

STRAIGHT ahead we walked, no word being spoken. I stumbled up the steps, Mat holding me firmly, Jed bringing up the rear and closing the door behind us.

In a chair before the great, empty fireplace in the big living room Bessie crouched, her face buried in her hands. Beside her, grim faced, his eyes flashing hostility, stood an itinerant preacher known throughout the hill country as Parson Bridger.

As Big Mat swung me into the room and released his hold, Jed backed against the door. Bridger placed a hand on Bessie's shoulder, stooped and whispered something. She shivered and I heard a sob; but she did not look up.

"Come, daughter, out of it now," snapped Big Mat, moving before her. "We've brought the skunk, me and Jed. An' we're goin' through, as I told ye."

At his words she shook off Bridger's hand and stood up quickly. Her face was drawn and ashen. Her eyes, sunk deep in dark sockets, were red with hours of weeping.

"I told you, father, I wouldn't. Jed lies. It's all lies——"

"Stop!" My glance darted to the hulking brute. But there was no pity in his face. Only stony determination to have his will; or kill. "Ye say Jed lied. He didn't, ye fool. He's been a tryin' to save ye. It was ye who lied. This paintin' city man has sed so—he's allowed he were with ye——"

"That's a lie," I roared, as the girl flashed a look of frightened amazement toward me.

"Wait!" Mat's voice shook with anger and his gun again covered me. Over his shoulder I noted that the moonshiners outside were clustered about the windows and that each was holding a weapon. "Now ye listen to me, both on ye. I don't care what lies ye tell, but I know what I know. Jed foll'ed ye two all afternoon that day. He saw ye two go into the cabin long 'fore the storm came." He paused a moment, his lips compressing themselves into a slit, his fingers closing more tightly about his gun. "Damn ye, I ought to have killed ye down yonder, ye skunk. But, for her, I'm goin' to give ye one chance——"

"Stop! You're crazy!" I finally managed to interrupt, at last guessing the fearful purpose in his mind.

"Ye've said enough, paintin' man. Ye're goin' to do what I say and so's she. All through that storm ye two was in Tupper's cabin. And after it was over beside. Jed saw ye. No gal o' mine's goin' to be pointed out all her life—as bad. Ye're goin' to marry her, here and now. That's why the parson's here."

"Don't do it, Mr. Gaynor, don't!" Bessie screamed the words. "Don't! They can't make you."

Big Mat was upon the girl in a bound and sent her spinning with a blow from the flat of his hand.

"Listen, ye!" he shouted. "Either ye two get married, now and here, or I'll kill ye both, so help me Gawd. Come here, Jed, and cover him!" As Jed moved forward and placed his rifle against my body, a rumble of approval came from the windows. Mat stooped and dragged Bessie from the corner into which she had fallen and pushed her before Bridger.

"Now, ye choose. Marry him—or out he goes—and ye know what that means. Then I'll come back for ye."

What followed immediately after was a nightmare through which I went in a daze. The girl swayed and would have fallen, but Big Mat supported her, forced her hand into mine and held them together.

"Go ahead, parson," he bellowed.

When it was over I recollected only that there had been a mumble of words, that I had replied to the questions put to me, with little thought in my mind but that I was saving the girl and myself. But I caught the words, "Man and wife." I saw Bridger raise his hands above our heads. Mat and Jed stepped aside and I realized that the cruel farce had been carried through.

As Bessie's hand dropped from mine I reached out, fearing she would collapse under the reaction. But, instead she seemed to regain complete control of herself. Slowly she drew herself to her full height and threw back her head. All fear had left her features, and she looked straight at her father with eyes that blazed with anger akin to his.

"You've had your way, you and that lying hound there." Her tone was bitter and her words fairly rang through the room. "But—you've gone as far as you can. You can't make us live together. And you will find that there are laws that can save us both. Yes, laws that can reach even moonshiners."

For a full minute her father looked at her, eye to eye, his skin turning a parchment yellow with the fury he was battling to hold in check. Then he said:

"Jes a minute, girl. Ye've disgraced me. And so's he. I'll break ye both to my way or—" He paused, and an evil grin slowly distorted his face. "If by the night ye don't agree to put in writin' what happened in Tupper's cabin and sign that ye're goin' to live together as man and wife, so's I can show it if ye try to undo this by law—I'll send ye rough music."

A LOW moan from Bessie caused me to catch her as she crumpled, unconscious. Then I heard shuffling steps and the bang of a door. Big Mat and Jed had left us alone.

For a long time I paced the floor, trying to think of some means by which I could extricate the helpless girl and myself from our plight. Over and over again I cursed myself for my folly in coming to this half-civilized mountain country.

Finally I stepped to a window to look out across the apparently deserted clearing. But a dull report and the chug of a bullet biting into the casement near me forced me to a realization of the vigilance of the guard surrounding the place.

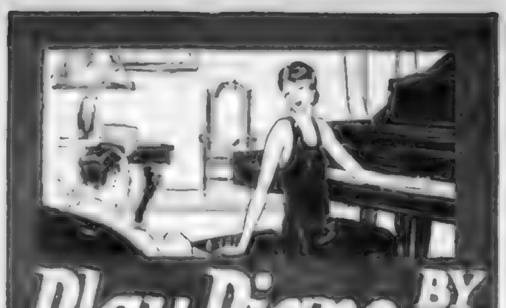
At sundown we heard some one approaching, the door was hurled open and Big Mat stood in the opening.

"I've come for yer answer," he said "Be ye ready to write and sign?"

"No," Bessie snapped out, while I remained silent.

"Still stubborn, eh? Well, I'll send ye some supper by Dumb Billy soon, for I want ye to live to repent. And some time in the night I'll send the rough music I promised."

When he had banged the door and gone, I turned to the girl, expecting to see her cowering in dread of the ordeal ahead. But, instead, she was upon her feet, trembling with excitement, her eyes shining.



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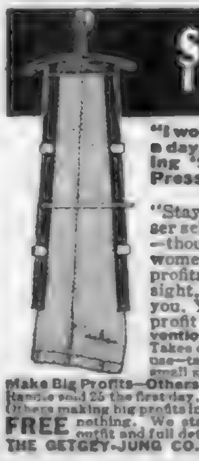

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I drew out a roll of bills, more than $100, and extended it.

"That's more than enough. Now listen carefully. Dumb Billy will bring us something to eat, before long. You know him?"

"Yes. He's the half-wit who hangs about the hills and acts as a sort of lookout."

"Yes. When I was a little girl he used to watch over me. He's been a sort of protector to me ever since. I've always been kind to him; seen to it that he never went hungry, and I think he'd do anything I asked him. But, for money, I know he will. And he'll never betray anyone who pays for his services."

"But can he help us escape?"

"I hope so." Together we worked out a plan that had a chance for success. I was to write a letter to some one I could depend upon to act quickly. She was to turn it over to Billy, tell him to slip away to Collinsville, have it stamped and put it on board the night express for the north. I was to ask my friend to come at once and obtain the assistance of the authorities to free us.

Travis, my attorney, was the man I instantly fixed upon. He could be depended upon to tell none of my acquaintances of my plight. Not only would he come, but his experiences qualified him to meet the situation to the full. In my letter I briefly outlined what had happened and what he must do. The sealed envelope, and a $20 bill, were in Bessie's hands in plenty of time.

I REMAINED out of sight in the bedroom when Billy came. The negotiations were brief. Immediately the door closed, Bessie hastened to me.

"It's all right," she said, almost smiling. "He's promised. And he'll keep his word. All now depends on your friend."

We decided not to light a lamp, and our talk was only in whispers. The hours dragged on until nine when I slumped down upon a couch in the living room and went to sleep.

But my rest was brief. Suddenly I awoke to hear a faint rumble, a weird jumble of jangled metallic sounds and voices singing some barbarous chant. As I sprang to my feet, I noted Bessie, crouched before a window, looking out into the stretch of moonlit clearing.

"They're coming," she whispered. "You've got to steel yourself, for it will be terrible."

It was all that, and more; a raging torrent of discords and frightful noises that was particularly tormenting because of its vicious persistency. Literally for hours, almost until daylight, the mob marched about the house, pounding incessantly upon tin and iron and shrieking wild songs, whose repetition was maddening.

The next two days were dreadful in their monotony. For we dared not go to either door or window. And we talked but little, realizing that it would only add to the strain under which we were fighting to bear up.

Then came another night of horrible serenading during which, from sheer exhaustion, I dropped into a troubled slumber while wondering if it would have been better had I not sent for Travis.

By ten the morning train from the north should reach Collinsville. If Travis were not on that there would be no other until evening; probably too late to aid us.

At last ten o'clock came. I snapped shut my watch and waited, every nerve aquiver. But there was only the hush of the mountains for an eternity of minutes.

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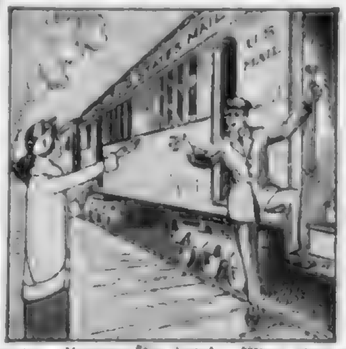

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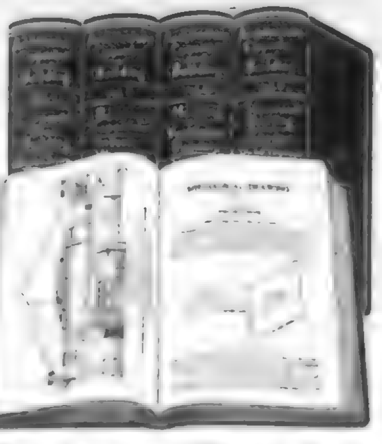

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Then, far away, but constantly becoming clearer, echoed the blasts of a locomotive whistle. Within an hour, perhaps, two hours at most we should know whether the break in the game was in our favor.

Then, with a suddenness which brought me to a dead halt, quivering, a babble of voices broke from the clearing. Bessie was at the door in a flash, her face chalk white, her eyes wide with fear.

"It's father—and the men," she gasped.

But, somehow, the shock of the disappointment, steadied me. Luck had deserted me. Nothing remained but to fight, alone, and as best I could. And I was ready. "Listen, Bessie, listen. I'll try to bluff them, try to gain time until the night train comes. If I fail, you must barricade yourself in your room. The door and the fastenings are stout. Maybe you can hold them off. But don't come out, no matter what happens to me."

The voices were drawing closer. I heard Mat's rumble above the others. Bessie crept toward her room. I moved back and grasped a chair, the nearest thing to a weapon in the place. They were just outside. Their boots grated upon the wooden steps. Mat was first inside. Next came a sprinkling of men. Then my heart suddenly seemed to be missing beats and my temples pounded. Gail Ashton and Tom Wheeler stood before me.

"GAIL," I finally blurted. "In God's name, what brought you here?"

"Poor, Frank, poor, poor Frank!" There were tears in her voice, if not in her eyes. "Oh, Frank, why did you leave us?"

"Then you believe——"

"Wait, Frank, let me explain. I didn't come here to spy, only to help. But when I reached here, learned the truth——" For a moment she paused, her voice breaking. "I should have gone away, at once. But I wanted to see you, tell you how sorry——"

"But you don't understand, Gail. It is all a ghastly mistake, a trick."

"You lie." Tom was at Gail's side, his face aflame, shaking with rage.

Gail stopped him with a gesture. "I was in Travis's office, to talk to him about you, when your letter came. I was sitting at his desk. His secretary placed the morning's mail at my elbow. Your letter was on top. I recognized your writing. I couldn't help it. I opened the letter and read. I hadn't heard from you in so long." She stopped, passed a trembling hand across her eyes, then continued. "I would have consulted with Travis. But he telephoned his secretary he'd been suddenly summoned from the city and for several days, would not come to his office. That's all. Except I took the letter with me—hoping there was some mistake. But well, there's nothing left for me but to say good-by and—" A sob choked her.

Tom's hand darted to his pocket and jerked out a revolver. But, as he swung the weapon toward me, Gail threw herself upon him, fighting and screaming. There was a flash and a roar. And his bullet ripped splinters from the table-top. The next instant Big Mat and his aids were upon Tom, trying to wrest the pistol from his grasp, while he fought like a mad man to break from them.

I pushed Gail into a corner, away from the struggling mass, but only one thought held me. Gail still cared for me. Cared enough to risk her life to save mine. For such a woman I could fight the whole world. And there still was a chance for me, if I could make Jed confess, admit that he lied.

All that in a flash, while the men milled crazily. The door was unguarded. I knew where Jed would be. I might get to him, throttle the truth from him, before the others could overtake me. In a leap I was outside and racing madly.

Then, through the far trees, I caught a flash of movement. A figure of a man came toward me, finally swinging into full view. It was Jed Hoskins. Sounds of the distant fracas had reached him and he was coming to investigate. I crouched for a spring, and when he was opposite me I hurled myself upon him.

As we fell in a heap, his gun was discharged as it crashed against a stone. But I scarce noted its report. In an instant we were clinched, cursing, striking madly. My hand reached his throat and my fingers closed.

Then I heard shots and cries. My pursuers no doubt had caught the report of Jed's gun and picked up the trail. He also understood. He shouted for help, then broke from me and ran. But I was after him. We reached a tree-bridge across a gulch. I forced myself to greater speed. Jed gained it. There came a roar from behind. A shot snipped the leaves above me. I threw myself forward, my arms encircled Jed and we crashed down. Then, for a moment, we hung half over, slipping, sliding, clutching. The next we plunged downward. Our holds loosened. And all went black.

When I came back to earth again, I could scarcely open my eyes because of the splitting pain in my head. And my body seemed afire and aching all over. Then a damp cloth was pressed over my face, a voice said, "Drink this," and I raised while something cooling was poured down my parched throat. I sank back and rested, trying to recall—where I was, why I hurt so. And it all came back to me, suddenly. I remembered. The bridge and Jed. I had caught him. We had fallen. I opened my eyes wide. Gail was sitting beside my bed, in my room at the inn. And Dr. Wilkie, coroner, sheriff and Collinsville's political mentor, was bending over me.

"Hoskins; what happened to him?" I cried.

"Oh, he also was hurt, but much worse than you."

"Is he dead?"

"No, but I told him he was going to die. I wanted to get the truth out of him, and that was the quickest way. He confessed, admitted the whole dirty business. That he did it because of jealousy of Wheeler, so he couldn't marry Bessie, and to get even with you for thrashing him."

I felt the pressure of Gail's hand while he was speaking.

"And poor Bessie! what will become of her?"

"WELL, Wheeler's just crazy to see you and apologize. It didn't take him and his sweetheart long to reach an understanding. As soon as she is free—well, you can guess the rest."

When the door had closed, I turned to Gail. "I'm sorry, dear, for the suffering I have caused you. I wanted to see life. But not——"

"Let us forget, Frank," she said with tears in her eyes. "There is so much of real life, of promise, before us!"

"Gail," I took her little hand in mine. "You mean this will make no difference, that you still love me, will marry me?"

"Yes, Frank, I love you as I always have. Perhaps both of us will be the better for our bitter experience. Come to me, as soon as you are free. I shall be waiting, eagerly, impatiently——"

"And then we will marry?"

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A Girl I Can't Forget

[*Continued from page 49*]

it isn't twelve! Call that late? Nonsense!"

Something in her tone made me feel a little shy and half ashamed.

"What a darned fool she must think me!" I thought.

But still I hesitated while the taxi driver looked at the pair of us. I had a queer feeling that there was something that I ought to do for the girl, but I had no idea what it was.

"Come on in—do!" said her soft voice, with its enticing, luring accent. "And pay him off. You can always pick up a taxi when you want it."

Then I paid the driver and she took out a latchkey and stuck it into the big front door of the building.

We had to walk up four flights, passing many doors.

SHE put her key into a door with the letter N on it.

The flat was obviously very small and seemed to me, as we stepped in, to be filled with a snuffling bark, which suggested a dog with asthma. Sure enough, when Violet Delmar turned on the light, there stood a fat pug, with gray on his muzzle, looking up at us with bulging eyes.

"This is Muffy!" said the girl.

Bending down in the passage, I stroked Muffy's round head.

"Just look at his tail!"

To be sure, a tight curl, which bespoke pedigree of sorts, was giving a short but persistent wag.

"I've had him since he was seven," she added. "It *is* a shame dogs go off so young, isn't it?"

I agreed that it was a great shame, and then she showed me the flat.

It consisted of a bedroom, a sitting-room, a lavatory, a bathroom, and a kitchen.

"No maid living in for me!" said Violet. "I wouldn't have a maid living in, not if you paid me for it."

"So you're entirely alone at night!" I exclaimed.

Again my mind switched off to the strangeness, to the danger of her life. How often was this girl shut in at night with men of whom she knew, could know, absolutely nothing?

The bedroom was beyond the sitting-room at the end of the flat and was much the bigger of the two rooms. It had white walls, a red carpet, red curtains, and a large low bed with a bedstead of fumed oak. Over the bed was a gaudy red bed-spread. A tall mirror was let into the wall opposite it. The fireplace was filled by a gas stove. A tiny wickerwork kennel with a red cushion in it stood in a corner.

The sitting room was white and green, with a "cosy corner," a divan with a huddle of magenta, blue, and green cushions, a cupboard for bottles, glasses, etc., a fold-up table of fumed oak, two deep leather chairs, a piano, a gas-stove. Photographs of men crowded the draped and betasseled mantelpiece. On the walls hung some pictures, reproductions of love scenes.

"Now you must have a drink. And light up. I'll smoke too."

And so we settled down. She took off her hat, showing a very pretty little head. I kissed her again but I was preoccupied and all the time my mind was saying, "Why is all this? What is the reason behind it?"

Wondering about this, I finally asked her for an explanation

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"When you first looked at me what were you thinking? I mean when you looked at me under the lamp before I spoke to you."

"Thinking?"

"Yes."

She seemed to consider the question, and her doll-like face became grave. A look of pathetic surprise shadowed her eyes.

"I dunno."

Muffy grunted before the unit gas stove, stretched out on his fat side.

"I saw you coming up and I liked you."

"DID you feel I could do something for you?"

"What funny questions you *do* ask."

"But did you?" I persisted, still conscious of the mystery which seemed to haunt me.

"Not that I know of. Why, what could you do?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"Whatever do you mean?" she said, leaning against me with her little head on my shoulder.

"You had such a funny look in your eyes when I first saw you."

"Funny?"

"Yes."

"What sort of look?"

"It seemed to me that you needed me or were going to need me."

"Why ever? D'you mean because I was hard up?"

"Oh, no. But—are you?"

"No. I'm rather flush just now."

"Why did you come to the city?"

"Because I got sick of being at home."

"Did you—did you get into trouble?"

"Not me—! Not down there! I hadn't the chance."

"Then what happened?"

"One night I went to the movies with a boy and came back late. My dad went for me, and talked a lot of rot about decent girls not doing such things, and decent girls respecting themselves, and decent girls not doing this and not doing that. And at last I said, 'Seems to me decent girls don't live at all. Fact is, I'm fed up with being a decent girl!' Dad was real mad then and sent me up to bed. And that night I knew something."

"Yes?" I said, as she paused.

"WELL, I just knew that I didn't want to go on being a decent girl any more. So I dropped it. See?"

"And what did you do?"

"Packed my things on the sly and cleared out."

"And came up to the city?"

"Right!"

"You had money enough?"

"Darned little. But I had enough for a week. I went to a boarding-house, and then I started to see life, and I soon got along."

"You began to live as you are living now?"

"To be sure I did."

"And you're satisfied with your life?"

"Sure I am. Why not?"

Her last question seemed suddenly to clear up something in my mind, something that must have been cloudily there for some time.

"But think of the dangers!" I said.

"What do you mean? What dangers? I know how to take care of myself."

"You might pick up a brute."

"Lily did that once. My word, there was a row. He started smashing everything in the flat and woke half of us girls up. I went down. You never saw such a sight. He had D.T. That was what it was. And Lily swore you'd never have guessed he was going to by the look of him. He hit a fellow, who came out from the flat opposite, over the head with a chair and pretty near knocked him out. There was hell, I can tell you. Poor Lil didn't go out for a week after it. Said she couldn't trust herself with a man. But she's forgotten it now."

"Good Lord!" I said.

I had a rather vivid imagination that had called up the scene she had just alluded to, had filled it with ugly detail.

I looked at her steadily. In spite of her life, she was obviously a mere girl, slim, full of the magic fluid of youth, poised, careless. She must know a lot of terribly ugly things, of hideous things; she was leading a hideous life; and yet, somehow, she managed to present herself to me as a semi-ignorant child, unconscious of what she was, of what she was doing, of what was probably in store for her. Managed to present herself! As I gazed at her an unpleasant question came up in my mind. Was she perhaps kidding me? Was she really a subtle little devil trying to get hold of me by a pretense of innocence, by an acting of the white lily in the slime, pure, somehow, in spite of her physical degradation? But belief in that sort of thing was sheer sentimentality, and I prided myself on having a hatred for sentimentality. She was, I told myself, a little ruffian totally devoid of all moral sense. She had no more moral sense than a little animal. Not as much perhaps. Yet I couldn't feel she was vicious, as I had often felt that women I had met in society were vicious. She seemed threaded through with a transparent simplicity. But was that possible?

I tried to point out her danger, but she laughed:

"I'm not one to go with just anybody."

"WHAT do you mean—go with anybody?" I asked.

"I mean what I say. I pick."

"Pick?"

"Yes; if I don't like the looks of a man, I won't have anything to do with him."

"And you think you can tell what a man is by a casual look at him in the street?"

"Why not? A girl like me knows in a minute."

Her complete confidence in her own power to judge character on the spot amazed and also amused me.

"What *are* you smiling at?" she said.

"I don't know. But, you know, you amuse me."

"Why?"

"Well, you seem so certain of everything about men."

"We girls have to be certain."

"I think you might easily make a mistake," I said, more gravely.

"Not on your life!"

Curiosity woke in me. I couldn't resist questioning this remarkable girl.

"Let's hear what you think about me," I said.

"Why?"

"I want to know whether you're as clever about men as you make out."

An oddly shrewd look altered her doll-like face.

"LISTEN! But I might know more about you than you do."

"Then you can tell me and I won't be so ignorant."

"Now you're laughing. But I might, all the same."

"I'm not laughing. Come on now! Tell me."

She sent me a sidelong glance that had fascination. Her bright eyes and her little head were really attractive. There was still much of the "dear little thing" in her that appeals easily to men. I drew her closer and said again:

"Tell me—you little devil!"

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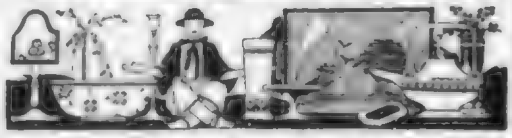

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She looked at me almost solemnly and seemed to be making a conscious effort like a child bringing rudimentary faculties to bear on a knotty question. For the first time since I had been with her she seemed slightly self-conscious.

"Well, for one thing, you're awfully cautious," she said.

I felt that I reddened.

"Cautious!"

"Yes. You think a lot about a thing before you do it, and then as often as not you don't do it."

I didn't point out the contradiction. I knew too well what she meant.

"Anything else?"

"You're kind, but you don't like to be interfered with."

The little thing was really damnably acute in her haphazard way.

"As to caution," I said, going back to her former remark on a sudden impulse. "Directly I saw you I spoke to you."

"Yes—and then bolted."

"Well, I was going to a theater."

"Go on!"

Her smile made me feel like a schoolboy caught playing hookey.

"If I hadn't come after you you'd have gone straight home to your mother!" she said.

"That's good. I happen to live alone in a flat."

"Do you?"

"What made you come after me?"

"I liked the looks of you."

"That's all?"

"I felt I had to," she said, more gravely.

"And why was that?"

"I dunno! You'll stay tonight, won't you?"

"No, really I——"

"You're afraid of me then?"

"Nonsense!"

"No—you are. You don't trust yourself to know."

"Know what?"

"What a girl is. You go on about 'aren't you afraid,' but I can tell you there's lots of men ever so much more afraid of us girls than what we are of them. And you're like that. *I* know!"

THAT settled it for me. I accepted the challenge and stayed.

Church bells were ringing on Sunday morning when I left Tenth Avenue to go back to my apartment. The weather had cleared a little. There was no rain. But gray clouds muffled the sky. The streets were moist, and the atmosphere was heavy and seemed to me sickly, exotic, like the atmosphere in a conservatory full of artificial heat. I felt I must walk part of the way. I felt a desire for fresh air that was like a lust. I felt also a desire for the country that I had so recently left. A hatred of the streets possessed me.

Why did that little girl with the round bright eyes love them so much? I touched my face. I was unshaven. The people going to church must surely be looking at me with surprise. But I must walk. I had to have air.

Before leaving her I had made a promise to take Violet Delmar out on the following Saturday night. It was, I felt, impossible that she had fallen in love with me, but she seemed to cling to me with a curious obstinacy which I couldn't quite understand. I couldn't quite understand it, because something told me that it wasn't the question of money that influenced her in the matter. Evidently, so far she had found money-making quite easy. She was young. She was still fresh. She was decidedly pretty, and she had little ways of the type that please men. According to her own account she was quite a success. But she clung to me. That was certain. Before I had left her she had made me

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By Edna Wallace Hopper

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take quite a solemn vow about next Saturday, and while she had been requiring this promise of me, into her eyes there had come for a moment the same look that had called to me near Columbus Circle when she had been standing under the lamp. That look had surely a special and intense meaning. But apparently she didn't understand it and neither did I.

What did that look mean? What movement of the girl's nature prompted it? What secret was it trying to tell, a secret of which her consciousness wasn't aware? I wondered whether I would ever know. There were so many things in connection with human beings that one could never understand. No doubt this was one of them.

When I entered my rooms they looked strange to me.

As the days of that week passed I began to debate something, the question whether I should, or should not, keep my promise to Violet Delmar. Her satisfaction with the life she had deliberately chosen, her apparent unconsciousness of its loathsomeness and indifference to its obvious dangers, amazed me. I couldn't understand how any one could be as she undoubtedly was. But she attracted me oddly, perhaps partly because of that curious casualness, that gentle devil-may-care attitude, combined with the transparent simplicity that persisted in her in spite of her horrible knowledge of a vile side of life.

I WANTED to see her again and yet I didn't want to.

As the days passed, the innate caution which she had so shrewdly discovered in me began to grow insistent. She had said, "You think a lot about a thing before you do it, and then as often as not you don't do it." The old process was going on in me now. I was weighing, as so often before, the pros and the cons. If I kept my promise to Violet it might be the beginning of an intimacy which might lead me into difficulties, and which could scarcely be of any profit to me. I wasn't suited to an intrigue with such a girl. Better not to go! Better to drop it! And yet—and yet there was a voice within me which said, "You must go! You must keep your promise!"

But when Saturday came I disregarded it. My native caution got the upper hand, as so often before, and late in the afternoon I telegraphed from the club—"Awfully sorry cannot come this evening—Bill."

She knew my first name but not my second, and she had no idea where I lived.

Having sent the telegram, I tried to forget the whole matter. But I couldn't. I felt strangely agitated, and as the evening drew on into night my agitation increased. I dined at the club and played billiards after dinner. And I played very badly. At eleven o'clock I went home, lit my pipe, sat down, tried to read. But the book meant nothing to me, and finally I put it down, knocked out my pipe, and stood up. Something urgent seemed at work in me; seemed trying to compel me to go out again into the night, to go to a tall red building just off Tenth Avenue to knock on a door inscribed with the letter N. I even picked up my hat. But just then the clock on the chimney-piece began to sound the hour of midnight, and that gave me pause at the very moment when I had reached a decision.

Midnight! And Saturday night! Of course she wouldn't be alone! It would be crazy to go! And I threw down my hat, undressed and went to bed. But even two stiff drinks didn't induce sleep, and I passed a most miserable night—a night

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that even seemed haunted, though by exactly what I couldn't tell.

On Sunday morning it was fine, and I resolved to get out of town. I packed a suit-case, took my golf-clubs, traveled down to the Country Club and played golf all day. I stayed there the night, and on Monday took an early train to town. At the station I bought two morning papers. When the train started I opened the American, read the two middle pages, then turned back to page seven. After reading it for a minute or two, I saw the following headline: *"A girl found strangled."* Immediately I remembered Violet Delmar's remark, "And what would there be to read about on Sunday if there wasn't any crimes?" But this was Monday, and I wasn't anxious to steep myself in sensationalism.

I LOOKED away. "Flying made easy"—"Eclipse of our Athletes." Then I had to look back. And I read the following statement:

"Girl found strangled. A horrible crime was discovered on Sunday morning in an apartment house on Tenth avenue. Flat N in this building was occupied by a girl called Violet Delmar, who lived there alone, her only companion being a dog. Late on Saturday night, as has been learned from a friend of hers, a Miss Delane, who lives on a floor below, Violet Delmar returned home accompanied by a youngish man with a dark complexion, and was seen by Miss Delane, who happened to be at her door, to go upstairs with him. Miss Delane thinks she would recognize him if she saw him again. No disturbance was heard during the night by any one inhabiting the flats, but when the woman who was accustomed to wait on Miss Delmar arrived as usual at ten in the morning, she couldn't get an answer to her knock. She rang the bell several times, but no one came to the door, though she heard Miss Delmar's little dog barking and howling in the flat.

"Eventually, becoming alarmed, the woman summoned assistance, the door was opened by the janitor of the building and the unfortunate girl was found in the bedroom, lying on her back in bed, dead, with marks of strangulation on her throat.

"The crime was evidently not committed for the purpose of robbery, as some jewelry and money amounting to over a hundred dollars were found in the bedroom. The police are investigating."

I put the paper down. The railway carriage was crowded with men smoking. I shut my eyes. I felt that I couldn't bear to have my eyes seen just then.

"Why didn't I go?" I said to myself. "Why didn't I keep my promise?"

At that moment I hated myself. I hated my caution. I cursed it.

When the train ran into the city I knew that those bright eyes under the street lamp had sent out a voiceless appeal to me for protection. I had heard it strangely. I had gone back. I had been on the very verge of what was surely knowledge, occult knowledge. But something had held me in ignorance, and then my horrible caution had governed me. And now it was all too late.

The streets—the streets had conquered.

LOVE conquers all things and yet when this girl had to choose between disgrace and her sweetheart's honor—she hesitated. The triumph of her school was also at stake for the big college football game was on. Read The Price of Victory *in November* SMART SET *to find out what the girl did.*

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Winners

YOU Limerick poets fairly swamped Smart Set *Editors. Practically every one who answered, showed talent so the selection of the prize winners was no easy job. Still the Editors did their best. And here are the selections they made of the winners of the prizes—with apologies to many other clever poets:*

If they asked us to Charleston on high,
In a contest—we'd not even try.
"Get the hook!" we would yell,
"And the ladder as well—
Do you think we have wings and can fly?"

Miss Navey Elkhay,
West Stoughton, Mass.

What's wrong with this picture, we question—
Has the gentleman got indigestion?
Have they poisoned his food?
Is he half-baked? Or stewed?
He's simply "Fed Up"'s my suggestion.

Mrs. C. L. Insley, Jr.,
Memphis, Tenn.

When a husband is dumb and starts fluting,
And makes his wife deaf with his tooting,
She should start tuning in
With a stout rolling-pin,
It's safer and saner than shooting.

Loyola E. Flynn,
East Rutherford, N. J.

In the picture above, find the one
Who is having a barrel of fun;
And the one who'll fade out
From the scene without doubt—
If a bee should buzz close to his tongue.

Miss R. Cornel,
Palisades Park, N. J.

Just note how Miss Jumbo's eye twinkles;
She is actually PROUD of her wrinkles!
"I should worry!" says she,
"If my skin's puckery—"
"So's your old man minus his crinkles."

Mrs. Jeanette E. Davidson,
Tacoma, Washington.

What tune is this gay old boy strumming,
To set all these beauties a-humming?
With him we'd change places,
—But would not change faces—
Unless we saw wifie dear coming!

Joan Clayborne,
Tacoma, Wash.

Critics of the July issue were also strongly in evidence. But the trouble was they had nothing but praise for Smart Set*—with only now and then a helpful suggestion. Any way, your Editor went conscientiously through the great mass of letters and selected these prize winners:*

First prize: G. W. Walker, Dake City, Fla.; Second prize: Lurline Rodgers, 1505 Franklin street, Oakland, Cali.; Third prize: Bertha Lloyd Smiley, 1320 South 35th Avenue, Omaha, Nebr. Now you letter writers turn to page 60 of this issue and see the prize contest for parents. On page 80, limerick poets will find another chance.

Tell Me Your Troubles

[*Continued from page 79*]

parade. There's always hope for a girl who's honest with herself.

It all depends, Ellin, on what you think is worthwhile. There's undeniably a certain popularity that petting brings. You can if you like, become very much in demand by being an expert petter.

But if you want the trusting love of one man, and marriage and home and children, you are on the wrong track when you pet all the interesting men you know.

Now and then a man marries a petter. But the type of man who is willing that his wife should be a promiscuous petter, isn't often the serious, responsible, fine man a girl wants for a husband.

A man who undertakes to support a wife and home for the rest of his life, wants a wife whose favors are not to be had for the asking by other men, and who has not shared her favors with fifty or more men. Do you blame him?

Once you get a reputation as a petter, petting is expected of you and to refuse is taken as an insult. If you were a young jungle flapper of a tribe of savages this might all be very well. But you're not—you're a civilized girl with ideals, Ellin dear, and you're hoping for that crown of a woman's happiness—a good home and husband. Those are the facts as I see them. It's up to you to order your life as you choose, isn't it, in the light of the facts.

Iris in her letter tells me of her efforts to marry a certain rich old bachelor of the "catch-me-if-you-can-type" of fellow.

"He has made me lovely presents," writes Iris, "and at first seemed devoted. We were to have been married this last August. But he keeps putting off the wedding. Finally, he said we would be married the first of October. But he hasn't written for two weeks. He doesn't seem really to want to marry me.

"I sent him a note reminding him that if we are to be married October first it's time to order the wedding announcements and asking him for a list of guests. Don't you think that should get some life out of him?

"I'm twenty-one now—old enough to get married. I'm tired of working and I want to marry a man who can give me a good home as my fiancé can. Can you suggest any other way of bringing him to the point of marrying me?"

Dear Iris, my frank advice is, let him go if he doesn't want to marry you. Have you no pride?

Your admirer is years older than you and is obviously not in love. He probably became engaged on impulse. If you marry him, you will doubtless live together like cats and dogs. How much happier and more independent you are, earning your own living.

You are not in love—your letter proves it—but are merely scheming to marry for money. Wait until you meet a man whom you respect and love for himself and who doesn't have to be cajoled and urged to

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By Miss Karsten

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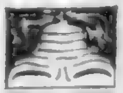

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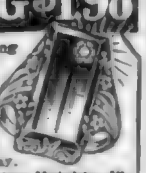

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Fashions and customs shift, generally in the direction of evolution and progress. But certain ideals remain fixed as the North Star. Love is the same yesterday and today and will not change tomorrow, though conventions of marriage may change.

Love is unselfish, love is of the spirit, as well as earth. Love maintains self-respect. It doesn't consist in just being "wild" about a certain man as Marcelle is about her "boss."

Here's her letter:

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"All Summer, the wife of my 'boss' has been abroad. I have always been in love with him. He is the most fascinating man I ever met. I am simply wild about him.

"But he never paid much attention to me until these last months. Then gradually, he got in the habit of asking me to dinner and to motor to some near-by beach on hot Sunday nights. Sometimes, he asked me to dine at his apartment, where he had dinner sent in from a near-by club.

"Now his wife is returning and I shall have to give him up. I feel that I simply can't do it. I never really lived until this Summer.

"He suggests that our affair can go right on, without the knowledge of his wife, who doesn't understand him as I do. What shall I do?

Marcelle."

Dear Marcelle, I'm not going to dwell on the imminent danger of your being found out if you carry on a sub-rosa love affair with a married man, nor the absolute disgrace that will follow. The newspapers are full of such tragedies. You may be sure, under such circumstances, that you will be accused of the very worst.

I am not going to assure you over and over, that attentions from a man who is not free to marry you are a veiled insult, because whatever happens, you will bear the brunt of the trouble, since he is married.

If he loved you, he would not place you in a false position before the world.

He belongs to his wife and she belongs to him, legally and as a matter of moral obligation. You will despise yourself if you steal him from her.

The position of the "other woman," unsheltered, precarious, is one of mental agony. You will not have a care-free moment, carrying your secret with you. Worst of all, your conscience and self-respect will constantly accuse you.

Let this man go, for his sake and your own. Respect the rights and happiness of the woman he has sworn to honor.

Summon your courage and self-respect dear. Leave his office if you must. Fight this matter out with yourself and win.

You hear much these days of flaming youth. It is true that modern youth is like a flame of fire in its bright fearlessness, frankness, freedom. This flame is not that of reckless irresponsibility but the clear flame of love of life and joy, with determination to face facts honestly.

I love to help girls. Hundreds of letters from puzzled girls and women, yes, and almost as many from men, come to my desk each week. At the end of the day, when I sit alone with my thoughts, I say a little silent prayer in the hope that the advice I have given, the guidance I have suggested, may have brought peace to some girl's sorely troubled heart; that I may have helped to save a home; kept a family together.

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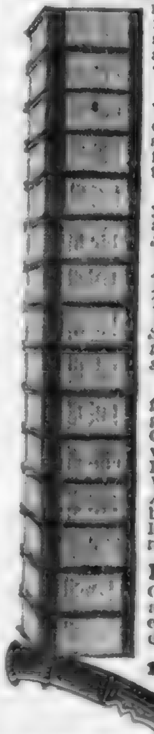

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Men Who Have Kissed Me

[Continued from page 21]

one foot restlessly on the cheap linoleum.

"Father, please may I have the pink frock?"

Emotion stirred the cold features at last—a wave of angry contempt.

"You must be mad, girl! Do you suppose I'm made of money, with four of you to keep, and your mother? Don't I give you enough clothes as it is? Precious little I get in return! You think of nothing but gadding about dressed up like a hussy. Where's your religion you've been taught? Don't we pray for our daughters to be like the polished corners of the Temple, not hussies smothered in finery? Besides, that's a dress for a young lady, not you."

SQUEEZING my hands tighter, I still persisted.

"But, father, it's my birthday next month, and I thought—you generally give me something. I could pay for it partly. I've got a little pocket money saved up."

Father's face flushed with rage.

"You'll not have the dress. Go away and leave me in peace!" he thundered. "Try and have a little modesty if you can. That skirt you've got on is disgracefully short."

There were tears in my eyes as I turned away. My heart felt hard and bitter. He had been unreasonable, insulting, I thought passionately. Well, if he asked for rebellion he should have it. When the shop closed for the day at seven o'clock I went to mother.

"I want to go out, mother. My head aches. I must have some fresh air. I don't want any supper. Can you manage?"

Mother considered me with dull, expressionless eyes.

"Very well," she answered.

I fled to my room like a mad girl. I tore off my black frock, flung it on the bed and put on one of cool blue linen. I hunted out blue silk stockings and a pair of little white shoes, cheap, yet attractive. I brushed my shining crown of fair hair and arranged it most patiently, setting on it a soft, felt hat, bent craftily to aid the charm of my face. Then I stole down to the empty kitchen and made myself a cup of tea. As I swallowed it, mother came in and stood watching me for a moment. Whatever she thought, she said nothing.

IN THE street, on the other side, Dick Gray was shutting his father's door behind him. I half glanced at him under my long lashes. Then I strolled slowly, without taking further notice, in the direction of the river. Dick hesitated, glanced doubtfully up and down the street, and followed.

I walked on perfectly aware of Dick's pursuit. My knowledge of being pursued gave me a subtle allurement, like the swagger of a crack regiment. I swayed a little as I walked; I felt fragrant with some ineffable perfume. Back from the river bank stood a wooden seat hidden behind a clump of willows. Here I came to rest, and here Dick Gray found me.

He had become a victim to as much emotion as falls to not over-imaginative young men. His eyes were a little bright, his cheeks flushed; he had small difficulties with his voice, and his hands shook slightly. He came up, raised his cap, and sat down beside me.

"What have I done? What are you running away for?" he asked rather complainingly.

"I'm not running away," I answered. "Why should I? I came out for a walk because my head aches. If you aren't going to be nice to me, please go away. I put up with enough from father."

Suddenly I felt myself clasped in his arms. My whole body seemed to relax and become blended with his. The soft felt hat slipped to the ground as he turned my head toward him and kissed me passionately with great masterful, overwhelming kisses on my lips and throat. For a moment it was sheer shock and pain, then a great happiness stole over me. I ceased to exist; I nestled gently against his shoulder and gave myself up to the dreamy delight of being caressed.

My mind wandered far away into a sort of fairy story; this, then, was the beautiful world that lay laughing in the sun, the playground of splendid lovers, and kisses were the magic keys. Who kissed you did not matter a great deal. I did not love Tom and I knew he did not love me even if he thought he did.

I DREW away, and he tasted the joy of watching me comb out my hair with swift, accustomed fingers. As we stood up to go homeward I held my mouth just for a second, offering it, waiting. It was the golden climax of an almost perfect idyll.

It is the law that happiness must be bought with unhappiness, generally on the extended payment system. I reached home faintly pink, intoxicated with new joy. In the drab living-room I met my parents. Mother sewed in silence; father read his trade paper, aloof and forbidding. He represented that tyranny of the husband and male parent which chills and wet-blankets so many homes. He was the everlasting grumbler and complainer. He looked up at me as I entered, a long, appraising look, like a dealer summing up the points of a horse.

"Come here," he said. "I've got some news for you, now you've finished gadding about the streets."

I went and stood before him. I had a sad certainty that the news could not be good. The joy faded drearily out of my blood, and my face wore the expressionless mask of the child before its parent.

"John Gray has been here," he went on. "He's asked my permission to marry you. I don't call you a good wife for an upright, God-fearing man, April. You're too flighty and sinful. On the other hand, his example and guidance would be the best things for you. Your mother was much the same as you at your age, but marriage has formed her character. I gave John Gray my consent. No doubt he'll speak to you himself. You're a lucky girl. Try and make him a good wife."

"YOU must be mad, father!" I cried. "I marry John Gray? Why, he's *old*—as old as you are. You can't possibly mean what you say. He was an old man when I was a little girl."

"Nonsense," retorted father harshly. "You don't know what you're talking about. He's a worthy husband for any girl, and as for being old, he's barely fifty, with an established business, able to give you everything you want. I know far more about these things than you do. Your head's full of romantic nonsense."

"Mother," I exclaimed, turning to the silent figure, "you're a woman, and you were a girl like me once. Do you approve of this? Would you like me to marry John Gray?"

Marriage had formed mother's character. In spite of herself she looked up with her

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expressionless face and said, without any obvious emotion: "Your father knows best, April. He's promised Mr. Gray. You must be a good girl and obey your father."

"I'll never marry him. I'll kill myself first," I cried. "You'll never make me do it, father. You can't."

Over father's mind stole, I think, a hitherto unknown warning of defeat. Outwardly he merely scowled. A year or two earlier he would have beaten me for this. The long, thin cane still lay in a drawer of the desk in the dining-room where he made out his bills every month.

"Go to your room," he said coldly. "I'll give you a fortnight to get used to the idea before John Gray speaks to you, and that's more than you deserve. The Scriptures tell you to honor your father and your mother, but you've nothing more than rebellion to offer us." He felt rather pleased at implicating mother. "Go away and pray for an obedient heart."

I CREPT up to my little room. For a long time I crouched by the window, gazing into the warm, silent night, looking up at the pitying, remote stars. Then I undressed, and for a moment, before I put on my nightgown, studied my young loveliness searchingly in the looking-glass. A sudden thought of old Mr. Gray crossed my mind. With a shiver I huddled on my nightgown, crept into bed, blew out the candle, and pulled the clothes over my head.

Every day a wider sea of silent bitterness rolled between father and me. I had arrived at a pitch when necessity knows no law, and anywhere is a port in a storm. I lived keyed up for the crisis due in a fortnight, so that on Saturday, the holiday of sports and the fair, a week after the visit of John Gray to father, casting about for some emotional safety-valve, I determined to borrow the pink frock and a set of silk underclothes.

Very early in the morning I stole down and smuggled the frock and the pink silk knickers from the shop. I folded them lovingly and hid both in my room. At midday I locked the door and put them on with delighted, trembling fingers. I was reckless of consequences; after all, what could father do to me? Nothing worse than give me to old Mr. Gray, and I had said openly death was preferable to that. I little knew to what lengths father was to go.

I slipped downstairs like a fallen angel, shrouded in my raincoat. I passed mother in the hall.

"What have you got on that coat for in the middle of summer?" asked mother apathetically.

"To—to keep my frock clean, mother. Mr. Handcross promised me a ride down to the river in his truck—he's doing the refreshments—and I don't want to get crumpled," I lied hastily.

I ran eagerly along the passage and the street door slammed behind me. On the river bank Mr. Handcross took care of the coat for me in his refreshment tent. I shook out the skirt of my frock and the wings of my soul, and wandered into the sunshine, the silk of my underthings sending little delicious thrills over my skin.

It is much, much better to be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome! I knew myself the prettiest girl in the fair grounds, dressed in the prettiest frock. Young gentlemen far above my social standing gave me meaning glances; perfectly reckless, being a victim and an outlaw, I let the minister's nephew, a second lieutenant in the navy, give me tea and hold my hand. He was very handsome, but impermanent, so that when at sunset Dick Gray, in his best suit, arrived scowling

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after prodigious athletic feats at the sports to lay his victories in the dust before me. I dismissed my lieutenant gently and stood with hands clasped behind my back, looking up into Dick's face like a very good little girl indeed.

"I want to kiss you, April," announced Dick grimly. He looked round with haggard eyes for the necessary shelter. Everywhere joyful crowds covered the landscape.

"You can't kiss me here," I objected. "It's frightfully crowded. Let's go away. There's the garage in the yard behind your father's shop. Nobody would see us there and we can stay a long time because it's near home. I needn't go in till ten."

"Eleven, you mean. All right, come on. We shall have to dodge the back window of the house or else father'll see us. Anyway, it's getting dark."

His eager feet hurrying beside my half-reluctant ones, we left the illuminated river bank with its flaring swings and colored lanterns.

WITHIN the garage, Dick flung open the door of a delivery van, helped me on to the cushioned front seat and took me into his arms.

"Now you shall pay me for going off with that officer fellow," he said half-seriously, half in earnest.

We did not hear old Mr. Gray, who had indeed seen us from the window of the house and telephoned to my father, creep up and turn the key silently in the lock. I, suffering Dick's crude and violent love-making, spun a web of dreams in my quick brain. Already the first honey of kisses had passed. I was comparing my second lieutenant with Dick. The lieutenant had certainly eclipsed Dick, and made me want better things than I was likely to find in a small country town. My quick perception already realized there was something finer, more spiritual than mere rustic love-making. Ten strokes from the church clock woke me to reality.

"Oh, Dick, we must go. It's awfully late. And look at my frock."

The tragedy of my borrowed glory, crumpled and creased beyond all hope, sank deep into my young mind. There would be a bitter reckoning for this play day. A muttered curse from Dick fell on my ears. He fumbled in vain with the door.

"Some one's locked it. We can't get out. What on earth are we to do?" he exclaimed fretfully. "A nice thing to be found here together in the morning. This is your doing, April!"

"But I never locked it, and you wanted to come here, Dick!" I protested.

OUTSIDE old Mr. Gray and father, sitting smoking on a roller, must have heard the subdued creak of the door, and glanced at one another. Five minutes later Mr. Gray got up, walked slowly to the shed and unlocked the door with great deliberation. He started back in affected horror at the sight of Dick and me, clearly silhouetted in the moonlight.

"What's this? What are you doing here? Who's that girl with you? Not George Rogers's daughter? God bless my soul! So it's come to this, Dick, and with the daughter of my oldest friend. What have you to say for yourself?"

He turned on father a shocked, pious face.

"George, will you speak to your girl? She's here with Dick, late at night, locked in my shed. Things look very black indeed."

Father drew close to me. Anger came easily to him; he would always rather blame than praise. But the pink frock flung down the scale against me. I was hurting his pocketbook as well as his pride.

"You Jezebel!" he snarled. "What are you doing here at night with a young man? What are you doing in that dress? Must you add thieving to your sins? You're no daughter of mine. Here's an upright man; he's asked you in marriage and this is how you repay him, by luring his son to destruction. What am I to say to him? How can I hide my shame in you?"

John Gray raised his hand.

"No, George, the fault is my son's. He's older than your girl. He knows my wishes, for I've made them plain. He chooses to defy me. You'd better go," he went on, turning to Dick, who stood shame-faced and sulky. "I'll speak to you in the morning when I've slept on this. Leave us."

SUDDENLY Dick slunk away. He felt unutterably foolish, and that is purgatory to young men.

"Your father's told you my hopes concerning you, Miss April," went on old Mr. Gray more gently. "I don't say this makes any difference. I believe it was just silliness. All I ask is that you'll not refuse this marriage I've set my heart on. I'll undertake that your father will forgive you, too. I've a great love for you that you'll realize more easily later on."

I saw him as he was, with desire in his eyes and covetousness in his heart, an old man longing for a young plaything, a despoiler of my youth. I stood straight and defiant in the moonlight and my voice rang with scorn.

"You want me, but you'll never have me. I'd rather do anything—anything, you understand? Father can't make me, no one can. I belong to myself and no one else. I won't marry you, I hate you! I'll never speak to you again."

I paused, panting with emotion and a wild frenzy of independence. Then, in a reaction of terror, I fled home without looking back and shut myself in my room.

Furtively, in sheer animal terror, I wrapped myself in my coat and sat huddled on a chair by the window. I dared not go to bed. I heard father return with heavy footsteps. His loud voice below filled me with new fear. I feared even physical violence not, as it proved, without reason.

PRESENTLY I heard the sound of feet on the stairs. The door opened to admit father. He turned, locked it and advanced toward me, in his hand the long, thin cane I dreaded in my childhood days.

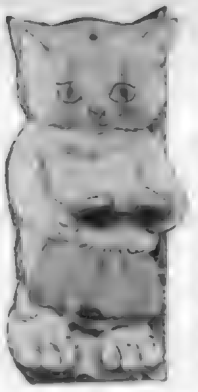
"You are disobedient and a thief," he said in a low, terrible voice. "You behave in a way that brings shame and disgrace on me and your mother as well as on yourself. You defy me and you shall be disciplined. Take off that dress you stole."

We were alone; there was no one to help me; I felt sick with fright. Slowly I struggled out of my coat and pulled the pink organdy frock over my head.

"Kneel down," ordered my father. I knelt down.

I heard a whistling noise and then came a terrible agony as the cane bit into my flesh through the thin silk of my under-clothes. I do not know how many times it rose and fell. I half fainted from pain. At last I was alone, sobbing miserably.

After a time I dragged myself to my feet and bathed the red welts on my white skin. The house was very still, but to me the stillness brought no calm. I could not rest. Tomorrow, day after day, would bring new horrors, revilings, persuasions, punishments. I could not face it. I lacked confidence in my own will. One day, sooner or later, I should give before the storm, consent to be married to old Mr. Gray.



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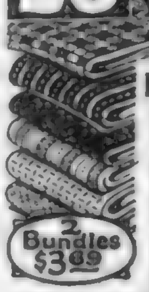

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"No!" I cried aloud. "No! no! no!"

Quietly, sweating with fear, I dragged on my raincoat, stole from my room, down the stairs, into the kitchen. Holding my breath to still a leaping heart, I unlocked the back door and crept out along the lane, stealing from shadow to shadow until I found myself at the back of Mr. Gray's house, beneath Dick's window. Then I flung pebble after pebble until the raised sash showed his astonished face.

"Come down," I breathed. "You must come down and hear what I've got to say. Oh, Dick, you must! I'm so alone, so helpless. Everybody's against me and I'm frightened. *Do* come!"

NOW I know that he must have felt a man's nausea at a woman's gambling on her helplessness when she realizes he can do nothing. With a shrug of disgust he turned away, put on an overcoat and tiptoed down into the moonlight.

"You little fool," he said in bitter fury. "Go home. Haven't you done harm enough? Father'll kick me out in the morning. Do you suppose you're worth being chucked into the gutter for? Why aren't you in bed?"

"I can't!" I gasped. "I can't go home. It's father—he's horrible, ghastly. He's beaten me. He'd give me to your father," I shuddered. "Come away with me, Dick. We can get married later, somehow."

Over Dick's face came man's smug propriety peculiar to those circumstances when it is an advantage to him.

"You're a bad girl," he said solemnly. "I really believe you *are* bad. You're trying to tempt me so that I'll be compromised and have to marry you. You're not dressed either, not decent. Go back home and try to do better. I'm ashamed of you!"

In the shelter of my room I dressed slowly, methodically in my best blue coat and skirt. To the pink frock I pinned this briefest of farewell notes: "I've gone. I shall not come back. Don't try and find me.—April." Then, taking my entire savings, barely twenty-five dollars, I started to walk to the railway junction, four miles away. There was an early train to New York at 5:10 a. m. And in New York there lived my one relative likely to sympathize, my mother's sister, widow of a traveling salesman, keeper of a cheap boarding-house, who hated my father.

I tramped on automatically, my heart one dull, sick despair, my bruised thighs aching. But as the distance lengthened between me and home, life came into my step, my chin lifted insensibly. Youth is so easily intoxicated with the wine of adventure.

At the station the agent whistled cheerfully. He helped me on the train and waved as it left.

I leaned out of the car window and sighed. A hush brooded over the earth: in the east a pink flush stained the fleecy clouds. I filled my lungs with the sweet morning air and was no longer afraid of the terror by night. Instead, I laughed softly, and in sudden promise of victory the risen sun flung a golden pathway across the blue desert of the sky.

April is rapidly growing up and her affairs of the heart can no longer be of the girl and boy petting-party variety. Love, real love, is coming to her and the struggle to keep poised and safe must become more strenuous—bitterer and more beautiful. The second episode in this searching confession will appear in SMART SET *for November.*

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Jealous Love

[*continued from page 55*]

had gone to high school with both. Although never bosom friends, we three had played basket ball together, and attended many school affairs. Later, when I came home from the convent, my family pride could not tolerate their high airs and I made no effort to cultivate them socially.

But, now they were talking to a man I wanted to be with. So, I chose to forget there was a coolness between us. The young man stepped aside so that I might speak to them. Of course, he recognized me as the girl of the balcony, but naturally waited for an introduction under the circumstances.

MURIEL and Mabel didn't answer my greeting. They contented themselves with barely bowing and looking the other way. I suddenly felt on fire with embarrassment. My limbs quaked. Somehow I managed to control them enough to move away, conscious all the time that I was slinking off like an unwanted thing.

Once in the crowd I shambled toward the Bay, miserable with mortification. I felt a degradation that seemed unbearable then, and a wild impulse to drown myself swept over me as I reached the sea-wall that girts our Bay. But, my mood suddenly changed. For in the sun countries we swing from indolence to violence; and from love to hate with all of the swiftness of lightning.

A feverish desire to strike back at those two girls who had humiliated me turned my blood into liquid fire. The voices of dead d'Acostas seemed to be saying that I, Anita d'Acosta, must punish insult and not run away from it. Then and there I hotly swore revenge.

"I'll—I'll make Muriel Appleton pay for what she did! I'll go to her home and teach her to insult me before a strange man," I blurted, fears arising as to what the handsome stranger must think after seeing me so deliberately humiliated. I might be worse than poison judging by the way they had ignored me.

A half-wild sort of cry bursting through my lips, I got up and hurried away to Muriel's house, bent on revenge. Lights gleamed within the Appleton mansion. A man in livery admitted me. He must have thought I was expected because he ushered me, flushed and palpitating, into a beautiful music room where I found Muriel alone. Her surprise, or rather shock, was very obvious. She got up and faced me, cold inquiry glinting from her blue eyes.

"Why did you snub me in the Plaza?" I demanded.

"OH!" SHE exclaimed, comprehending the visit. Her eyes narrowed. She drew her slim little body up in the air. But, she couldn't scare me that way.

"Oh! Is that all you've got to say?"

"What else do you want me to say?" she asked curtly.

I took a step closer, my hands shaking with suppressed fury. But, for the moment words took the place of violence.

"We went to school together. I never accepted you as a social equal but I came back from the convent to find your head up in the air because your father made a fortune in a hotel. Muriel Appleton, I don't need your smiles, or friendship. You're only a newcomer—a money-flash!"

She shrank back out of reach, her face white with what I thought was fear. However, it was fury of the kind that women from northern countries know. Her lips twisted into an ugly sneer.

"Only a newcomer, am I? Only a money-flash? That's fine talk from a nobody who thinks she's a fine somebody. As if I didn't see through your little game in the Plaza. You wanted an introduction to Everett Stapleton. That's the only chance you'd ever have of meeting him the right way. Your kind can't meet men like Stapleton in St. Augustine; you—you're nothing but a Minorcan——"

Muriel Appleton must have realized she had wounded me to the core. For she rushed at me as the weak rush at the stricken. But, without using her hands. She just let fly with words . . .

"You fool, to dare come here like this and upbraid me. Now you know why we hold our heads up at your kind, why we laugh at your pride. Bah! You're nobody! Never again come near me, and—I warn you, if you ever try to force yourself on Everett Stapleton, I'll tell him the truth about you, that you're a Minorcan; a girl who can't be sure of her own folks," she threatened.

I LEFT the Appleton house stunned, and was still in a daze upon reaching home. A light burned in our library. Mother was still reading! I stole up the rear steps. Once safe in my own room I flung myself across the bed and cried, a feeling of nausea overwhelming me because Muriel Appleton and her friends looked upon me as a Minorcan.

Almost any one can believe in romance at sunset time, and weave dreams free of shadows. Perhaps that was why I fell more surely in love with Everett Stapleton the next afternoon as we sat on the ramparts of old Fort Marion, and watched the sun go down.

"Those clouds yonder, the ones banked above the pines, might easily be the hills of Spain. And this," he lifted my hand to indicate the ancient fortress, "your castle over there in the land of your people. And you—oh!" he laughed softly over his whimsy. But his brown eyes were not laughing for his fancies had made them more wistful than ever. "Well—of course you're the beautiful princess——"

"And you? You are the handsome young Prince Charming from the faraway," I smiled, a new kind of happiness in my heart; happiness that seemed to lift me toward the soaring colors of sunset skies. Is it not always that way when love first comes?

"Me? Oh, no—I'm not the Prince chap at all. I'm just the wanderer, just the Mister Nobody. I—I sort of wish I were the Prince chap sometimes," his words, and his voice brought a little catch to my throat. Impulsively I pressed his fingers, and at the touch our glances met, and held until I saw him through a fine, warm mist.

The plaza was still bathed in the afterglow of sunset when we reached it. There we were to part. I was afraid for him to accompany me further. My mother might find out!

"TOMORROW at the same time . . . You will be there—Anita?" he asked using my name for the first time.

"Yes—Everett—" I said, my voice dropping to a whisper over his. "I'll be——"

"Good evening, Mr. Stapleton," interrupted Muriel Appleton.

My heart was in my mouth as I turned my back upon the passing speaker. Vaguely I heard him speak to her, vaguely I heard my enemy's footsteps echoing down the street while fear tugged at my heart. She

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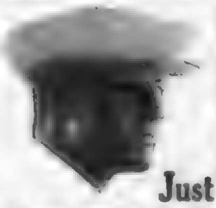

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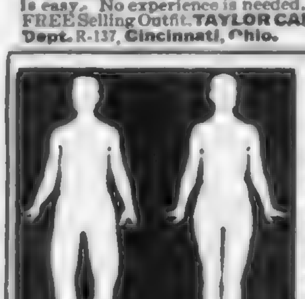

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had caught me! Would she dare carry out her threat. And, if she did?

"Good-by, Anita," he said, taking my hand.

"Good-by," I answered, lifting my eyes to his. A long look and I went away, my bosom conscious of an agitation it had never before experienced.

Sleep did not come easily that night. And when it did there were violent awakenings from dreams in which I beheld an eternal procession of Muriel Appletons, Everett Stapletons, and gleaming poniards such as the one that hung upon my wall.

THE southern sun had dropped behind the western horizon of sky and pines. Twilight was invading Fort Marion like a gray ghost.

I stood on the parapet waiting for Everett Stapleton! He was already an hour late! Apprehension gnawed at me. It became like acid eating into my heart. Suddenly the dimness seemed to fill with mocking, taunting, faces. They were golden faces; faces of Muriel Appleton!

My fear leaped into flaming knowledge. Muriel Appleton had executed her threat! She had told Everett Stapleton the ugly story of shadow: had made him believe the worst. For a terrible moment I felt as if life were ending in the crash of a dream that had just begun to fill my heart.

Then the reaction came. It was swifter and more impulsively violent than the hurricanes that burst out of fair skies in the Caribbean.

The poniard! Muriel Appleton would pay its sharp little price! She would know something of the body torture that my heart and soul were suffering! She would know what it meant to steal a d'Acosta's lover by ugly lies!

It was eight o'clock when I telphoned Muriel Appleton.

"I must see you directly. If you do not come here at once, I will go to your house, and you will regret it," I warned.

"Don't be absurd—I am having a bridge party——"

"Are you coming, or not?" I snapped, gripping the little poniard tighter in my free hand. There was silence.

"Oh! If you insist upon making another scene, I'll come. But I think you are out of your mind," she said.

A half an hour later Muriel Appleton knocked at our door. A fever inflamed me as I went to admit her. Something red was swimming in front of my eyes. My voice seemed trapped by anger. But, some kind of strange sound burst from my lips when I opened the door and beheld Everett Stapleton with the girl I meant to harm.

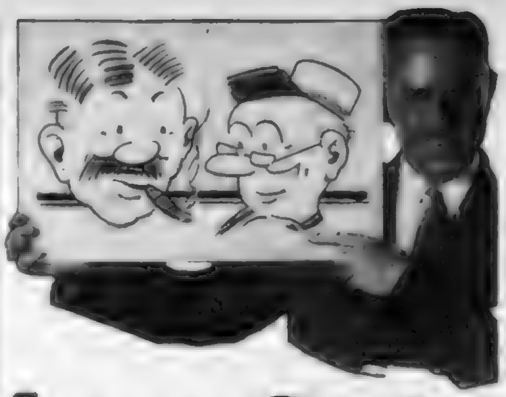
"Mr. Stapleton was playing bridge at my house. I asked him to escort me here—to this high-handed sort of affair. It's quite an annoying way of having to buy you off from making another scene in my own home. But—well, what did you drag me here for?" demanded Muriel.

My voice returned for the moment. "You'll soon find out. Mr. Stapleton may remain here in the hall. I want you in the library. Come!"

I shut the door behind me in the library, and walked over to where Muriel stood regarding me with cold curiosity. She had her nerve about her even under such circumstances. The light was very dim in the room. But she saw my hand make a gesture toward a shadow shrouded table. She saw me pick up the poniard.

"You told him about what you, and your—your kind think about me. Muriel Appleton, it's a lie, and you're going to pay for it."

A scream of terror split the silence as the poniard flashed and I sprang at her. In some manner the girl managed to kick a



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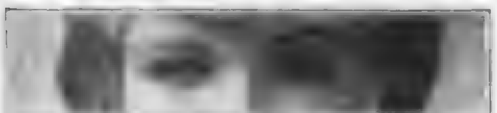

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chair in my way. Then she tried to escape by running toward the door. However, I leaped over the chair and grasped her arm. Muriel's strength was no match for mine and I dragged her close, the little dagger flashing for a downward stroke against a pretty face that could sneer so hard.

Squirming desperately, the girl wriggled in such a way that my blow would only have grazed her. I did not want to graze her skin. I wanted to disfigure her face—to hurt her forever. So I held back the poniard's slash for the moment, trying to force Muriel's face around.

The weapon was coming down to its ugly work when sharp pain shot through my right arm like a bolt of lightning. I turned like an animal at bay, still gripping the poniard. Everett Stapleton, white-faced in the dim room, towered above me. He was reaching to force the poniard from my hand . . . He had rushed to the rescue of Muriel Appleton! He had come to save her because he loved her!

Madness burned in my brain at this thought. I whipped back my arm, and struck at him with the little dagger. He was not quick enough. The poniard ripped through his coat sleeve and stuck deep into his flesh!

THE next thing I remember was my awakening in a little white hospital room. I called for my mother feebly. She came to the bedside immediately, bending over me anxiously.

"Gratias Dios!" she murmured, covering my mouth tenderly with her hand as I started to ask her the meaning of everything. In that bewildering moment all of the past was lost to me in a confusion of jumbling memories . . . "Sssh—cara mia. It is enough that at last you know me after these three terrible days. The doctor says you are not to talk. You were the victim of some awful shock, and must first compose yourself by absolute quiet."

And so began three days of enforced silence. In those long hours during which I sensed that I was being watched by unseen eyes—for mother and the nurses and doctor only came in at specified times, refusing to talk and went out if I made an effort to talk—everything came back to me.

On the fourth morning I awakened from a nightmare in which I dreamed that Everett had died as a result of poison which developed from the poniard stab. After that it was no longer bearable to keep my anxieties to myself. I called the nurse, demanding mother at once.

I was gazing at the white and green picture Anastasia Island made across the Bay in the flood of golden morning sunlight when mother came out. I turned upon her eagerly:

"Mother, I've stood this uncertainty as long as I could. Tell me what hap——"

"Ssh, Anita, do not excite yourself too much. I will tell you everything, cara mia," she said, then paused abruptly. Her beautiful hands flew to her face; her voice came to me beseechingly: "Oh! Anita, all that has happened is my fault. I'm to blame for what you did to him and——"

"WHAT are you saying, mother?" I cut in.

"You were delirious when I came home that night from the card party. You babbled everything that was in your heart. You told why you had brought Muriel to the house—how you turned on him——"

"But, what about him, mother? Did I hurt him terribly? Oh! It is such torture here to think that I made him suffer——"

"Anita, you did wound him badly. He is here at the hospital. But, he has told no one the truth, and is mending nicely."

"Gratias Dios," I murmured, relieved to know he was recovering. "But you say

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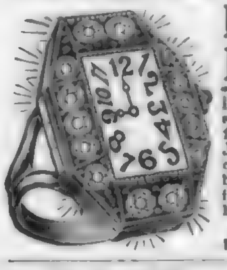

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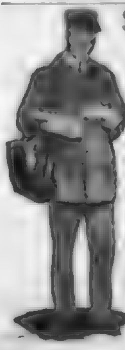

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you are to blame for all that happened, and you have not told me, mother——"

"You have not let me. Anita, I learned you were meeting this man clandestinely. Never mind how. St. Augustine is small. People see and talk. I sent him a note saying you could never meet him again, and signed your name. Mio Dios! It kept him away from the fort that day and you thought Muriel——"

"Ah! I see now. Then it was not because she told him a lie about my being a Minorcan——"

"No, it was because of my note. Ah, cara mia, I'm so sorry!"

"I'm so—so glad—so happy, mother," I blurted.

I went home with mother and the night of the third day found me on my little white balcony. It was a night such as the one in which romance had first come to me in the person of Everett Stapleton.

The little twisting street was empty of motion or sound. Suddenly I could not bear to look down into it any longer. My eyes turned away and fell upon the Bay. The moon had made a path of silver upon the water. I thought of our pretty legend that the moonpath led to Spain. "Spain!" I thought. "That was what he first said about me: that I was all the romance and beauty of Spain that he loved—Spain! It will always make me think of him—always make me know I love him."

STEPS in the street below. Swift steps. My heart began to beat furiously. Sometimes we know things before we look. I knew! It was Everett Stapleton.

"They just let me out of the hospital tonight," he began indicating his bandaged arm, "and I came here directly, hoping to see you——"

"Why do you wish to see me," I said hardly able to control my voice.

"Because I've wanted to see you more than anything, or anybody in the world ever since that night——"

"But, why?" I insisted, feeling that I must hear him tell me what my heart ached to hear.

"Anita, won't you let me come in and see you—just to tell you one thing—why I stopped you."

A whisper reached me from my room: "See him, cara mia."

My mother!

I asked Everett Stapleton to come to the front veranda that was hidden from the street by a vine thatched wall. In my doorway I paused before mother.

"I heard him talking and I came here. Something told me in my heart, Anita, that—oh! go down and see what he says."

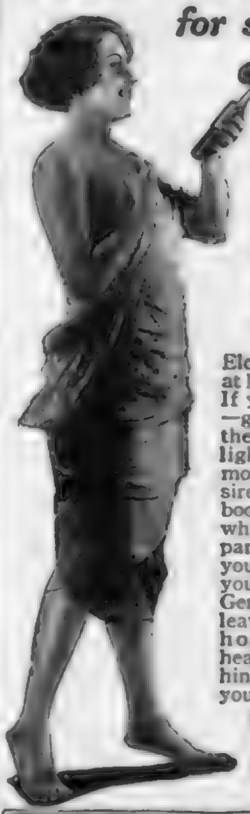
We met on the veranda where it seemed we were cloistered from all the world. He began to speak. I felt flushed as if a hot wind were sweeping over me:

"Anita, I stopped you from hurting her because—because I could not let you run the risk of being arrested for wounding or killing her. Don't you understand, Anita? I—I wanted to keep you out of trouble. They might have imprisoned you if you had really harmed her. If—if you're going to be anybody's prisoner I wanted to save you to be—mine," he said, smiling ever so wistfully.

"But—she came to see you every day afterwards. You were together all the time. You've changed since that night—"

"She came because I was all alone there, and—and she felt grateful to me because she thought I'd saved her life——"

Something burned in my eyes; in my throat and in my breast. I suddenly bent down and kissed his bandaged arm, my tears making little spots against the white cloth. Then his free hand lifted my face up to his!



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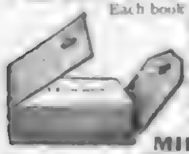

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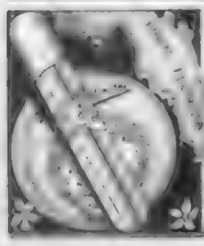

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I Left My Husband

[continued from page 45]

the first grown man mother had allowed me to go about with. I met him during the last months of the war when both he and I were in a highly over-wrought condition. He was a dark, good-looking, young man—and I went absolutely mad over him. Ten days after our first meeting we were married. On the night of my wedding I cried myself to sleep, a bitterly disappointed and disillusioned person.

YET, at first, things went pretty well with our marriage. The glamor of "being married" carried us through the early months. The War came to an end and, along with the rest of the world, we felt sure that there was a good time ahead. Maurice had saved a certain amount of his pay and we were able to afford a prettily furnished flat. I didn't even mind particularly when he asked me to give up the stage, for in one way and another I had plenty to occupy myself with.

In spite of my disappointment I had made up my mind to stand firmly by my bargain. I had pride (or was it obstinacy?) and would not admit my mistake.

For a while the spell worked. But as the year 1919 passed, the flags of victory began to fade and it became obvious that the millennium was still a long way off. Maurice's wartime pay was used up. He had to exchange his uniform-coat, with its bright patch of medal-ribbons, for a dark office suit and go every day to work. We were poor people now and I had to learn to economize.

If a man and a woman truly love each other, if spiritually they are well-mated, there is no hardship on earth that they will not endure for the sake of each other. But it was poor fun for me, tramping the streets after special bargains for a man who, as far as true comradeship went, might have been worlds apart from me. That was what I had to do. The mental distance between us was the snag upon which our marriage finally foundered. We were different sorts of people.

In the end I asked him if I could go back to the stage. Before marriage I had been desperately ambitious and thought now that at least it would be something to occupy my interests as well as provide a welcome addition to our income. Maurice flatly refused my request. I don't to this day know why—except that I suspect he was jealous of my profession. He realized that I was unhappy with him and could not bear the thought that I should be happy with others.

In this fashion five years passed. We fell into a rut, the dull and dreadful rut of all unhappily married people who are constantly on each other's nerves but who avoid a flare-up for the sake of peace and outward appearances.

I say that I could not tolerate the dullness and the sham of life with him. The other answer is, of course, that I did not love him and never had loved him. When a woman comes to the cross-roads as I did, she must follow her heart. Yet, even despite our failure, Maurice and I might have dragged along together forever—if it had not been for the coming of Roger.

Maurice had run across Roger in the newspaper world and spoke of him to me as a clever boy who at the age of twenty-three had already carved out a successful career as a writer of short stories. Such enthusiasm was rare in my husband, and from the first I felt curious about Roger. I met him at last one evening when I had gone to call for Maurice at his office and, as our eyes met across the introduction, I knew that Roger Martin was going to mean a great deal in my life.

The main thing that I felt about Roger was that he *understood*—a little too much, almost, for I suspected with a sudden rush of shame that his keen and lively eyes were reading through our pathetic pretense of married bliss! I don't think that I *loved* him at first sight but I did *like* him, and wanted him to like me.

We met again several times. One day in front of Maurice (for he was engagingly näive about such things) Roger asked if I might go to the theater with him, to see a show for which he had a couple of tickets. Maurice didn't care if another man took me out—that was the trouble, he never did mind either way, he simply wasn't interested. As for me, I eagerly accepted the invitation. I went out so seldom those days.

I ENJOYED that show. It was a new revue, the talk of the town, and I took particular pains to make myself look as nice as possible for the occasion. I felt that Roger would care how I looked.

The evening was wonderful. It passed all to quickly. We dined together, laughing and chattering like two children let out of school. It was a new experience to be with some one who was anxious to hear what I thought about things and delighted when my likes and dislikes coincided with his own. After the show he drove me home to the flat. As we sat side by side in the car, he turned suddenly to me and said:

"You're not happy!"

It was a surprising turn to the conversation, and one that I did my best to laugh away, for it had dragged me back abruptly from the happiness of the evening to the realities of my married life.

"No," he went on seriously, "you're not a bit happy, and what's more, you're not really very much good at pretending that you are!"

"What does it matter?" I answered.

"It wouldn't matter to me I suppose if you were just an ordinary person. But you're something more, my dear. I can see how things are between you and Maurice. Won't you let me help you? I could take you out sometimes, lend you books, all sorts of things!"

"Why should you think that I'm not happy?" I asked. "Maurice and I are very happily married. He doesn't take me out very often these days but that is because he is busy and hasn't the time!"

Roger was sympathetic and a gentleman. He left it at that, apologizing for what he called his impertinence.

Those words of his: "It wouldn't matter, I suppose, if you were just an ordinary person," that stumbling boyish apology, made me love him more than ever. And I knew that he loved me! I felt that we were too young—Roger especially—to face the situation against which a declaration of love would have thrown us. The deadening years of marriage had robbed me of all nerve and initiative.

Of course, sooner or later, the dam had to burst. The contrast between what was and what so easily might be was borne in upon me every hour that I spent in Roger's company. I could not persist in my pretense of happiness. I could not stifle the first real *love* of my life.

The climax came one evening in the early summer when Roger and I went together

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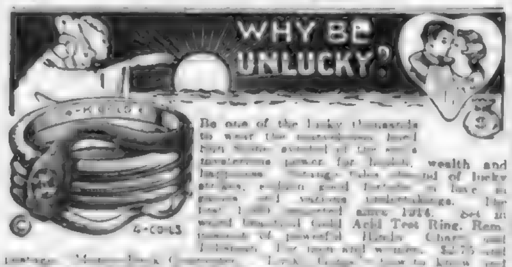
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to a dance at the house of a friend of his. I was so wildly happy that starlit evening that on the way home in the early hours of the morning I broke down and, through my tears, confessed to Roger how utterly miserable my life had been. It was the opening he had been waiting for, as he told me afterward.

Drawing me gently to him and smoothing my hair, he told me that he loved me, had loved me since the first moment he met me, but that he had been afraid to tell me so for fear of wrecking my life with Maurice.

"The responsibility was great," he murmured. "I loved you too much to tell you—until I was quite sure."

Then in a low voice he asked me whether I loved him. What could I answer but the truth?

Roger's first thought was of Maurice, that we should be fair to him. He was a good psychologist and realized that Maurice had not intentionally made me unhappy but was temperamentally incapable of understanding me and so bringing me happiness. He said that, both for Maurice's sake and for our own, we should take no rash step, that we should wait and see how things worked out.

The summer went by. I spent whole days with the man I loved. In spite of my impatience those were wonderful months. Life seemed, all of a sudden, to have changed, to have gained new speed and gaiety and color. For the first time I was enjoying that perfect comradeship which sends the hours speeding and makes life seem all too short a time for its enjoyment. *I* was changed, too—and it must have been that change in me that made Maurice suspect that something was wrong. Even he couldn't help noticing it.

In August he took a holiday from his work and, much against my will, I had to go away with him for a month to a cottage he had rented by the sea. While I was away, Roger wrote to me every day.

ONE morning Maurice found under my pillow the letter I had been reading in bed. Without asking me if he might do so, he read it through. When he had finished it, he turned on me in a towering temper, accused me of having deceived him with Roger, of being his friend's mistress.

I suppose it is only human nature to feel a double pang of resentment when one is accused of doing something of which one is, in fact, innocent. To hear those words from Maurice drove me mad. I answered that there was no truth in his allegations but that I did love Roger and wished now with all my heart that he *had* been my lover! I was too angry to be wise. All my carefully laid plans crumbled to pieces.

The effect of my words on Maurice was terrifying. He shouted that I had lied to him and deceived him. He seized me by the shoulders and shook me until I was dizzy and breathless. I tried to break free but he was too strong for me. He was beside himself with anger. He picked up a stick from the corner of the room and began to thrash me about the back and shoulders. I was too exhausted by our quarrel and by the shaking he had given me to resist. I cowered on the floor and allowed him to hit me until he threw down the stick and walked out of the house.

Despite the pain of the bruises on my back, I managed to drag myself to my feet, to pack a suitcase and catch the next train to town. Maurice did not attempt to stop me. I don't think he believed that I had the courage to run away from him.

Back in town, I drove at once to Roger's rooms and, when he opened the door to me, fell in a dead faint at his feet. His sister fortunately happened to be staying with him. She brought me round and

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bathed the raw, raised welts on my back. They were both of them shocked and horrified by what Maurice had done to me.

"This finishes it," said Roger. "You are coming away with me!"

Roger wanted us to go away at once, the very next day. And I wanted to go, too. Yet, as I lay in bed that night, with the pain of my welts as a concrete reminder of all that I had gone through, I faltered at the thought of starting a new life. Unhappy though the old one had been, it had nevertheless been safe and clearly defined. I had been a wife. I had had a home and a status in society. Life with Roger, until we were able to marry—if we ever did *marry*—would be a wandering indefinite existence, fraught with trouble and pain.

I realized then for the first time how deeply into the rut I had sunk, what a slave to habit I had become. Dullness is an opiate that stifles initiative and blunts decision. As I looked ahead, I saw the future, my future and Roger's, dark and troublous. Roger and I would have to suffer before we found peace and happiness—if we ever did find them! How could I be sure that he and I would get on any better than I and Maurice had done? Even though I felt sure in my innermost heart that Roger and I were made for one another, I hadn't the courage of my convictions.

THEN there was another cause of my hesitation. I had been brought up to a strict code of morals. The solemnity of marriage had been drummed into my ears ever since I first went to school. I had heard mother and her friends talk about "divorced women" and their tone had left me in no doubt as to what the world thought of those whose married affairs went awry.

One's early teaching and impressions cling pretty close to one—and I had been taught by my rather Puritan mother that women who had been divorced by their husbands ranked little better than those women whom, when we were out walking together, we passed at street corners, about whom I knew nothing in those days except that they wore luxurious furs, had heavily painted faces and seemed on terms of friendship with all the men on the street.

It was a desperate battle that I fought that night—my longing for love and happiness against my early training, my personal laziness and fear of consequences. It may seem strange to you that I could have hesitated then—but I did!

It was Roger who decided me. As I lay, still unsleeping and troubled by all sorts of waking nightmares in the shape of doubts and fears, he went past my room on his way to bed. He tapped softly on my door.

"Darling," he said, "are you awake?"

I answered, yes—and he came in. It was the first time that he had ever been in my bedroom.

"Darling, you must sleep well tonight," he said. "Because of tomorrow!"

There must have been magic in the way he spoke that one word "tomorrow," for with the sound of it, and the awed voice in which he spoke it, all doubt seemed to leave me. I knew then that my future lay with him, that only with him could I be happy. Ahead of us lay thousands of "tomorrows" in which to love each other as two people had never loved before.

"Tomorrow!" I softly repeated.

"Yes," he murmured. "We'll cross to Europe. Then we'll go down south, to the most perfect villa in the world where I spent a holiday years ago. The sea will be as blue as a peacock's wing—and the

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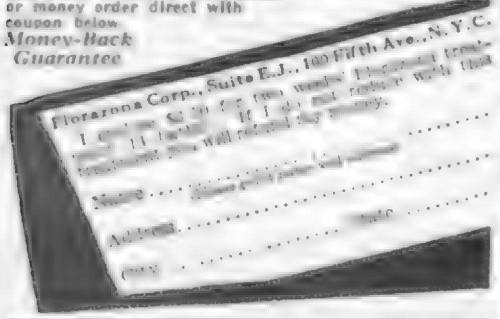

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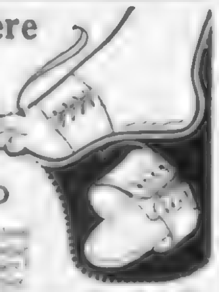

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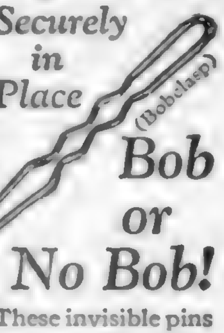

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sky without a cloud. We will bathe all day in the warm sea and lie in the sun until it dries our skins. And at night we will sit under the stars where the sky is like deep blue velvet—and all the past will be forgotten. Will you like that, my dearest dear?"

Our troubles are past now. Maurice divorced me. Roger and I are married. We both have our careers, he as a writer, I on the stage to which I have made a successful return. We are true companions as well as married lovers. The past has vanished like a dream. When I look back upon the years with Maurice, I can scarcely believe that they ever existed.

Was it worth while? A thousand times, yes. I have my reward now. I am on the right side of all the suffering.

DID I do right? You must answer that question according to your own opinions of right and wrong. Your verdict upon what I have done will depend entirely upon your own personal philosophy of life. If you rank love and happiness, duty and honesty in facing facts as the greatest motive-forces in human nature, as the very mainsprings of existence, then it seems to me that you cannot help thinking that I did right to leave my husband for the man I loved—and who is now my husband and my best companion.

This is the story I set out to tell. I have tried to write down as plainly as possible what happened to me, to make clear to you what I suffered and what I faced. Yet, as I read it through, it seems to me that in some degree I have failed to reveal the poignancy of my experience. Written in cold words and at a year's distance from the events themselves, it all sounds so much less overwhelmingly important than it actually was to me at the time, than it still is to my tortured memory.

No words of mine could ever adequately convey all that I went through. To understand that, you must read between the lines, remembering what sort of girl I was when I first married Maurice. Sometimes when I am alone, when Roger is away and the spell of happiness for an instant broken, I recall my years with Maurice. Those lonely empty hours come back to me in a keen and bitter rush of reminiscence. Empty lonely hours of disillusion, of having to face the fact of my own blunder. Emptier, lonelier hours after I had got to know Roger and still lacked the courage and confidence to make a clean break for happiness. And those first days in the south, surrounded by the beauty of a Riviera summer, when before we were free to marry, the perfection of our love was marred by the thought that, however close we might be to one another, we did not yet *belong*. The torture of having to make a secret, almost a shameful thing, of our love because society looks askance at unmarried lovers, especially if one of them waits for a divorce.

If any girl who reads this story is faced with the same decision that I had to make, is contemplating a similar escape from married unhappiness, there is one word of advice I feel bound and qualified to give her. Withhold the gift of your love until you are free to marry. Until then each go your own way, however much you may long to be together. We suffered so much, Roger and I, in that year of waiting, that I warn you against a similar experience. It *was* worth it—it's easy to say that when all our troubles are ended—but we should have done better, I am sure, to have kept apart. In the fullness of a new and perfect love one is impatient. But marriage is the goal in view—and that is worth waiting for!

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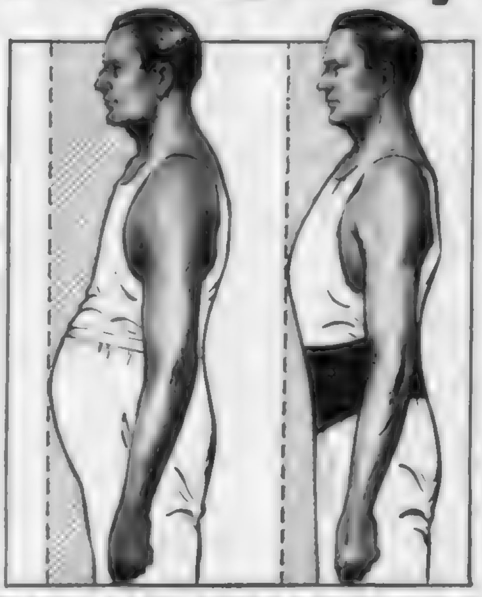

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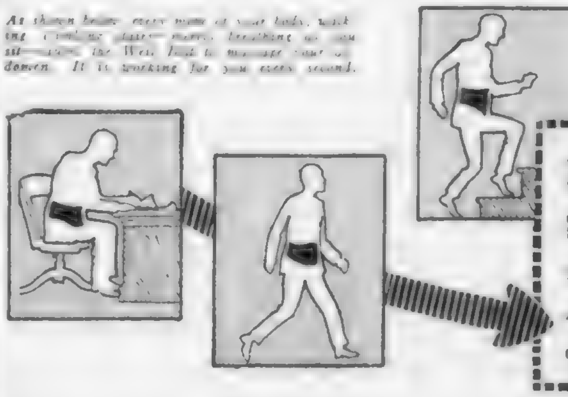

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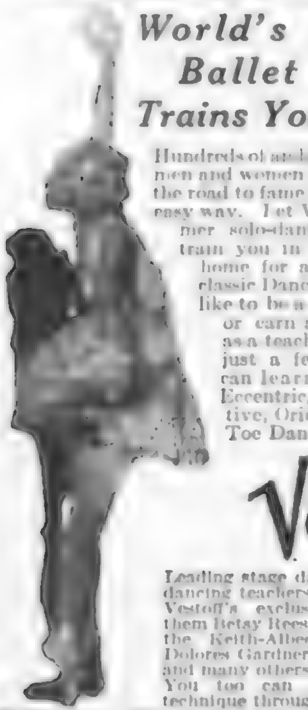

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NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

They Made Me a Decoy

[*Continued from page 60*]

and I wanted to quit right then and there; but I had almost no money left and I figured if I could only stick it out a week I might have enough to go along on till I found a job more to my liking. In a few minutes Lily came out smiling, but she didn't even look at me. I saw her get into the car and with a heavy heart watched Douglas Peabody drive her off. As he started I was sure Douglas turned back searching the window in hope of seeing me.

Other customers came in, some of Lily's sort and some quite respectable. I was blue. It made me unhappy to think of so much wickedness. I was left to wait on the women who came in alone. After I had sold a pair of stockings to a trained nurse, Louis came up to me.

"YOU look tired and a little quiet," he said. "You are doing very well. It's late now, you may as well quit. Come with me for a bite of supper, will you?"

Just then the telephone rang.

"Sure, sure," I heard him say. "Yes, a peach. We'll come right along. Sure, Benny." He hung up and then turned to me. "One of my best customers wants me to meet him and to bring along a nice little girl like you. Put on this dress now and get a new pair of sheer chiffon stockings and you'll be a knock-out. We'll go over to Lubens. There's a fellow that can spend money. What I want you to do, Miss Keely, is vamp him, string him along. He's got plenty of jack and if he takes a fancy to you—well, you can have anything you want."

He seemed almost to hypnotize me with his smooth voice and the way he kept looking into my eyes. I wanted to refuse him, but he seemed to force me to agree to his wishes, almost against my will. Miss Bush came in and helped me dress while the other two girls stood by and admired me. It all seemed unwholesome but it was exciting and though I felt I wanted to break away, I was fascinated but made up my mind to be very careful and watch my step; I felt that I was in New York and must learn its ways.

We went to a big delicatessen restaurant, where the lights were soft and dim and the price of the food so high I was amazed. Here, a big fat man, who had diamonds in his shirt and on his fat hands was waiting for us.

"Hello, Louis," he grinned, "glad to see you." As he shook hands he looked sheepishly at me and I could see he admired me.

"Miss Betty Keely," Louis introduced us. The fat man's name was Mr. Herman. We sat down and he ordered more food than I had seen in the whole of last week. My, how he could eat! He was pretty dumb. He and Louis kept talking business, but all the time Mr. Herman kept smiling and nodding at me.

"Well, what do you think of the sweet little lady I brought around for you, Herman? Pretty classy, eh? And I want you to understand Miss Keely's a real lady. She's only been in New York a week."

They exchanged a look. In a little while, Louis went off and I wanted to go home, but Mr. Herman would not hear of it. His car was at the door and he would drive me home as soon as I had some ice cream. Then he asked me a lot of questions about my home and my people and kept trying to squeeze my hand, which almost made me laugh. He was so old and fat and silly. But I would have done just as well not to underrate Mr. Herman.

"Look here, a pretty little girl like you ought to have a nice comfortable little flat of her own where she could entertain her friends and have a good time. A boarding-house, that's no place for you."

I had a horrible idea what he was driving at, and yet it seemed so absurd, a man of his age trying to make love to me! I didn't know whether to giggle or just slap his silly face. But the more I turned him down the more interested he became till just as we were leaving he sighed and said, "Miss Keely, I want to see you again. When may I?"

"I don't know," I said coolly. "I am busy working."

He put me into his big, wonderful limousine and ordered the chauffeur to take us for a drive up Riverside. But I refused. I wanted to go home.

Mr. Louis had told me I did not need to get to the shop till eleven and as I had been up so late I was glad to get the needed sleep. As soon as I came in he ran to meet me.

"Say, girlie, I'll hand it to you. You're a quick worker. Old Herman's about coocoo over you. Called me up first thing this morning. Thinks you're the greatest little girl he's met in years. Wants a date for tonight."

"I'm sorry," I said stiffly, "but I'm busy tonight, and besides I'm not in the least interested in Mr. Herman."

Louis gave me a peculiar look that should have warned me.

"I engaged you, Miss Keely, to meet certain demands of the customers. It is not asking too much, is it, to have you go around a little with Mr. Herman?"

I knew there was some reason in what he said, knew that models often had to go out with buyers to keep their jobs; but it seemed such a stupid thing to have to go out with a fat man like Herman and watch him eat and make an idiot of himself.

"I'M SORRY," I said, "but tonight I am busy."

"Well, see that you're free tomorrow night," he snapped.

Just then Lily of the night before came in. She and Louis had a talk behind the screen and when she came out I saw her stuff some money in her bag.

"Well, I got a good sap last night; but I guess I lost him. Mama's boy took Lily home—and left her at the door. Wasn't that sweet?"

She gave a nasty laugh. Then she caught sight of me and seemed to remember the night before.

"Hello, dearie," she sneered. "Got your dirty work in, didn't you? But don't you try it again when I bring in a gentleman friend, or I'll tear your hair out."

I made no answer but I can tell you I was mad.

When she had gone Bush said to me, "Lay off that girl, kid. She's a bad one and will make trouble for any one who crosses her."

The long day somehow dragged through. Louis was hanging around me handing out compliments and telling me that when I went out with Mr. Herman the next night he would give me a violet beaded evening gown and a wrap. But I had no intention of ever going out with Mr. Herman. As

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AGENTS

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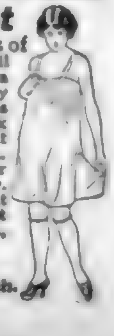

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the time passed I began to get more and more nervous. My heart beat fast every time a roadster passed. Would Douglas Peabody come? Would he?

I knew then I wanted to see him, as I had never in my life wanted to see any man before. About half past nine, who should breeze back into the shop but Lily Barton. She had another man in tow, a cheap, flashy-looking fellow in a checked black and white suit. He looked like a race-track tout or a prize-fight promoter. She went through the same stunt I had seen her do with Douglas Peabody the night before, got him to buy her a load of things, which I knew she would return the next day and get money for. She had just about finished her buying when I saw Douglas's yellow roadster glide up in front of the store. Unluckily she spotted it at the same minute.

SHE stood staring out at Douglas, wondering if he was coming in, and then she seemed to realize the meaning of his having come.

With that she made a swing at me with her heavy beaded bag. The frame of it caught me on the forehead and I felt the blood running down my face. I tried to defend myself, but she was on me like a wild cat, clawing and pounding at me, till I nearly fainted with fright and pain.

Louis and Bush and the check-suited man tried to pull her off, while the other two salesgirls screamed. Lily was cursing and raving like mad. Then the shop door flew open and Douglas Peabody rushed in.

I heard him shout. And then he plunged in and threw Lily to one side. At this the man who had brought her jumped at Douglas and the two of them went for each other with their fists.

Suddenly I heard Louis squeal:

"Hey, you two, cut it out! The cops are coming!"

Suddenly there was a shout and a policeman jammed in through the door. A crowd had gathered outside.

"Say, what's up here?" the policeman yelled, and he made a swing with his club.

At this Lily gave a crazy sounding laugh and went off into hysterics.

"Where the hell is Louis," she shrilled. "Tell him I want some snow. Got to have some. Lemme be. I know where he keeps it!"

She ducked behind the screen that had been tilted back in the struggle.

"Come along, the lot of you," said the policeman.

By this time there were two more policemen and the crowd outside the door was jammed in so we couldn't force our way through

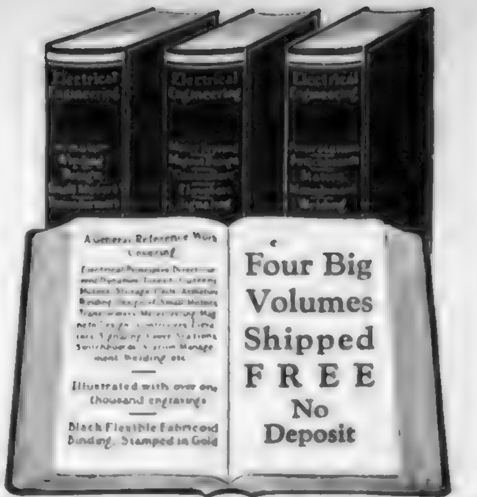
"Don't be scared, little girl," Douglas said in my ear. "I'll stand by you." But I saw that his face was white. "This dope stuff complicates things."

I can't describe the shame and horror of those next hours. I believe if it had not been for Douglas who got his father's lawyer on the wire, I might have been locked up in jail for the night. But the lawyer succeeded in proving that I had been innocently involved and, new to the city and the job, had gone into the shop without realizing its dangers.

Lily Barton was taken off in an ambulance to Bellevue.

When at last I was discharged from the police court I was so shaken and unnerved I could hardly stand. I cried and cried and didn't seem able to let go of Douglas's arm.

He put me in a taxi and drove with me to my boarding-house. Somehow my hand was in his and had been all through that terrible ordeal, and now I had no wish to take it away. Instead I wished that he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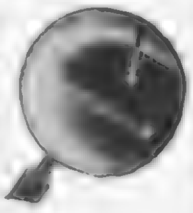

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would never let go of me for an instant.

At the top of the stoop we stopped, unwilling to separate. It was nearly midnight by now and the dark street was deserted except for a big limousine parked in front of the house where I lived. As I opened my bag to get my key I heard my name called and spun about in amazement. A fat, heavy figure stepped out of the limousine. I recognized Mr. Herman.

"Hello, Miss Keely," he said in a sheepish voice, grinning at me. "Louis called me up and told me you got in some trouble at the store so I came round to see if you were all right. When they said you weren't in yet I thought I'd wait a little while to see if I could catch you."

"Good night, Miss Keely," Douglas said stiffly. "I am sorry I interrupted your other engagement. I won't do so again."

Before I could say a word in explanation he was off, down the stoop and in the taxi he had kept waiting.

I TRIED to call him, even to run after him, but he was gone—and I might never see him again!

"Say, don't bother yourself about that young feller," Herman said to me. "These young men—all hot head and a flat purse. Now I—I'll—" but before the hateful old fool could say another word I had thrown open the door, gone inside and slammed it in his face.

The next morning I started looking for a job again; but everywhere I went the place had already been filled.

"A gentleman's been calling you up," the landlady told me when I got home.

I was so happy at that, I trembled. All my weariness and despondency dropped away and I ran up to my room as if I hadn't a trouble in the world. When I heard the landlady call me from the downstairs hall I ran down so happy I wanted to sing and laugh aloud. In a minute I would see Douglas!

"He's waiting in the front parlor," the landlady whispered.

I pulled aside the portière and went in. There on the sofa was—*Mr. Herman!*

I was so disappointed I could not speak, but just turned and went out again.

I don't know what the landlady had been expecting but I know that as soon as Mr. Herman left she came in the parlor.

"Miss Keely, I'll trouble you for the money you owe me."

I told her I had lost my job and would pay her as soon as I got another, but this did not please her and she told me she wanted my room by morning. There was nothing for me to do but pack my few things and get out.

A girl in the place told me of a very cheap room over on 44th street near Ninth Avenue. It was down in a basement and I was to share it with an actress who was out of work. I moved in and began again the round of job hunting. But luck seemed against me.

At last I took a job in the basement of a department store. It was in the bargain dress section and the work was hard and the air and lack of daylight gave me the blues. Often when I went back to my dingy, ugly room at night I thought what a fool I was to lead such a life when I didn't have to. I had Herman's card in my pocket and I felt sure he had been in earnest when he said he wanted to help me. But soon if I kept this up no one would want to see me, for I was getting thin with worry and losing all my color.

Then the last straw broke my nerve. In an illustrated daily I saw a picture of Douglas Peabody, Jr. His engagement to some rich society girl was reported and her picture was printed next to his.

I could not cry. I was hurt so much.

"How I Licked Wretched Old Age at 63"

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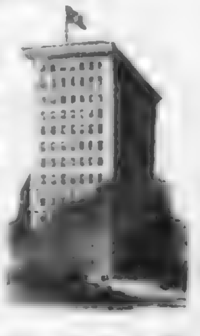

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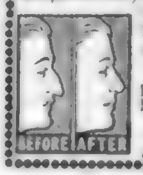

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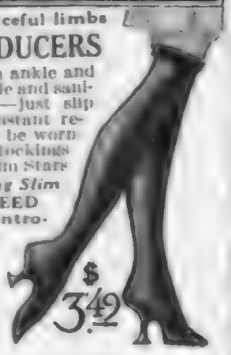

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So it had all been a crazy dream on my part. I had meant nothing to him, just a working girl he kissed and forgot. All this while I had been thinking of him and loving him. Yes, I loved him; had loved him; but now I would put all this nonsense out of my mind—and go to Mr. Herman.

I went out to telephone him; but I walked block after block without going into a booth and the first thing I knew I was at 59th street and turning up Broadway.

It was there I had met Douglas and I almost wished I might again see his roadster parked in front of the door. Of course, it was not there; but as I went slowly by Miss Bush was standing at the window and she must have seen and recognized me: for she ran out and called after me.

"Say, kid, where in the heck have you been all this while?" She half dragged me back to the shop. "And what have you been doing to yourself. You look like the deuce. Come on in. This dump's under new management. Louis flew the coop. And now where are you hanging out?"

I told her where I was working. She told me I was a fool.

"Say what did you do to your boy fren', you know that young Peabody? He's been coming in here asking where you'd gone and I couldn't tell him. He's been to your boarding-house; but they told him you'd gone."

"Douglas Peabody's been coming here to ask about me?"

"SURE. Why he's clean nuts about you, kid. Why did you run off and leave him cold? He's the kind of a guy a girl in her right mind freezes on to."

"But he's engaged," I managed to say. "I saw his picture in the news."

"Sure. He told me all about that. He and I've grown quite chummy talking about you. That engagement's all his mother's doing and don't mean a thing in the world to him. He told me. Now look here, kid, you tell me where you live; for that boy's a friend of mine and I promised I'd let him know the first thing I found out."

But I didn't want to have Douglas find me living in that horrible basement room so I wouldn't tell Bush where I lived. "I'm moving," I said, "and I'll let you know my new address."

But when I went out of the dearie shop I was happier than I had been in weeks. Douglas had not forgotten me. He still thought of me. That night it was joy that kept me awake and the next morning when I went to work, there was Douglas waiting for me at the employees entrance.

"Betty!"

I could not say a word.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper that night," he said, "but I'm afraid I've a rottenly jealous nature and the sight of that old walrus was too much for me."

I explained about Mr. Herman.

"You're far too pretty and sweet to be allowed to run around New York without some one to look after you and from now on, Betty, if you say so I'm going to take the job."

There is nothing more to write. Douglas and I are planning to get married. His mother has become reconciled, especially as the society girl she had picked out for Douglas eloped with her Italian singing teacher. We are both wonderfully happy and I often wonder with a shiver of dread what might have happened to me if Douglas had not come into the dearie shop that day.

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Out stepped Ann!

By June Warren

ANN adjusted shirrings in her old blue taffeta. "If I could only look in the mirror just once," she cried, "and be satisfied with what I see."

Elizabeth Murray burst into the room, her coat wide open, beads gleaming on her dress.

"Oh, how — how beautiful!" Dismay entered Ann's voice. She couldn't go now. Her last year's dress would look worse than ever beside Elizabeth's lovely one.

"You'll have to hurry," warned Elizabeth. "We're late now."

"I know." She must do something. She remembered perfume someone had given her, snatched at the stopper, let two-thirds dash down her dress. "Oh, see what I've done!"

"Hurry and change."

"I haven't anything else. There isn't time to change. No. Please don't wait. I didn't much want to go anyway."

But she did want to go, she reflected, as she watched Elizabeth cross the street. She saw girls go laughingly toward the big white house at the end of the block . . . caught flashes of blue, subtle rose and lavender under their smart coats.

"I'll have to have a breakdown and not go anywhere any more. But Elizabeth's birthday's coming. She'll insist that I come. Oh, it's wretched being poor!"

She examined dresses in her closet . . . an old brown velvet, a soiled tan silk. Wee hope returned. If the silk could be renovated, combined with the brown. . . .

She put on the brown, wrapped the other in a newspaper and ran across the way to Mrs. Moore's. But Mrs. Moore shook her head. "They would combine beautifully. But I have more orders than I can handle."

Ann searched the shops. She found dresses of moire and satin, dresses she didn't dare try on, because they were priced $45, $50, $55. She'd have to go without new shoes, hat, gloves, hose for a year. . . .

Then she saw bargain silk in a window —"$1.25 a yard," said a welcome sign. She turned thoughtfully homeward in the bright sunshine. "Days like this just make you want new clothes," she thought wistfully.

Her room was heavy with perfume. She raised a window. The girls were coming home from the party. Elizabeth would run in next, bubbling with news. She mustn't let her know how she was feeling. She seized a magazine and lay down to read.

Here so many patterns and materials were described that if one could only make one's own clothes decently. . . . She turned to a page. Interest became intense.

She was cutting a coupon when Elizabeth rushed into the room. She thrust the magazine and scissors under the pillow.

"SHE says," Elizabeth explained to friends six weeks later, "she says the doctor told her she had a bad case of nerves and mustn't go anywhere for a month. She's the calmest acting person for a bad case of nerves I ever saw!"

"But Elizabeth, you see her so often. Surely you know what she's doing."

"Not a thing. When I go to her room, I have to knock and knock, and then fifteen minutes later, after something's been tucked out of sight, she unlocks the door and pokes around her quiet little head and says with a funny twisted smile, 'Oh, it's you. I *thought* I heard someone knocking.'

"I think her letters make her happy," remarked Elizabeth. "She never used to get any. Now the postman stops often—sometimes with big, mysterious packages too. You'd think her birthday was almost here instead of mine."

FIFTEEN minutes after Elizabeth's party had begun, Ann rushed into the room, hugging a dark coat tightly about her.

Elizabeth grabbed her. "So the doctor gave you permission to come out at last!"

Ann's voice came laughingly from the folds. "No—No! My nerves are still—terribly shattered!" She dashed into the dressing-room, pulled the curtains close.

The boys came up. The girls gathered, shook the curtains. "Ann!"

Violins began tuning for the first dance. There was a breathless stir of curtains. Eyes watched. The heavy folds parted—

Then out stepped Ann!

A kind of glorified, shining Ann—in turquoise blue taffeta with cream lace yoke, with rose and silver nosegays at the waist.

"Ann!"

Ann curtsied, stroked the bouffant folds. "*This* is my case of nerves," she laughed mischievously. "And come to my house tomorrow—all you who like dresses! I'll show you all the other little nerves!"

SHE was still radiant with the success of the party when the girls flocked in next day. She turned to the closet.

"I made them!" she flung out triumphantly. "The Woman's Institute showed me how! That navy twill cost only $15.75. That blue crepe, $11.35. This printed flannel, $10.30." She opened a bureau drawer.

"I made this apron and these cunning combinations and this Japanese kimono in just the first few lessons."

"But Ann—how did you learn of the Institute?"

"Through a booklet, 'Making Beautiful Clothes.' I mailed a coupon that brought it. There never was a luckier two-cent stamp! I'll tell the rest as soon as you've got through gasping—but hurry!" She flashed a sudden glance into the mirror, flushed happily for once at what she saw. "Hurry, for I can't wait to tell you the whole story. Every one of you will be wanting to write the Institute before night!"

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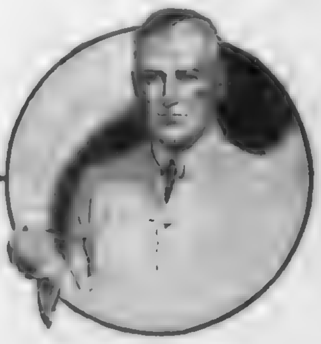

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VOLUME 79
NO. 4

DECEMBER
1926

SMART SET
True Stories from Real Life

The BEST *True-Life Serials*

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Next Month

To Every Wife and Bride-to-be

It's *Your* Fault If *Another Woman* Steals Your Husband

By JUDGE JOHN KOCHENDORFER

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Discovered!

The Secret of Caruso's Amazing Vocal Power

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Not-to-be-Missed—True-Life stories in next month's SMART SET

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Could This Be Love?

Does a girl need to have emotional experience to succeed as an artist? Is art so sacred that any departure from conventional standards can be forgiven in a singer or actress? . . . These are the questions which had to be answered quickly by the lovely singer who tells of her metropolitan adventures in "Could This Be Love?"

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I Know the Madness of Love

A noted surgeon, who has passed through a heart-racking experience with a beautiful woman, tells frankly how his love affair came to a crisis in which, rather than give her up, he was willing to sacrifice the best friend he had—of how even murder did not seem too high a price to pay if by it he might keep her love.

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An American girl, traveling through brigand-infested China, is pursued by a terrible fate wearing the mask of romance. An astounding revelation of the cold, calculating passion of the Orient.

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This married woman says she is tired of reading about unhappy marriages. "My husband is no angel," she told the Editor, "there was a time when I wondered if his infatuation for another woman would separate us. But I found a way to make him love me as intensely as when we were first married—and I'm glad to share my secret with SMART SET wives."

Vivid True-Life Serials

When you read a SMART SET serial you find a complete episode in each issue— each installment a story in itself. In the January issue the girl who confesses "I Lived a Lie" tells how she tried to win back the good opinion of the world after a mistake that usually condemns a woman. In the same issue, appears a new love adventure of the noted beauty who is writing the series of amazing disclosures entitled "Men Who Have Kissed Me"; also that astonishingly frank Gold Digger reappears to tell even more startling truths about the hidden life of Broadway.

To Forgive is Divine

Elsie Robinson, noted journalist, to whom men and women come in trouble, heard one day from an erring but repentant wife's lips, a story that she can never forget —a story *you* will never forget when she repeats it to you.

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And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from $75 to $500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Clenny of Kansas City commenced making as high as $850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at $6,000 a year. O. H. Malfroont of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over $10,000 a year!

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